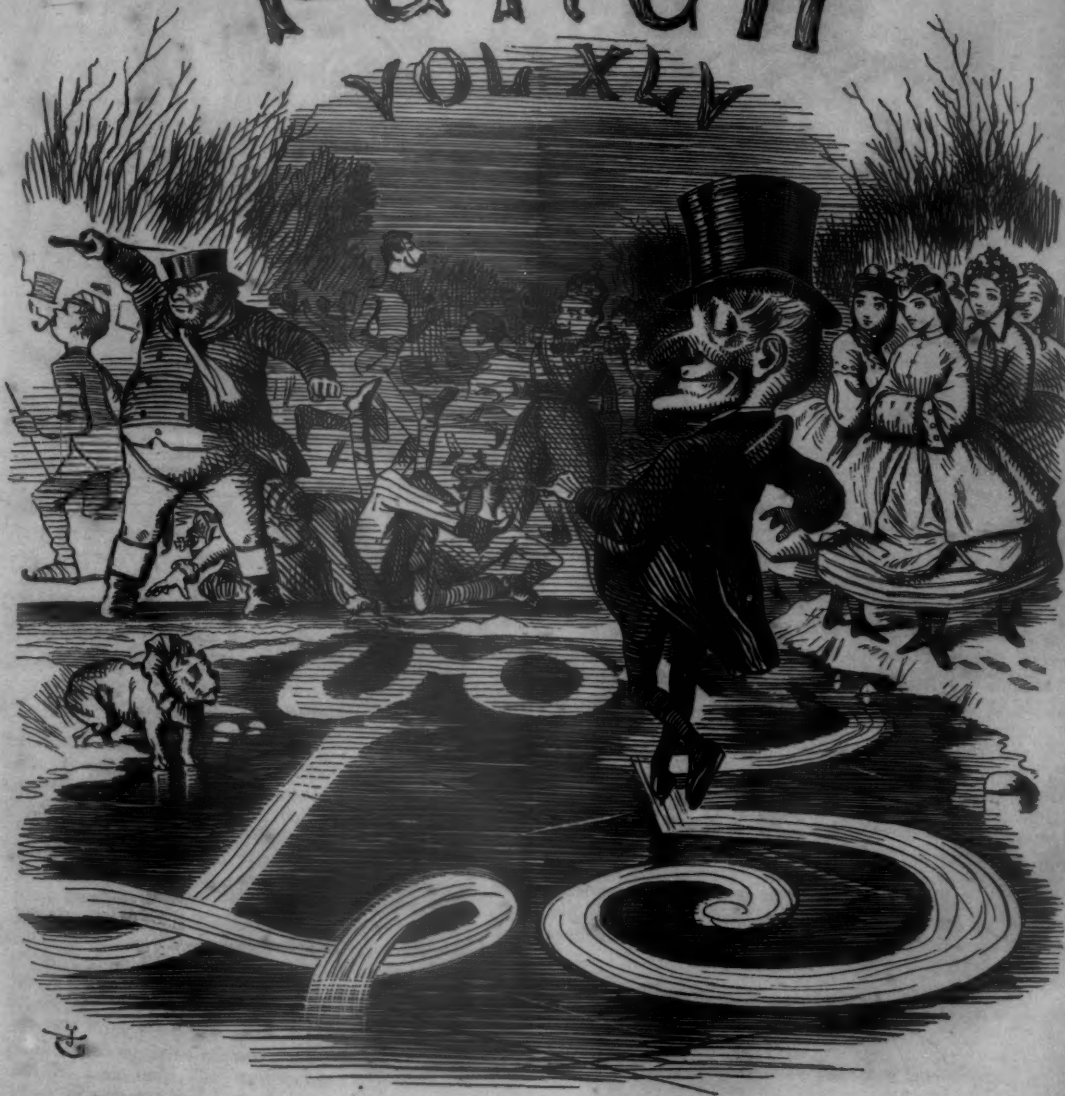


PUNCH

VOL XLV



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1863.

UofM

THE GUN



Published at the Office of the Editor, No. 1, Fleet Street, London.

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

1851



THE SCENE represents the most unapproachable of all MR. PUNCH's deep solitudes and awful cells. He has, after a slight repast, comprising some oyster soup, a wild duck artistically sauced, and a few glasses of "victorious Burgundy," retired to meditate, *nec sine fumo*, upon his own goodness and greatness, the folly of mankind, the chances of the pantomimes being good, and other Christmas topics. To think the more profoundly, he has closed his illustrious eyes to material objects.

A Voice. MR. PUNCH !

Mr. Punch (opening his eyes). He hears with ears, as my friend BILLY—(opening his eyes very wide indeed, and then immediately recovering his miraculous self-possession)—as you say; and how do you do, my dear WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE? and I am very glad to see you, if I do see you, and mine eyes are not made the fools of the other sentences, as you say.

Shakespeare (appears in a chair, opposite). Did I say sentences? It seems nonsense; but the Commentators have so bewildered me, that I forget what I wrote.

Mr. P. I forget nothing that you wrote; and shall, while memory holds her seat in this distracted orb.

Shak. (musing). What did I mean by that, now? The world, or the man's head?

Mr. P. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, but make thyself as comfortable as possible. Wilt drink up Basil, eat a crocodile; or is there any other refreshment I can offer you?

Shak. I should like a smoke.

Mr. P. The fatal instrument is in thy hand. (And, by PUNCH magic, the Poet is instantly seen smoking a noble pipe.)

Shak. My lad, I will tell you what I am about.

Mr. P. Four yards and more.

Shak. Nothing is so offensive as an inappropriate quotation, dragged in merely to show that you have learned it.

Mr. P. I am tame, Sir; pronounce.

Shak. It appears that I am to come to London next year, to be praised, and honoured, and commemorated.

Mr. P. What imports the nomination of this, Gentleman?

Shak. I will tell you presently. Of course, I feel the compliment, and all that; but, inasmuch as I consider you my representative, not to say legitimate successor, I shall take no step without consulting you.

Mr. P. Your wisdom should show itself the more richer to consult itself only, which indeed is the root, source, and ever-springing fountain of discretion. But of course, if I can put you up to anything, put a name to it.

Shak. I suppose that I am to have a Statue. Where are you going to place it?

Mr. P. Why, you see that you were so unmindful of posterity as to write plays for theatres that stood in a quarter which no civilised person now knows. I believe that it is covered with warehouses. *Argal*, we must beckon you to a more removed ground.

Shak. Certainly. I am the last person to be honoured by archæological pedantry of any kind. If ever there was a

man of the world, I am one. But there goes reason to roasting of eggs. The monument ought to be on a site which I have made memorable, and also where all the world can see it.

Mr. P. Sir, your reasons are sharp and sententious, pleasant without scurrility, audacious without impudency—

Shak. If I remember aright, the Temple is near this place.

Mr. P. Very. So please you, we will finish our tobacco there, or as you say, smoke the Temple with our sacrifices.

Shak. Nay; sit still, and perpend. Do you know the First Part of HENRY THE SIXTH?

Mr. P. Sir, I am much deceived but I remember the style. Shall I recite the play?

Shak. At your peril. But you may recollect that the Fourth Scene of the Second Act is laid in the Temple Garden, and that SOMERSET and PLANTAGENET and the other nobles pluck the white and red roses, and that I thus set out before the eyes of the audience the origin of the great war.

Mr. P. Sir, its despatchment suffereth no perdition in you. The scene is one of the most significant in your volume, and hath a national interest for every Englishman.

Shak. Then I think that it will be hard to find a better site for the Memorial than in the Temple Garden, which is seen from the river, and will be seen from the embankment.

Mr. P. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice, and—as you say—"break into the Press" with the hint.

Shak. Thank you, in advance, for undertaking the trouble.

Mr. P. The labour we delight in physics pain. And how do you get on in Elysium?

Shak. (slightly yawning). Well, the yellow meads of asphodel and amaranthine bowers are very delightful places—couldn't be more so, I'm sure—but when one has heard everything that everybody has to say—you understand?

Mr. P. Bone (for bone) intelligence, Domine. PRISCIAN a little scratched—'twill serve. The fact is that for a Party who exhausted worlds and then imagined new, the Fields may be a limited sphere.

Shak. Put it that way, if you like, or any way, but comprehend that one can't be always hearing VIRGIL say over the *Æneid*, or be always laughing at LUCIAN'S *Dialogues*.

Mr. P. What need the bridge much broader than the flood? I see your drift, MR. DIVINE WILLIAMS.

Shak. Why then rejoice therefore.

Mr. P. Who's quoting himself now? Well, Sir, be you patient, it may be I have that may serve your turn.

Shak. You seem to be getting very drowsy.

Mr. P. A heavy summons—sits—like lead—upon me. I don't find it easy to—talk. Speak—yet again, not all thy—former tale—but this one word—whether thy tale be true.

Shak. Extremely incoherent and irrational. I shall leave you to yourself.

Mr. P. Sit down—and feed—and welcome to—our table. I will show you a chamber and a bed—

Shak. Really, MR. PUNCH!

Mr. P. Well—if you must go—sweetest morsel of th' night—leave unpicked—take this book—and read it—and it will make your Elysium—Elysium I mean—very happy. Read it, WILLIAM (weeps), don't read it for an age but for all time—and let poor old VIRGIL see it—and LUCAN—not LORD LUCAN, you know, we call him LUCKUN,—and LUCIAN,—and LUCULLUS,—and LUSITANIUS,—and LUCY NEALE—and everybody——. Halloo! Ha! Ho! Here, somebody! I'm afire, I'm burning, I'm——(Recovers his senses, and his composure, and smiles.) I've dropped that baccy and burned a hole in my trousers. That's certain. I must have taken forty winks. I thought BILLY SHAKESPEARE was here, and talking about his Statue. And that he was bored, and to comfort him I was going to give him—nothing ridiculous in that, though, indeed a very clever notion, and I'll drink my own health and a merry Christmas to myself for it (does so.) Good Burgundy that—ha! ha! I was going to give MASTER SHAKESPEARE my

Forty-Fifth Volume.





PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 22nd. Parliamentary swearing causes a great deal of trouble. LORD STRATHEDEN wishes to alter the Oath-law, which has as yet been modified (in favour of the Hebrews), by resolution only. His Bill was read, but is not to be proceeded with this year. The proud yet prudent Peers properly passed the provision for pressing priests on Popish prisoners.

MR. COWPER said that the New Palace at Westminster had not yet fallen into the Thames, but that sufficient time had not elapsed for discovering whether MR. SZERELMEY'S application would continue to preserve the stone. COLONEL CRAWLEY is recalled, to be tried by Court Martial in this country.

Russia has sufficient grace left to hasten to declare that MOURAVIEFF (who is not the brave soldier of Kars) has not yet issued an order for the knouting of Polish ladies, but our Government has information confirmatory of the accounts of other brutalities.

To-night there was to have been a grand Polish debate, and MR. POPE HENNESSY, who is all for freedom and humanity when the victim is a Catholic, was charged with an oration. LORD PALMERSTON, according to promise, moved the orders of the day out of the honourable POPE'S way, when private Members suddenly interfered, and MR. BEAUMONT, MR. KINGLAKE, and LORD ENFIELD desired him to be silent. And the House, dividing, decided by 165 to 110 that he should hold his tongue, as it was inexpedient to raise such a debate in the present state of negotiations. Then did HORSMAN rage, and ROBERT CECIL epigrammatise, and MR. CONINGHAM make irreverent allusion to the readiness of Ministers to discuss a Court Job at Kensington, though they avoided important questions. Other men clamoured, but the PREMIER, rising, declared that the decision of the House had astonished him as much as anybody, that he had seen no objection to debate, though addresses on the Polish question, might, if carried, have stopped negotiation, but that he would reveal to the House what the Powers had recommended Russia to grant; namely—

1. A general and complete Amnesty.
2. National Representation under the Treaty of Vienna.
3. A satisfactory Polish administration, and the placing Poles alone in public offices.
4. Full Liberty of Conscience.
5. Use of the Polish language in public transactions, and education.
6. A regular and fair system of recruiting, unlike Conscription.

The Powers have also recommended a cessation of hostilities. On the subject of cruelties the Viscount said that the Russians were very barbarous, but that reprisals were committed. MR. DISRAELI, of course, did not think that the debate had been stopped without Government sanction. He did not see how hostilities were to be ended, while the Russian Government had no communication with the insurrectionists, and he saw only two alternatives, Russian Unity or Polish Independence. After further discussion it was arranged that no more should be said until we have the reply of Russia.

The South side of the Thames is to be embanked, legislation on the subject proceeds, and as you would like, MRS. BULL, to know how beautifully the Men of Business mind your business, we would just mention that in the clause empowering the Board of Works to borrow money, the figures inserted were £700,000. MR. COX thought this too much, and MR. COWPER said, O yes, the figures must have been inserted by mistake, and he would alter them to £481,000. What do you think of that trifling error, M'm?

Tuesday. Orders have been sent to the Ionian Isles that their present Parliament be dissolved, and a new one be convoked, before which is to be laid the proposal to hand them over to Grecian GEORGE.

The West Hartlepool Harbour Directors seem to have been acting with splendid unlawfulness, and laying hold of millions of money. The Thunderbolts of the Law, launched by the Government, are to descend upon the wicked — if technicalities will permit. More Men of Business, and Business in *excellent*.

There are also women of business whose arrangements must be looked into. Public indignation has been excited by the accounts of the death of MARY ANNE WALKLEY, a girl employed by MADAME ELISE, of Regent Street, wife of one ISAACSON, and a notorious dressmaker. "Long hours in an overcrowded room and sleeping in an ill-ventilated bedroom," said SIR GEORGE GREY, "caused the young girl's death." What is to be done? LORD SHAFTESBURY in the Lords, and MR. BAGWELL in the Commons, called attention to the system under which such girls are killed; and the man ISAACSON, who seems to fill a similar office to that of Mr. Mantalini, and who writes English of which that gent would be proud, issued a letter full of impertinence and bad grammar, in defence of MRS. ISAACSON'S place. Thereupon the parish requested other testimony, and DR. LANKESTER examined the premises, and found the dormitories rather better and the work-room rather worse than had been expected.

An Irish debate in the Commons. The old nonsense about Tenant-right, met by the old sense about Communistic doctrines, and the real opinion of the House tested by the division, which showed 123 to 49.

Wednesday. The Dissenting army, under GENERAL BOUVIER, once more retires, for strategical reasons. The Confederate Universities have repulsed the attack upon the fellow-ships. MR. HADFIELD is much wounded. MR. GÖSCHEN, the new Member for London, came under fire for the first time, and behaved well.

If, contrary to orders, a servant takes out of his master's bin, and gives them to his master's horses, the servant is by law a felon. MR. STANILAND, finding it difficult to get convictions in this state of the law, proposes to let the evil servant off with three months' imprisonment for slight offences. This is a wise mitigation. But if a servant takes Madeira out of his master's bin, and gives it to himself, and it is such Madeira as Mr. Punch keeps in the deep solitudes and awful cells under 85, Fleet Street, (only nobody else can get such,) we incline to think that the offence should be High Treason.

The Board of Admiralty is not to be inquired into this year. Threatened Boards job long.

Another muddling meddling attempt to arrange the Hampstead Heath question was defeated. But something ought to be done, for the next SIR THOMAS WILSON "whose Christian name is JOHN" will be able to enclose the Heath in spite of you all. See here. London has clearly a beneficial interest in the life of SIR THOMAS, why not assure his life for a vast sum, and therewith buy the Heath of his successor? LORD CHELMSFORD, next night, introduced into a Real Property Bill, now before the Lords, the clause which has so often been tried in favour of SIR THOMAS, and this will be duly excised by the House of Commons. Look out, LORD ENFIELD—it is fit that Enfield Chase should protect Hampstead Heath.

Thursday. The Lords removed from the Volunteers' Bill the power of taking sites. Do their Lordships think the practice vulgar?

The poor dress-making girl's case came up again, and MR. BAGWELL wished that MADAME ISAACSON-ELISE and her delightful husband should be prosecuted for cruelty. SIR GEORGE GREY was not in a position to say whether the facts were likely to obtain a conviction. He would inquire. The ventilation of the subject will at least improve the ventilation of other work-rooms beside those of MADAME ELISE-ISAACSON.

There was discussion on the other painful case—that of LILLEY, and some Members urged the great expense of holding the Court Martial here, while others thought it an insult to the Indian army to suppose that the trial of COLONEL CRAWLEY would not be fairly conducted in India.

MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK objects to the sixpence charged at St. Paul's for showing the Wellington Car. MR. COWPER said that the charge was for taking care of visitors to the dark crypt. MR. OSBORNE jested at the car, and recommended MR. COWPER to increase the attractions of the crypt by playing a hurdy-gurdy there. But the answer to taunts at many foolish things is, that they are harmless, and that harmless people are interested by them. The whole world is not composed of gentlemen of faultless manners, patrician polish, and exquisitely refined taste, like MR. BERNAL OSBORNE.

Money votes followed, with the usual girls at the National Gallery pictures, and those in the Portrait Gallery. SIR F. BARING is shocked that the gallant CAPTAIN WILMOT should have visited a Sovereign like the KING of DAHOMY, who daily murders his subjects. Will SIR FRANCIS move that our Ambassador be recalled from St. Petersburg? The House gave leave to borrow a Million and a fifth of a Million in aid of Lancashire. The Tories to-day won Lisburn by a large majority.

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY walked into Bedlam—we don't mean physically, but in the way of showing up the wretched mismanagement of a noble charity. Returns were ordered, and the managers of the asylum

"Where CHUBB'S bruisen, brainless, brothers stund."

had better set their house in order. LORD RUSSELL said that he had not changed his opinion as to recognition of the Southern States. If the invasion by LEE prove successful, the next thing will be PRESIDENT DAVIS's demand not only that we recognise the South, but "cut" the North.

The Commons had a long Scotch debate about the woman M'LACHLAN. The LORD ADVOCATE said that the upper classes in Scotland had been against her and the lower classes for her, and that immediately on the reprieve the storm had shifted. Some well-put comparisons of English and Scotch jurisprudence made the debate not altogether uninteresting. The character of the Church of Ireland, and its efficacy as a spiritual teacher and a missionary, then came on, and as the subject is one of a comic nature, it was appropriately taken up by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, who excited roars of laughter. MR. CARDWELL thought the matter should be treated more seriously, but he has old-fashioned notions. The debate was adjourned, but we suppose that it will end in the referring this Church subject to a Select Committee, consisting of LORD DUNDREARY, MR. PAUL BEDFORD, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, MR. BUCKSTONE, and (by way of justice to Ireland) MR. TOOLE.

THE GUEST AT THE GUARDS' BALL.

"WHAT am I doing here, with my ribs so blank and bare?"

What business is it of yours, under corsage and *berthe* to stare?

"What am I doing here with my tibia and thighbone clean?"

Who are you dares push your question past the bounds of Crinoline?

You don't mean to say the skull peeps out under wreaths of the rose full-blown?

Or that the rouge isn't thick enough to hide the sigmoid bone?

Have you no consideration—no proper feeling at all—

To annoy people by reminding them that Death is at the ball?

It's true I wasn't invited, not, at least, in my own name;

But I must presume that *Madame la Mort* is welcome, all the same.

And not at the Guards' Ball only, but wherever twinkling feet, &

Bright eyes, and glossy tresses, and brilliant toilettes meet.

But nowhere so welcome as when with train, diamonds, lappets and plume,

I sweep past our Gracious Princess in the crowded drawing-room;

And none drops a gracefoller courtesy down to the crimson floor

Than *La Grande Maîtresse des Robes de la Cour, Madame la Mort!*

Entre nous, 'tis I who have more to do than most people are aware

With these *ravissantes toilettes* that these charming creatures wear;

There's scarce a house of business, that a West End connection boasts,

But *Madame la Mort* is there to keep the young ladies at their posts.

I'm at home in the crowded work-rooms, where my pupils their needles ply;

Let pulses throb and brains go round, so no fingers idle lie.

I'm at home in the up-stairs dormitory, where the sleep lies heavy as

lead;

Sing—isn't it?—each six feet of space with its sleepers, two to a

bed.

They come up from the country so gamesome, so fresh, and full of glee;

At first sight of this pale face of mine they'll have nothing to say to me.

They're not aware 'tis my place to sit among the young ladies still;

But the weaker ones soon draw to me; they're very often ill.

Some take to me so kindly—and lay their cheeks to mine,

As a child its face to its mother's will lovingly incline:

Some struggle hard to keep me at arm's length; but in the end,

They learn that, after all, I'm their best and staunchest friend.

Poor dears! Where'er they enter while thus they work and sleep,

To my house of business, after all, they're but too glad to creep.

So no wonder if I'm privileged by my employers fair

To visit the scenes which I furnish with these toilettes rich and rare.

The old painters—excuse me for speaking of artists so *rococo*—

Had a subject they used to call "*La Danse Macabre*" long ago;

In which—like *various* as they are, those artists—they made free,

With all conditions of life, as, at last, being led away by me.

I should like to suggest to our painters—(we've some clever ones they say)

A *New Dance of Death*, adapted to the fashions of the day;

On the one side the House of Pleasure; scene, the ball-room; and

next door,

The House of Business; and for scene, the Work-room of *Madame*

La Mort.

Too Frightful to Contemplate!

WE read that certain opticians have succeeded in making a $\frac{1}{8}$ inch microscope object-glass, which magnifies 7,500 diameters, thus magnifying a given area 56,000,000 times. Fancy looking at the International Exhibition building through one of these glasses! Imagine its ugliness being magnified 56,000,000 times! What human eye could stand the fearful infliction? We would not condemn even poor CAPTAIN FOWKE himself to so terrible a punishment. However, there would be one comfort in the operation, it would be the first time, since its erection, that the building had ever been magnified.

HUMAN FIREWORKS.

THE other day a little street-boy made himself into what is known among the *gamins* of London as a catherine wheel. A Policeman seeing the dangerous proceeding, took him up, and ultimately, to the great delight of a large crowd, let him off.

A LINE FROM A SLEEPER.

WHY ought not a person to be a heavy snorer? Because it's snorty.

THE SPEKE-AND-GRANT NIGHT.



HIS Picture represents *Mr. Punch* as he intended to appear, enlightening the scientific world at the Geographical Society's meeting in honour of CAPTAINS SPEKE and GRANT. That picture (*vide* end of this article), represents him as he did appear under the circumstances hereinafter related. Look on this picture and on that.

The other Monday night, as everybody knows, the Society met to receive the brave SPEKE and the bold GRANT, the heroes of the Nile, on their return to England. *Mr. Punch*, though he had already struck a Cartoon Medal in their honour, of purer gold than the medal very properly sent by KING VICTOR, and though he had hymned their noble exploits in *Pindarics* of undying glory, had determined, for once, to go into that most ugly and uncomfortable room at Burlington House, and add his shout to the applause of the geographers. *JUDINA* must have unguardedly mentioned this, and the consequence was, that the public began to assemble at the preposterous hour of 5, and when *Mr. Punch's* fiery horses dashed into the area at 8 30, the room was crammed, and the loveliest ladies in the world in white Burnanda, Bernoses, what do you call 'em, were perched on the window cills, and on chairs, vainly trying to see into the chamber, while others, lovelier still, were wandering about the area, and scolding their natural protectors for not making them come sooner. The celebrities in that yard on that evening were as plentiful as the lack of ALDERMAN SIDNEY'S aitches, and the police, utterly bewildered, gave up anything like keeping guard, so that the public rushed into the sacred enclosure, chafed the philosophers, and withdrew their handkerchiefs. The porter had enough to do to keep the windows from being broken, and could not even do that, for ever so many panes were smashed by an infuriated long young Irishman with a bald head, who revenged his being thrust down from the cill, and the detention of his hat, by demolishing the windows with a ladder, for which act *Mr. Punch*, and the ladies who were stifling inside, much praised the ardent youth.

Mr. Punch lit a cigar, and walked about between a small Duke and a great Publisher, telling them where the Nile was, and so on, until it was announced to him that his friend, SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, had concluded an address.

"Now, my noble friends, I shall go in," said *Mr. Punch*, and he rushed upon the people at the door, like the Armed Man in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But, willing as they were to make way, it was impossible.

"At least tell us what you can see," said *Mr. Punch* to a gasping nobleman who was nearly in.

"I see a black boy with a Persian cap on," said the gasping nobleman.

"*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*," said *Mr. Punch*, to the joy and delight of the crowd. "Well, I will try elsewhere."

He ran along under the windows, and white hands were held out to him, and soft voices and bright smiles invited him to climb. Half the aristocracy hurried to give him a back up, or a leg up, or anything that would aid him in mounting.

"Let me exert my own energies," said the gallant *Mr. Punch*, with a good-natured smile.

You will behold the result in the delineation opposite sketched on the spot by an artist whom he had expressly taken there at a vast expense of Cavendish.

Finally he got in, and perching himself in mid air, like an intellectual LEOTARD, he heard the long applause which greeted the brave CAPTAIN SPEKE, and beheld that conqueror rise, and modestly prepare to narrate the achievements of himself and friend.

"Bravo, SPEKE!" roared *Mr. Punch*, nearly tumbling into the room, in his energetic demonstration. "Bravo, GRANT!"

"Remove that person," said SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.

"Bravo, MURCHISON!" cried *Mr. Punch*, returning good for evil.

"Bravo, black boy! Bravo, everybody!"

"Will you be quiet?" said the BISHOP OF OXFORD.

"Bravo, Bishop!" shouted *Punch*. "How's COLENSO?"

"I say, my dear *Mr. Punch*," said MR. LAYARD.

"Bravo, Under Secretary!" bellowed *Mr. Punch*, like a Bull of Nineveh.

"My dear friend," said MR. GLADSTONE, "there are three courses open to you; to stop and be silent, to go away, or to be removed by the police. Now I am free to confess—"

"Bravo! GLADSTONE!" exclaimed the irrepressible *Mr. Punch*. He would, in his enthusiasm for science, have gone on shouting until now, for the meeting was in convulsions, and a policeman, who respectfully approached from outside to lay hold of his leg, was met by one wink which sent him roaring into Piccadilly.

At that moment there leaned towards *Mr. Punch* the youngest and loveliest of all the angelic beings who were presented to the Princess at the last Drawing-room. The exquisite being was perched on a happy chair, and her tiny right hand rested on the happier shoulder of her Papa, the EARL OF ——— what business is it of yours what Earl he is?

"I wish, dear," she whispered, laying her fairy left hand on *Mr. Punch's* arm, "that you would let me hear CAPTAIN SPEKE."

"Do you," said *Mr. Punch*, with that exquisite melting tenderness of tone which has broken so many hearts and mended 'em afterwards till they looked as good as new, and better. "I am dumb. SPEKE, speak. Cigar in the Albany afterwards, and bring GRANT."

"Lipopper sumerang boomerang dak joppis lobwhackee yowl tipai-rainiferos," said CAPTAIN SPEKE, which means in the Ynyoro dialect, "I am far from delighted at being lionised in this fashion, but the thought of seeing you afterwards will keep me up to the mark, you old hippopotamus."

"Snagdol bokins wimpole bifudder," added CAPTAIN GRANT, who is a man of few words.

"Of course, both L.L., and poteen," replied *Mr. Punch*. "Go it, my Nilometers," he added, and with one glance of intense admiration at his lovely neighbour, he sprang, with a Professor Wilsonic leap over the heads of the circumambient peerage, and rushed away to his West End Chambers.

By none, save the initiate, shall the other secrets of that glorious night be known.



MR. PUNCH ENDEAVOURING TO DISCOVER THE SOURCES OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Political "Uncommercial Traveller."

IT must be JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, Esq. He is always travelling. Only a short time ago, he was hobnobbing with the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA; it was but yesterday he was fraternising with the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, making moral bargains in the most profitable manner. We should not at all wonder if his next visit were to the PRESIDENT of the great American Republic, trying his utmost to persuade him to make terms of treaty with the South. His advent is apparently welcomed everywhere, and there is not a subject he touches but what he turns politically to profit. He is the most successful of all travellers, and seems to succeed best in difficult exploits, in which others have failed. We wish him "*Bon Voyage*" in every fresh journey he heroically undertakes.



PLEASANT.

Friend (to Novice at Salmon Fishing). "I SAY, OLD BOY, MIND HOW YOU WADE; THERE ARE SOME TREMENDOUS HOLES, FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN FEET DEEP."

OUR SUFFOCATED SEMPSTRESSES.

THERE are no slaves in England, oh dear no, certainly not. It is true we make our milliners work fifteen hours a day, and twenty-four upon emergencies, but then of course you know their labour is quite voluntary. That is to say, the girls—we beg pardon, the "young ladies" who slave—we mean to say, who serve in these establishments, are obliged, that is "expected," to do what is required of them, and this means, as we have said, to work for fifteen hours a day, and to work all day and night whenever press of business calls for it. This is the trade rule, which has but very few exceptions, and the slaves, that is apprentices, are "expected" to conform to it. But then of course you know there's no compulsion in the matter. This is a free country, and the "ladies" who "assist" at our great millinery establishments of course are quite at liberty to leave off working when they like, only if they do so they must also leave their places. And as they most of them are orphans and have no one to look after them, and see no likelihood elsewhere of getting easier employment, they seldom find the courage to resort to this alternative, and so—quite willingly of course—they submit to being worked to death, instead of being starved to it.

For, bless you, yes, our slaves—we should say, our young ladies, have the best of food provided them, and as far as mere good living goes there's no fear of their dying. Perhaps they don't get turtle soup and venison as a rule, but of wholesome beef and mutton they've as much as they can eat, in fact a good deal more, for they have not much time for eating. The only food they are short of is the food that feeds the lungs, and for want of this it happens now and then, that they are suffocated. After working all day long in close and crowded rooms, they sleep two in a bed, with the beds jammed close together; and so they should get used to stifling, for they have certainly enough of it. But somehow now and then they are found dead in their beds, in spite of all the care that has been taken for their comfort. It is very ungrateful of them, to say the very least: because, when such mishaps occur, there is sure to be a fuss made at that stupid Coroner's Inquest. And then their dear good kind employers, of whom they always speak

so well, (as do schoolboys of their masters, in the usual holiday letter)—these tender-hearted Christians, or Hebrews it may be, are called all sorts of horrid names, and almost accused of manslaughter! But poor dear injured men, how *can* they help such accidents? Why, M'm, they take the greatest care of their young people, and always have a doctor handy for emergencies. Yes, M'm, fresh air is the thing, but how are you to get it? Rents you know, M'm, is awful 'igh, and every hinch of 'ouseroom is uncommon precious. We do hevery-thing, we can, M'm, we do assure you that we does, and as far as morals go, combined with every hother luxury, our young ladies is most comfortable, you may take our honest word for it. But you see, M'm, There's a deal of competition now in trade, and when one 'ires expensive 'ouses, one 'as to make the most of 'em. And so you see, M'm, our young ladies *must* sleep pretty thick; but for cleanliness and comfort their rooms is quite a pictur!

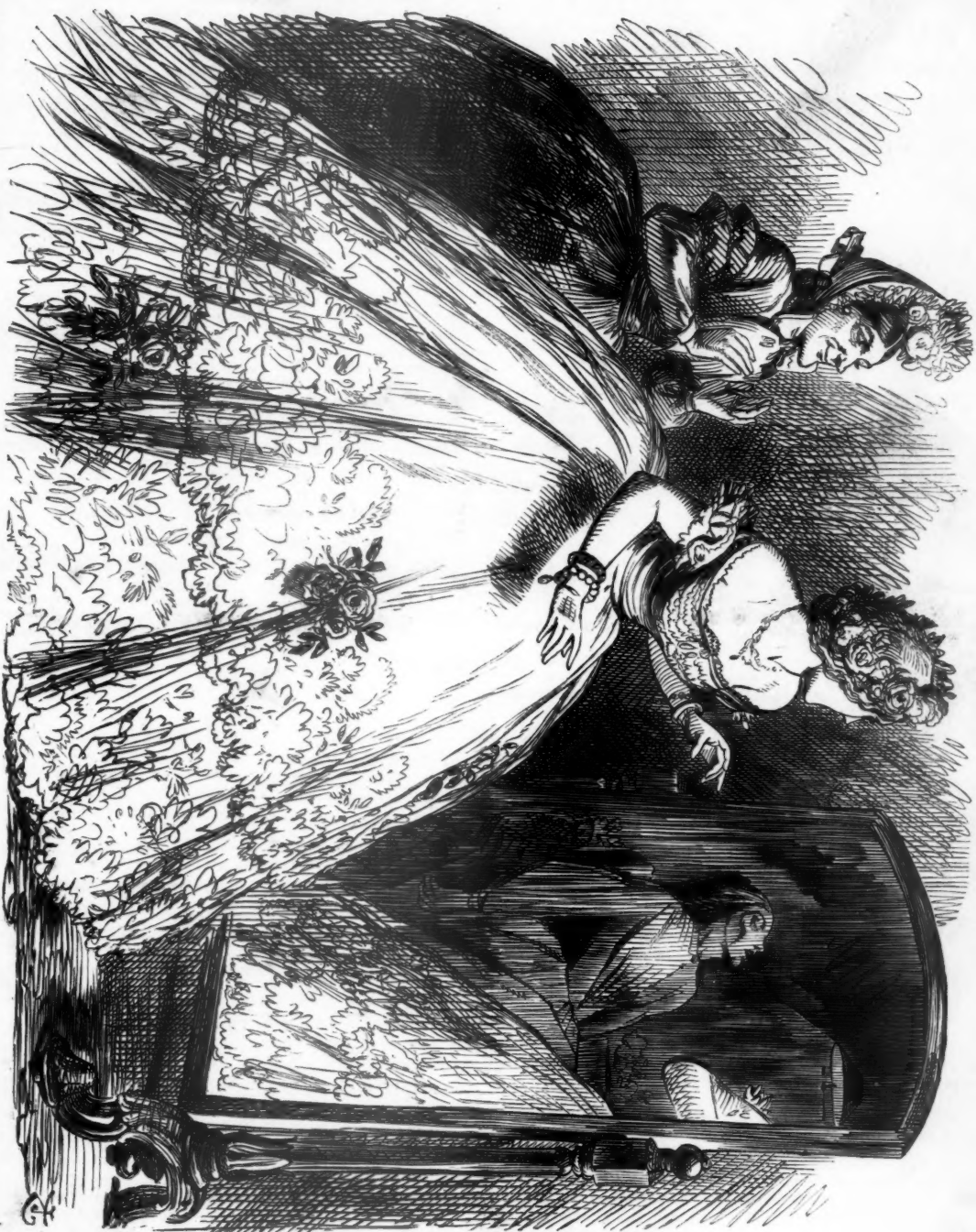
So the tale is told, and so will it be repeated, and when another slave is stifled, good MR. MANTALINI will heave a sigh of sympathy, and say he's reelly very sorry, but—but how *can* he help it? Of course by increasing the number of his work women, which would lessen his profits, and hiring extra houses, he might give his slaves more sleeping room and prevent their being stifled. But, dear kind thoughtless creature, he will never dream of this, until an Act of Parliament obliges him to do so, and the spectres of his work-rooms have a Government Inspector.

Odd Challenge.

THE other evening when a fashionable and highly aristocratic company were assembled in the drawing-room of a well-known leader of *ton*, one of his men-servants dressed in livery came into the apartment, and without any provocation called his master out. The mystery will soon, we hear, be cleared up.

MANAGERIAL MOTTO (FOR THE GHOST HOUSES).—"He who PEPPERS most highly is certain to please."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 4, 1863.



THE HAUNTED LADY, OR "THE GHOST" IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

MADAME LA MODISTE. "WE WOULD NOT HAVE DISAPPOINTED YOUR LADYSHIP, AT ANY SACRIFICE, AND THE ROBE IS FINISHED À MERVILLE."

[illegible]

CHARITIES AND CHATTERERS.

THE man who seeks for something funny may discover it at times in the most unlikely places. For instance, who would dream of ever finding anything to laugh at in the *Grocer*? Yet the other day we read this in that interesting paper:—

"A TEN GUINEA SPEECH.—The proceedings at the dinner of the Grocers' and Tinsmiths' Benevolent Institution were considerably enlivened towards the close of the evening by one of the guests proposing to make a speech. He was with some difficulty prevented continuing a proxy harangue, and at the termination of the festival he declared that had he been allowed to have finished his speech, the Charity would have been better to the extent of ten guineas. Some gentlemen said that they had given their money without any fuss, and why could he not do the same. He replied that he had his moral—'No speech, no ten guineas.'"

Subscribers to a charity are seldom influenced by motives of quite unmixed benevolence. One man gives his guineas by way of an advertisement, while another does so possibly by way of conscience money for some secret peccadillo. Others may subscribe because they like to be thought generous, and enjoy hearing their names applauded when the Secretary reads them at the charitable dinner. But what an odd idea of charity that man must entertain who insists on boring people with a horribly long speech, and makes that a condition for his giving his ten guineas! A subscription on such terms would be no charity at all, for the speech which the subscriber would inflict upon his hearers would neutralise entirely the benevolence of his gift. If all after-dinner spouting could for ever be abolished, what a step in civilisation it assuredly would be! But while people will make speeches and make their doing so an absolute condition of their charity, there should at charitable dinners be some private rooms provided where each subscribing orator might be supplied with a reporter, and so, without annoying the company assembled, be allowed to take his ten or twenty guineas' worth of gab.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER

AND SUMMER SPORTING REGISTER.

Caution to Cricketers.—Toss.—The Captain of an Eleven, on the Cricket-field remarkable for his powers of throwing, pitched his voice so high, that no one could catch what he said.

It is now positively settled that SHAKESPEARE was a great lover of the noble game of Cricket; among numerous allusions to this sport that occur in his works, we single out three, and leave the industrious player to make the remaining extracts for himself. In *Coriolanus*, Act i. Scene 1, *Menestius Agrippa*, so called because of his having such a hold upon the Public, asks the Roman citizens—

"Where go you
"With bats and clubs?"

Of course Cricket Clubs are here intended. Again, at the close of this scene, the same gentleman observes that—

"The one side must have ball."

Doubtless in the Great Poet's time, the use of more than one ball was unknown. Another quotation will suffice; *King Lear*, in Act iv. Scene 6, puts the question which should be in every batsman's mouth:

"Is this a good block?"

If all Commentators, following MALONE, have failed to remark the above passages, we can only say, with the author of that highly satirical poem *Beau Peep*, "Let them, MALONE!"

Hot Potatoes on the Field.—When the cricketer is warm, let him beware lest he sit down to partake of liquor; he should invariably take a spoon and stir his stumps before drinking. (Note from BISHOP BEYBRAG's Works.)

Cricket.—July. Matches to come:—

Tunbridge Wells v. Surrey 'Ils;

At Bury, Raw Coffee v. The Ground;

The new Cricket Club at Hampton Wick is to be called the Hampton Wickets. This is as it should be.

News from the House of Lords.—The M.C.C. are about to take into consideration the following proposed Rule:—

"That Non-Cricketers shall not be allowed to go about in their carriages on the ground, but that players during a match shall be allowed a drive."

Hints.—The Cricketer's true politeness.—Whenever any player bowls a "maiden over," you must immediately run and pick her up.

The Compliments of the Cricketer Season.—If you wish to pay a pretty compliment to a slow bowler, you may say to him, that "his eyes are as black as his own slow." Should they, however, not be of this colour, give him a pair, if he will allow you.

Pedestrianism.—July 1st. Splendid Foot Race over meadow land at Runnymede. Stout overweighted competitors will be guided by the unchangeable sporting Laws that govern the Runny-Medes and Pursey uns.

(Advertisement.) We believe that Walks-hall is to be let for Pedestrian Matches.

Aquatics.—Regatta off Cores by the Butchers' Yacht Squadron.—"There will be," writes the Secretary, "a match between the butchers, which is in course a joint affair. Each yawl is to be fitted with leg o' mutton sails; and in consequence of our customers having bought nothing but haunches lately, we purpose having several sales of the line." The time fixed for this Regatta is the first day when there is a chopping sea. The favourite yacht for the first race is the *Chlops of the Channel*.

The Annual Dinner to Steerers of Eight-oared boats will take place at the Nine Helms.

Launch of a New Ship.—A young lady of Ryde after having received a present of an elegant boating hat, went out in a Transport of delight.



COSMETIC ARCHITECTURE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

(To LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.)

MY DEAR LORD,

THERE is in this town a lady whom I will venture to recommend to your Lordship as exactly the person to answer your purpose in case you buy the International Exhibition Building and design to give it that ornamental covering which you named to the House of Commons. You said that the exterior of the above-mentioned edifice was "plainly and simply constructed," and that "it was proposed to ornament it with cement." The "coating of cement" thus given to it, you declared, would be "durable and pleasing to the eye." You repeated that "No doubt the face of the building would be improved in appearance when it was covered with cement." In short, you propose to enamel the International Exhibition Building.

Well; you are justified in that proposal by analogy. The exterior of a building, as you say, plainly and simply constructed, corresponds to the face of a plain woman. That of the structure in question is certainly very plain, in the female sense of the word. In plain English it is horribly ugly. The plain woman has her face enamelled: and so may you have the Exhibition Building.

You know LADY BARDOLPH, whom I met at your house the other evening, and who begged me to dance with her. For twenty years, up to within the last month or two, as you are aware, her Ladyship's face was all bubuckles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; in a state of alcoholic efflorescence, not to say groggiosoms. Now the LADY BARDOLPH has had her face enamelled. Her plain exterior has been ornamented with cement; embellished with a coating of cement which is durable and pleasing to the eye. Mark, not only pleasing to the eye, but also durable. This is just what you want. Let MADAME RACHEL enamel the shed at South Kensington, and, in the words of the title of a work which she has addressed to the taste and intelligence of the British female Aristocracy, she will render the plainly and simply constructed exterior of that fabric, like the plainest of faces, "Beautiful for ever." I am ever yours,

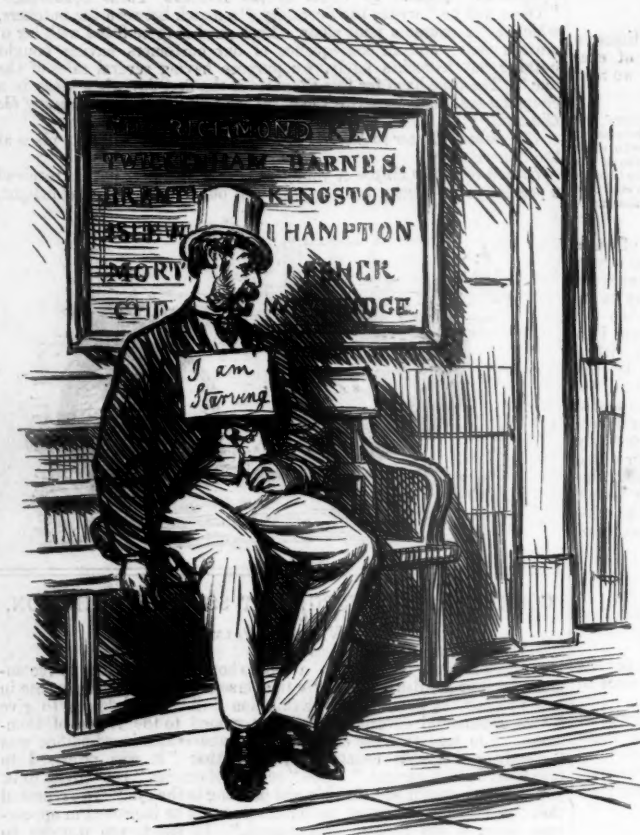
PUNCH.

P.S. It is probable that MADAME RACHEL's charge for enamelling the Exhibition Building would be something considerably under the sum that its decorations and repairs, mismanaged as usual, are likely to cost you in the end.

Black and White Slavery.

WE understand that the KING OF DAKOMKY intends sending over a deputation to this country to remonstrate against the slavery that is carried out in our workshops, with a view of putting an end, if possible, to the horrors and atrocities that are, with a degree of barbarism unworthy of a civilised country, practised there.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—To order their dresses a week or so before they are wanted, so that the poor sempstresses may not have to sit up all night to finish them.



A BROAD HINT.

This is the way our friend Scrawley (a fellow of some humour for a Swell) appealed to Old Poundwise the other day, lying in wait for him at the Waterloo Station (5.5 p.m.).—Sweet little Cottage the Old Boy has at Richmond, gives the jolliest little dinners, and the daughters the nicest girls!—He succeeded.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

DURING the ensuing Term, Bar-maids will be allowed to practise in Westminster Hall. This is no Inn-ovation as Bachelors of Civil Law have from time immemorial possessed the same privilege.

MR. E. T. SMITH has engaged the services of the Longest and Shortest Nights in the year for a joust at the forthcoming Tournament; which was joust what he wanted; he has also, we believe, applied to the Royal Geological Society for any 'Ossified gents that they may have by them. The Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, has, with his usual liberality, made a proposition for furnishing a few mathematical riders for the occasion. A large Tailor's Establishment will supply the Lists at Cremorne.

The Spaniards are about to do honour to a distinguished man, and have determined upon setting up a Column to CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. The motto on the base is to be taken from SHERIDAN's well known play of *The Critic*, where Puff implores the actor to "keep up his Christopher." The Line is most appropriate.

In a late interesting case in one of the House of Commons Committees rooms, it was thought that the name of Railway Contractors ought to be dropped in consequence of the numerous "extensions" which they were perpetually advocating.

The SPEAKER wishes to enforce the old rule, that "no Honourable Member shall bring a pea-shooter into the House." The order will meet with a vast amount of opposition. If the attempt were made to introduce the same into the House of Lords, the Peers would unanimously resent it. It has also been suggested that the Members might be accommodated with refreshment at the bar of the House.

In compliance with a time-honoured custom, the LORD CHANCELLOR

"IFS" AND "ANDS."

(Apropos of the International Exhibition Building, and the buying up thereof.)

If a hundred and fifty thousand
The public hadn't paid up,
For the old Brompton acres where KELK
And LUCAS have run their shed up—

If the Old Exhibition Commission
Was not JOHN BULL's own trustee,
And their sixteen and a-half acres
Already his property—

If the building had drains and foundations
The damp from below to remove;
If the building had roofs and sky-lights
To keep out the rain from above—

If it wouldn't cost more money,
Betwixt doin' and undoin',
To fit the old shell for our uses,
Than it would to build a new un—

If MR. HUNT's Estimates hadn't
Got chawed up so catawampous;
If the Domes weren't quite so ugly;
If DILKE weren't quite so pompous—

If we'd half a million to play with;
If those who spend had to earn it too;
If our money burnt holes in our pockets:
If we'd no better use to turn it to—

Then, if all these IFS were disposed of,
And no more IFS could be found,
It might be well to invest in
The Building, and pay for the Ground.

But until this consummation,
Suppose we took the acres,
As the property of the Nation,
And the building turned o'er to its makers?

"The Busy World."

It is in most cases (exclaims an injured individual), far too "busy," for it generally busies itself with the business of others in which it has no business to busy itself at all.

THE FOLLY OF DRESS.—It is with pain we make the assertion, but we know many a woman who would infinitely sooner be out of her mind than out of the Fashion.

will, on the last day of the Session, pledge every one in a pint of his own Wool Sack.

The Whitebait at Greenwich have this season been remarkably fine: these queer fish are going to give a grand amateur performance in aid of digestion; the first piece will be the well-known Nigger Opera, the *Do-minnoo Noir*.

GALLUS VESTER EGO.

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS (who is the Patron of Ten Livings) has just been fined for fighting Twelve Cocks. This battle of Hastings has caused some sensation at Loughborough, and despite the eloquent and ingenious efforts of MR. C. G. MARREWETHER in his noble client's behalf, the Magistrates mulcted the Marquis in the sum of five pounds. It was urged that cock-fighting is not cruel in the ordinary sense of the words, inasmuch as cocks like to fight. This may be so, but the real cruelty is practised upon the public, because it does not like to read of such sanguinary combats. The Marquis is under age, and will probably know better in future, but we suppose that living near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, he thought he would get up a small tournament of his own. A Plantagenet, however, should love nobler sport, and win other spurs than ornithological ones. *Nemo bis vexari* and so forth, and we are not going to punish his Lordship, who has been dealt with by the law, but we warn him that some French dramatist will infallibly bring him on the Parisian Stage, with a coronet on his head and a cock under each arm, and saying "Godam, I shall go to Vestminster and fight Cox in the House of Commons, yes, roshif, wee." Such is the result of incaution on the part of great people.

THE DRAWING-ROOM AND THE DINNER TABLE.



I read on Monday morning last, nearly three columns of the *Morning Post* filled with descriptions of the dresses worn by the ladies who attended the QUEEN'S Drawing-Room on the preceding Saturday. Of course the particulars of every dress were furnished to the wearer by the *Post* for publication. To what end is this done by ladies of fashion? In order that unfashionable ladies, the wives and daughters of mercantile and professional men, may be enabled the more accurately to imitate their costume?

If so, this condescension is very kind and considerate of the fashionable ladies to those who benefit by it, whose husbands, however, may take another view of the suggestion of expensive finery.

It might be supposed that the object of ladies who think it proper to inform the world how they were dressed when they went to Court is to advertise themselves. But the number of those among them who are married is at least equal to that of the single. The latter only can have any need to be puff'd, the former having already gone off—some of them very much so.

The persons who really want the advertisement which the details in question afford fine ladies, are the milliners who make their Court dresses. Handsome is that handsome does; and if the beauties who figure before the world bedizened in type wished to do the handsome thing, they would affix, for publication, to the account of their clothing, the name of the milliner by whom they were supplied with it. At the end of every catalogue of dresses worn at a Court Drawing-Room, it is also desirable that the *Morning Post* should publish a list of the killed and prostrated; namely, the dressmakers and needlewomen who have been worked or stifled to death almost or quite, in the task of getting up all that elegant apparel against time.

Some men have a notion that the enumeration of the particulars of ladies' dresses worn on any grand occasion is intended, and serves, merely to gratify a peculiar female propensity delighting in such details; the taste in dress. This may be. On the same principle, perhaps, at Lord Mayors' feasts, and other grand dinners, the bill of fare is published by the newspapers, in order to afford gratification to a taste supposed to be more characteristically masculine; the appetite for food. The analogy, however, is imperfectly carried out by the Press. A list of ladies' dresses would be exactly paralleled by an account of the dishes which the gentlemen had individually eaten; each gentleman furnishing a specification of the viands whereon he had regaled himself. As for instance:—

"MR. DEPUTY GUTCH. Turtle, *côtes* and *paris*. Salmon and lobster sauce, with cucumber; stewed and spitbrooked eels, turbot à la crème, flounders, water-souchet, soles à la tartare, mackerel à la maître d'hôtel, rissoles of rabbit, oyster-patties, roast and hashed venison, boiled turkey point, capon à la française, roast peacock, ditto swan, mutton cutlets and sauce piquante, stewed breast of veal and mushrooms, ducklings, toad-in-the-hole, gooseberry pie and custard, sweet and savoury omelettes, *sauté* of rice cream. Charlotte Russe, Maraschino and Curacao jelly, blancmange, leveret, salad, bread-and-cheese. Iced punch, sherry, hock, champagne, ale, half-and-half, stout, port, and claret."

Many old gentlemen, perhaps, would gloat over a registration of gluttony, like the foregoing, just as ladies, old and young, love to pore over the records of fiddle-faddle. There is certainly some difference between such gentlemen and such ladies. So there is between butterflies and pigs.

Art Terms.

A LADY Artist, who had been for some time abusing the make of a certain tall gentleman's cranium, on seeing him suddenly stoop as he passed under a very low doorway, quickly changed her mind, and exclaimed that it was "a duck of a head." *Varium et mutabile semper femina.*

OMITTED PRESENTATIONS.

We have again to rectify the blunders of that most unsatisfactory periodical, the *Court Circular*. Here is a list of ladies of whose presentation at the last Drawing-room the *Court Circular* omits all mention, but who had quite as good reason for going to Court as numbers whose attendance is duly registered.

Mrs. Fitz-Obit, on paying her milliners' bills of four years standing, by Mrs. Giles Overreach.

Mrs. De Namel, on being painted to look Beautiful for Ever, by Mrs. Jessie Bell.

Mrs. Bolsover Clipstone, on wearing her new ear-rings for the first time, by Mrs. Carburton Cissiter.

Mrs. Whyte Armley, on recovery from her vaccination, by Mrs. M'Pustule.

Mrs. Dunshunner, on giving up her opera-box in order to pay her children's school bills, by Mrs. Strong Mynderville.

Mrs. Roseleaf, on becoming a Fellow of the Botanical Society, by Lady Rodde O'Dendron.

Mrs. Naggleton, on making it up with Mr. Naggleton, by Mrs. Punch.

Mrs. Gamble, on receiving the gloves she won at Ascot, by Lady Bet O'Blivious.

Mrs. Scraggleby, on taking to high-necked dresses, by Mrs. Shoulders.

Mrs. Pagan, on taking to going to Church instead of lying in bed till twelve or one o'clock on Sundays, by Mrs. A. Waykenor.

Mrs. Driver, on having kept a servant two whole months, by the wife of the Slaveonian Ambassador.

Mrs. Neediman, on having gone to two parties in the same dress, by Mrs. Yak Mantle.

Mrs. Muffe, on having discovered that the American war is not between North and South America, by Mrs. Osley Pompe.

Miss Wiseman, on her accepting old Mr. Globular, by Mrs. Joyn-ture.

Miss Sapientia Wiseman, on her rejecting young Mr. Ratilicash, by Mrs. Joyn-ture.

Miss Verdigrisee, on her learning to sing an English ballad, by Mrs. Dibdin.

Miss Jenny Flexion, on her conversion from Puseyism, by Lady Exeter Hall.

Miss Frogs, on her having taken a five-bar gate, by Mrs. Jumping-powder.

Miss Phooley, on renouncing her belief in the Guards, by Lady Hero Waresheep.

Miss Bloomer, on having allowed her papa to bring her away from a dance before two o'clock by Lady Beautysleep.

Miss Blimber, on having successfully coached her stupid brother for his little-go, by the Hon. Mrs. Feeder.

Miss Ankles, on having croqué'd and accepted Captain Spoonbill, by Mrs. Balmoral Boots.

Miss Wyld-Bore, on burning her album, by Mrs. Pesterwit.

Miss Sparkles, on having sent Mr. Punch some clever verses, which he inserted, by Lady Judina Punch.

Mrs. Rarey Ariss, on having refused to drive her horses more than forty miles in one day, by Lady Killnagger.

Mrs. Wraahonal, on having enforced the No Crinoline law among her domestics, by Mrs. Brainer Cleverby.

Mrs. D'Istray, on having listened to her husband while he read a whole paragraph in a newspaper, by Mrs. Furr Light.

Mrs. Twangles, on having allowed that *Elijah* was almost as grand a work of art as the *Trocatore*, by Mrs. Keye Board.

Mrs. Dordler, on having been in time for the beginning of *Finesse*, by Lady Thyme Peace.

Mrs. Darby, on having worked a pair of slippers for Her Own Husband, by Mrs. Jone.

Mrs. Martyr, on her leaving Christendom and going to live in Bedford Square, by Mrs. Vycym.

Miss Clackington, on not having talked once about the Princess of Wales during an entire morning, by Mrs. Gushington.

Mrs. Hook Knowes, on having admitted that a photograph did her justice, by Mrs. Squabb.

Mrs. Slapper, on having taught her child its alphabet, by Mrs. Whippingham.

Mrs. De Bathinggown, on having assented to go to Scarborough instead of Switzerland this year, by the Hon. Mrs. Plunger.

Mrs. Perfect, on having refused to begin reading a sensation novel until she had finished KNIGHT'S *England*, by Lady Chrysolite Opal.

An Important Fact for Oculists.

MR. PUNCH was asked whether it was possible to cure a blind-alley; when that mighty genius readily replied, "Certainly; I should first begin by improving its site."



CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

ENTHUSIASTIC WATERMAN. "My eye, Sam, ain't she a Beauty?"

SAM. "'Um; werry well as Women goes. 'Seen my Wife, you've seen a finer Woman."

A PLEA FOR THE "MONDAY POPS."

WHAT is popular music? "Oh, nigger-songs, of course," says JONES, "and melodies of the Music Halls, like 'The Black Gal toggled in Blue,' or 'The Scavenger's Great Granddaughter.'" Well, JONES, you may be right, and music such as this may (more 's the pity) be thought popular. People without brains may like hearing brainless music, and, as "more geese than swans do live, more fools than wise," senseless jingle-jangling tunes must doubtless become popular. But that epithet has lately been applied to better music, and it rejoices us to notice that the application daily is becoming more well founded. Twenty years ago good music was supposed to send people to sleep, and only Philharmonic lunatics were thought able to endure it. Nowadays, however, good music is known better, and therefore better liked. A sonata or concerto of quite twenty minutes' length is listened to without a gabble or a yawn; and good music is so popular that at the concerts which *par excellence* are known to us as "Popular," nothing else is ever played.

To the director of these Concerts which have given so much pleasure to so many people, the thanks of all who love good music are deservedly now due; and as the Director takes a Benefit next Monday, their thanks should be expressed by their presence on that night. This is the last of the "Monday Pops" that will be heard this season, and we hope that MR. CHAPPELL will have a good Saint James's haul.

Imperial Furniture.

MESSRS. JACKHAM AND GRASON are announced as appointed, by special brevet from the Tuileries, *Fournisseurs de l'Empereur*. We are requested to add, that they did not supply the EMPEROR with his new Cabinet.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Senior Wrangler of this year, after a great deal of mental labour and deep algebraical study, has succeeded in squaring his elbows. We regret to hear that the Public Orator of Cambridge having been laid up with a severe cold, has, consequently, lost his voice in the proceedings of the Senate. A recent Grace decrees that Members of the University may no longer keep their clothes in the Pitt Press. Instead of sending them to the Pitt, they must use their own private boxes. At the Freemasons' Ball at Oxford the new University Dance, entitled the Can-Cellarius, dedicated to the Chancellor was performed by the Heads on their feet, and was admitted on all hands to be charmingly graceful.

A STRONG MAN AT COURT.

It is generally known that the LORD CHIEF BARON carries his years uncommonly well. At Her Majesty's Drawing-Room, on Saturday last, the venerable and learned President of the Court of Exchequer showed convincing proof of his ability to carry something more. The *Court Newsman* delights and astonishes us by the information that:—

"The Lord Chief Baron wore his gold collar of S.S. with the portcullis."

FANCY SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK marching along under the load of a portcullis! Which of us youth could perform such a feat of strength as that? The like thereof has not been seen since the days of Samson.

HELP FOR THE HOPELESS.

THERE is a so-called "comic" song which is termed the "Perfect Cure," and there are unhappily many persons in the world who can never hope to sing that song in character. These poor sufferers have ailments or deformities which no human skill can cure, and for their relief an asylum has been founded, where patients thought incurable may be permanently lodged. At all our other hospitals cases such as these are inadmissible for treatment: at the Hospital for Incurables none other are received.

To aid the not too plenteous funds of this admirable Charity, a fancy fair was held last week beneath the Domes that FOWKE built, where a score or two of ladies played at shopkeeping awhile, and sold shillings-worths for sovereigns with the usual fair dealing of the fair sex at a fair. Moreover some few score of gentlemen made hobby horses of themselves, and turned acrobats and actors, and men wise in their vocation of both law and art and literature, consented for pure charity to try and play the fool.

Punch merely notices this fair to call attention to the Hospital for which the fair was held, and which he knows to be deserving of liberal (as well as of conservative) support. And if this be given as freely, and with as excellent good-will as the stall-keepers and showmen gave their presence at the fair, the Hospital for Incurables will be considerably benefited, and many a poor sufferer may hope to be relieved by it.

Cruelty and Inconsistency.

A CRUEL Step-mother, after ill-using her step-daughter for several days, at last refused to find her in food. With strange female inconsistency she subsequently found the young girl in tears.



THE NEW POSITION.

Able-bodied Volunteer. "HALLO, GAWKEY, MY BOY! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"
Invalid Ditto (in gasps). "OH, I—FACT IS—SHOOTING THE OTHER DAY AT—OUR LONG RANGE—THOUGHT I'D TRY—FARQUHARSON POSITION—MADE A CENTRE, BUT—DISLOCATED BOTH MY—SHOULDER BLADES—CONCUSSION OF THE FUNNY-BONE AND A CRICK IN MY NECK EVER SINCE!"

For the benefit of the uninitiated, we subjoin the practice referred to by our Invalid friend:—

"THE 'FARQUHARSON POSITION.'—Let a man lie down on his back, cross his legs, and 'place a rifle butt into his right shoulder, with the barrel resting on the limbs. Having done this, let him bring the left arm round the back of his head, and take hold of the butt of the rifle, the left elbow pressed against the head, somewhere on the right lobe, near the bump of 'cautiousness,' no bad quality for a rifle shot by the way. If a man can do this, not as a gymnastic feat, but easily, so as to make bull's-eyes at 1000 yards in that remarkable attitude, he will be as clever as MR. FARQUHARSON."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 29. *Monday.* The sight of the stalwart and intelligent Maori chiefs, who are among the lions of the season, probably induced LORD LYTLETON to get up a New Zealand debate. He urged that certain settlers at Taranaki should be protected against the natives. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE was sorry for the settlers, but thought that their troubles were their own fault. EARL GREY praised the Maories, and was for amalgamating them with the colonists. Much uglier fellows than the chiefs who are visiting us get married to very eligible English girls.

The SOLICITOR GENERAL, who is thought to understand International Law almost as well as *Mr. Punch*, is not dissatisfied with the American Prize Courts. There was a debate on their decisions, and MR. COWDEN, in return, assailed the charge of CHIEF BARON POLLOCK, in the *Alexandra* case. MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD thought that LORD RUSSELL's language, on the subject of British rights, was more energetic than his deeds.

The Irish Church debate was resumed, and of course there was a good deal of laughter. SIR ROBERT PEEL made a rattling speech, suggested a Cartoon for *Mr. Punch* (for which we are obliged), and made fun of MR. BERNAL OSBORNE "with pious tears galloping over his theological cheek." SIR ROBERT declared himself the determined champion of the Church of Ireland, and reminded the House that the total expense of that grand engine against evil was only the price of a single armoured vessel. The logic was exactly suited to the House, which after some more talk, decided by 228 to 67 that the debate should not be adjourned, and then a motion for the adjournment of the House finished off the affair altogether. The Tories have won Berwick-on-Tweed.

Tuesday. MOURAVIEFF seems to be a Russian GENERAL BUTLER. That eminent Federal, who hopes to be President, had a special method of dealing with the ladies of New Orleans, and MOURAVIEFF has an equally special way of persecuting Polish ladies. The latter are addicted to wearing mourning for their slaughtered relatives or for their oppressed country, and the symbol is hateful to the Russians. So they have commanded that all women of an infamous life shall wear black, and consequently any lady in black is liable to the utmost insolence of the police. Can we wonder at hearing that the Poles sometimes avenge themselves terribly?

LORD DERBY made a neat protest against the surrender of the Ionian Isles, which, had he been in office he would have seen it necessary to cede, and LORD RUSSELL, who, had he been in Opposition, would have felt it his duty to protest against the cession, made the defence which, in the other case, would have fallen to LORD DERBY.

LORD GRANVILLE stated that the case of the Milliners and Dressmakers had been referred to a Royal Commission now sitting on similar matters. The employers of the girls like the one destroyed at MRS. ISAACSON-ELISE's have tried to lay blame on the ladies, but LADY ELLESMERE states that no matter how long a notice a lady gives, the dress-maker will not begin the dress until the last moment, and hence the terrible pressure.

Edinburgh's claim to precedence over Dublin is now finally allowed by the heralds. Probably the Scottish metropolis will shortly claim precedence over London, as England is described as "an appanage to the Scottish crown."

Then came the question, raised by JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, whose name is TEAR'EM, "Shall we recognise the Southern Confederacy?" He moved a resolution to the effect that we ought to do so. His reasons were various. Among them were these:—

That MR. BRIGHT thinks himself the salt of the earth, and isn't.

That the South had conquered the North, and now menaced Washington.

That it was for our interest to be on terms with a State that produces sugar, cotton, and tobacco.

That the Northerners hate the slaves.

That the Northerners are hypocrites.

That he, ROEBUCK, had resolved to prevent the reconstruction of the Union.

That he and MR. LINDSAY had been to Paris, and asked the EMPEROR whether he had changed his mind, and that the EMPEROR had said that he had not.

That in ten days we could sweep every American ship from the seas.

That the Northern armies are melting away.

That the Lancashire distress will increase, and in that case LORD PALMERSTON's popularity will collapse.

Well, here are reasons of all kinds, large and small, and to and from the purpose. A great debate followed. LORD R. MONTAGU was for neutrality, as was MR. CLIFFORD, who, however, affirmed that public opinion in this country was strongly in favour of the South. MR. GLADSTONE urged the necessity of being passionless, testified to English admiration of the heroism of the South, but adverted to the counter-current of anti-slavery feelings. He had not been afraid of the Union, nor desired its destruction, and at all events he deprecated any argument based on selfish grounds. He also protested against the House taking into its own hands the business of Government. He rebuked MR. ROEBUCK, and said there was no doubt as to what would be the issue of the war, but that there ought to be no undue interference. MR. FORSTER made a strong anti-slavery speech, and threatened us with the anger of Heaven if we encouraged the slave-owners. LORD ROBERT CECIL called him a fanatic. MR. BRIGHT, in one of the ablest speeches he has ever made, castigated MR. ROEBUCK in a hideous manner, and contrasted his present language of adulation of the EMPEROR with his expression of disgust some time ago that "those perjured lips should touch the hallowed cheek of our QUEEN." MR. BRIGHT, of course, made a strong Federal speech, and introduced as illustrative of the horrors of slavery a pretty picture of his own fireside with six little children there. He argued, of course, upon what slave parents must feel. All very well, but it does not follow that because MR. BRIGHT loves his six charming children (to whom *Mr. Punch* sends his best love) he ought to encourage people who hire the scum of Ireland and Germany to cut the throats of those who have,

in ten thousand households, little children, as dear to them as Mr. BRIGHT's to him. He implored the House not to aid the South in "the most stupendous act of guilt which history had recorded." SIR GEORGE GREY contradicted a queer statement by Mr. ROEBUCK that the EMPEROR had complained to him that LORD LYONS had improperly exhibited to Mr. SWARD a French despatch. Next night MR. LAYARD, repeatedly and very petulantly interrupted by Mr. ROEBUCK, set the matter beyond doubt by reference to dates. Nothing of the kind could have occurred. As we believe that Mr. ROEBUCK is incapable of untruth, we conclude that the EMPEROR inconsiderately talked French to him, and that he had left his French ear in England. The Tuesday debate was adjourned till Thursday, but the Westminster cooks had other fish to fry on that night, and it stood over till the Monday.

We have to inform Materfamilias that LORD RAYNHAM's Bill for abolishing the Cane in favour of the birch was somewhat summarily rejected, the House saying, *majora Canamus*.

Wednesday. The House of Commons did that which next day threw millions of stupid people into an ecstasy of wrathful bewilderment. It read a Second Time a Bill for abolishing all the arithmetical tables which drive little boys to distraction, and substituted a simple and uniform system, based on science, and in accordance with the standard of other civilised nations. It is proposed to give England Three Years to learn what any boy of twelve years old could easily learn in a week. Of course Government had too accurate an idea of the stupidity of the people to believe that such a measure would be acceptable, and it will be defeated this time, but if the Boys of England have true British pluck they will demand to be taught the metrical system, and will meantime refuse to learn the ridiculous old one. And if any Schoolmaster dares to flog a Boy for such resistance, let Mr. PUNCH have the name and address of that Pedagogue, and he shall be nailed up in *terrorem*, and one school shall follow the fortune of that of Mr. Wackford Squeers. While the British Blockhead is making up his mind to the new system, at least let it be taught in all the schools we pay for, and let all candidates for all offices be examined in it.

Thursday. There are to be great improvements in our part of the New World. There is to be a Constitution for Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, the Atlantic and Pacific are to be connected by a railway through British North America, and that most gigantic of Game Lords, the Hudson's Bay Company, has consented, for the small sum of a million and a half, to allow its wilderness of animals with valuable skins to be opened up for Colonisation. MRS. BRITANNIA, Madam,

"These be celestial arts and worthy thee."

And now Mr. PUNCH, with his habitual self-reliance, but still with an adequate sense of the greatness of the work before him, addresses him to a brief history of

THE GREAT REBELLION.

"It had been known that the Leaders of Parties had, *vis et modis*, been won over to the scheme which, according to the bias of those who spoke of it, was described as the International Building Purchase, and the Kensington Court Job. But the Leaders of Parties are not everybody. Excitement pervaded England, and agitation against the scheme had spread far and wide. The wily PREMIER had fought and won a battle which it was hoped might decide the fate of the campaign, for he had secured the assent of the House to the purchase of the Land. Then, with increased williness, he became a little unwell, and left the greater battle to be fought by his Lieutenants. It had been delayed more than once, but the Chariot of the Hour arrived at last, and Jupiter struggled in the fierce clutch of Demogorgon. On the night of Thursday, the second of July, and the eve of the Dog Days, MR. GLADSTONE asked a Committee of the House of Commons for £105,000 for the purchase of the domed and doomed International Buildings. His elaborate argument, though delivered under an evident consciousness that he was casting away his subtle eloquence, comprised, it may be safely said, all that could be urged in favour of the measure. The gallant Volunteer, LORD ELCHO, moved the rejection of the vote. He was supported by BENTINCK, the Tory, and SHELLEY the Radical. The gentle COWPER came to his comrade's aid, and was assailed by BENTINCK *secundus*, and DOULTON of the Pots. The brave LORD HENRY LENNOX boldly declared he voted for the scheme because the late PRINCE CONSORT had approved it. GREGORY's swashing blow was delivered at the Domes, and then it was felt that valour had lost the fight, but that skill might retrieve it. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE tried to postpone the decision, but the enraged Committee shouted him to silence, and similar was the fortune of MR. LOWE, and even of MR. DISRAELI, who has never before been refused a hearing since the day when he said "The time will come when you shall hear me." This awful sign spoke the doom of the domes, and told how far the mutiny had spread. The indomitable leader of Opposition measures rushed to the front, and sought to persuade the Commons that they were in a hasty mood—something was said of a reduction of the vote, something of a Select Committee—but the battle was lost, and victory hovered above the banner of the insurgents. Then, amid the momentary lull which pre-

cedes the death-cloth, HENLEY, and his yellow waistcoat, deserted their chief, and joined the ranks of the mutineers. All was over. GLADSTONE, chivalrous to the end, went down fighting, and the last tremendous charge was made. "The Guard turned and fled. Ten minutes later the International was lying dead upon the field, with 287 bullets through its heart." But it had died game, and had fired 121. Such is the chronicle of the Great Rebellion?

Friday. EARL RUSSELL made one of his little moves in the direction of a reform. He presented a petition for doing away with the subscriptions required for academical degrees, and thought that at some future time the statements in that petition might serve as the basis of a measure for doing away with the tests. LORD DERBY, as Chancellor of Oxford, was obliged to object to any such improvement, but did so in a way which showed that he knew it was desirable, and there was a debate, in which the BISHOP of LONDON displayed his usual courage and liberality.

In the Commons, Irish Fish and Indian Cotton were the materials of debate, and the week was pleasingly wound up as follows. Mr. PUNCH quotes the *Morning Star*. A squabble on the LILLEY and CRAWLEY case was thus concluded:—

"MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. I rise to order. I protest in the name of the hon. gentleman's own client against his being allowed to go into that case again."

"MR. CONINGHAM. It is the hon. gentleman who is out of order, and I recommend him to confine his attention to the Irish Church, and to be more accurate in his facts the next time he brings it forward. (Laughter.)"

"MR. OSBORNE. I rise again to order. The hon. gentleman has no right to travel out of the question."

"MR. CONINGHAM. I do not know whether the hon. gentleman is sober. (Cries of 'Oh!')"

"MR. OSBORNE. I do not know whether the hon. gentleman is sane. (Renewed cries of 'Oh!')"

In which cry Mr. PUNCH begs emphatically to join.

TO THE GRUMBLING BOY, BEKE.

DEAR CHARLES BEKE,

THERE were three intelligent little boys who wished to discover the Source of the Great River PUNCH. We will call them TALK, GIVE, and MAGISTRATE.

MAGISTRATE got a map of London, and a copy of PUNCH, and a pair of compasses, and a directory, and went into his papa's study. After a time he came out and said, "I know the Source of PUNCH. It must be somewhere in the Blue Clay of the London basin, and not far from Ben Primrose and Ben Holborn, the famous mountains."

TALK and GIVE put on their caps, and with their kind tutor's leave, and with sixpence a-piece which he had given them, walked all the way from Burlington House to 85, Fleet Street, where they found the Head of PUNCH, and were kindly received by him, and drank his health.

Who discovered the Source of the Great PUNCH? Nevertheless MAGISTRATE was a brave, good, and clever boy, and must not be jealous,

Ever yours,

PUNCH.

Who Discovered the Source of the Nile?

Answer to the above question, with which DR. BEKE has favoured Mr. PUNCH.

CHARLES BEKE, Abyssinian,

It's PUNCH's opinion

That "Guess" is a worse dog than "Seek";

You marked in some map

What SPEKE went to, old chap:

So BEKE mustn't cheek GRANT and SPEKE.

Wanted, a Corporation.

THE inhabitants of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, have held a meeting for the purpose of memorialising the QUEEN to constitute that town a municipal borough by charter. Are the Ryde people so lean that they want a Corporation? Should HER MAJESTY grant their petition, it is supposed that Parliament will enfranchise the new borough. In that case we have reason to state that an invitation to become Member for Ryde will be addressed to MR. HORSMAN.

THE SEA-SIDE.

VISITORS have not yet run down to our watering-places, to be blinded by the glaring light and the little dip. It is indeed a curious sight at the present time, and one not often witnessed, to sit on the beach, and watch the Sea Bathing.

WORK IN THE PRESS.—"Le Gammon de Paris." By JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, Esq.

THE APPEAL TO THE PISTOL.



HOSE Gentlemen and others whom Nature has largely endowed with spirit, but little gifted with intelligence, will rejoice in the prospect which is suggested by the subjoined statement in the *Army and Navy Gazette* :—

"The recent case in the Court of Queen's Bench, in which the Balaklava Charge was re-enacted on paper, has given rise to a hostile feeling between a distinguished veteran general of cavalry and a noble Lord who served in the Crimea, and who lately filed an affidavit respecting the action on behalf of COLONEL CATZHOPE. It was mainly in consequence of that misunderstanding that the affidavit was filed. The noble Lord, on receiving a challenge from the General, repaired to Paris, and waited there for some time, but returned to London just as the General proceeded to France, where he still remains."

The revival of duelling may be fine fun for fire-eaters, but will prove extremely disagreeable to all persons who are accustomed to consider the consequences of their actions. It will enable any bully, by wantonly insulting you, to place you under the necessity of inviting him to shoot at you, and of not shooting at him in return, unless you are willing to be tried for your life, and, if not hanged for murder, to be almost certainly convicted of manslaughter, that is to say of felony, and so to incur imprisonment, or even penal servitude, and the forfeiture of all your possessions.

Will you laugh, and say that the duello is an anachronism. Well; but war was thought an anachronism sixteen years ago. Necessity was voted an anachronism; penny-a-liners headed paragraphs about ghosts and witchcraft among the bumpkins:—"Superstition in the Nineteenth Century." Hooped petticoats were numbered with anachronisms. Now we have a large proportion of mankind engaged in cutting each other's throats, and the rest preparing to do so. Ghosts communicate with the nobility and gentry of England, and with foreign princes through Mr. HOME as a go-between; and all womankind is arrayed à l'Impératrice and caged in Crinoline. Let nobody flatter himself that there are not enough idiots in the world to render duelling once more fashionable.

A SLAP FOR A SAWNIE.

PEOPLE often go for coolness to the Highlands, but they may find it in the Lowlands too at times, as witness this:—

MATRIMONY.—A Young Scotch Proprietor, of copious precinct, residing in the Lowlands of Scotland, aspires to MARRY a young ENGLISH LADY, of graceful appearance, possessing the most worthy virtues, being in equal circumstances, not exceeding 24 years of age. No other but the most pious and respectable need count their value to meet the just.—Address Mihil.

What "copious precinct" means we are not Scotch enough to say, but this young Scotch proprietor might certainly describe himself of copious assurance. Graceful English girls there are in plenty here among us, but there is not yet such a glut of them that to get a decent husband they need emigrate to Scotland for him. As the advertiser stipulates for a bride "of equal circumstances," we presume he means to say that he wants a wife well fortune'd besides being well favoured; indeed we should not much mind betting that, although he says his wife must be "most pious," he would not be too particular about her stock of piety, if he could "count her value" by her having a good purse.

A Cool Draught of Burton.

In the last number of the *Anthropological Review*, there is an article by CAPTAIN R. BURTON, called "A Day with the Fans." Very agreeable employment this! Of course the "Fans" above alluded to belong to the race of Coolies?

THE TERGIVERSATIONS OF TEAR'EM.

THERE was a dog of fame,
And TEAR'EM was his name,
And his bark it was e'en worse than his bite, bite, bite;
And TEAR'EM's faith was strong,
All but TEAR'EM must be wrong,
And only TEAR'EM always must be right, right, right.

There was never such a Tartar,
To nothing he gave quarter;
Whig or Tory, nob or snob, he tackled all, all, all;
And the battles that he fit
In the great Westminster Pit,
Would make the famed dog Billy's feats look small, small, small.

To see him on his legs,
(Though they seemed but shabby pegs)
Fore-paw pointed, teeth displayed all so grim, grim, grim;
Folks exclaimed, aghast, "my eyes!
He's a match for any size;
But who's bold enough or big enough for him, him, him?"

With any foe he'd fight,
From the Friends' crack bull-dog BRIGHT,
To the tiniest and tamest Commons rat, rat, rat;
And if nothing else turned up—
Mastiff, messet, pug or pup—
He'd turn round on his own tail, and worry that, that, that.

This dog TEAR'EM he was full
Of his value to JOHN BULL;
A watch-dog none could bully, bribe, or bam, bam, bam;
"Only let outsiders try
On see their tricks to ply,
And down on 'em, in no time, there I am, am, am!"

"What care I how big they be?
Czar or Kaiser's nought to me:
At Emperors let common dogs turn pale, pale, pale;
I'd just as soon pull down
Turban, tiar, cap, or crown,
And on Thrones and Sceptres turn a scornful tail, tail, tail.

"Their majesty I hate;
Likewise their pomp and state;
They shall ne'er see aught of TEAR'EM but his teeth, teeth, teeth;
No sops shall soften him,
Who him off his watch so grim,
Or coax back his threatening tusks to their sheath, sheath, sheath."

Oh, TEAR'EM, TEAR'EM, TEAR'EM,
From whom tyrants, "harum-scarum,"
Were to flee, like the wolf before the dog, dog, dog;
Was it thou that we saw ride
The Kaiser's coach inside,
And enjoying SCHÖNBURNN's petit soins and prog, prog, prog?

Was it thou didst trot and tarry,
For a chance to fetch and carry,
Round the Elysée, with tail that swept the dust, dust, dust;
The Emperor's eye to catch,
All eagerness to snatch
Whatever to thy mouth he dared to trust, trust, trust?

Defying scorn and scandal,
Was it TEAR'EM stooped to fondle
The traitor hands that struck the coup d'état, tat, tat?
And from fawning on the hands,
Came to lick the foot that stands
On trampled truth and violated Law, Law, Law?

Spite of bark and bite severe,
Quick eye and ready ear,
JOHN BULL to such a watch-dog trusts no more, more, more;
In Vienna seek a place,
Or hide thy altered face,
In a kennel at the Elysée's back-door, door, door!

Yet the Elysée I fear,
Will yield thee sorry cheer,
And to offer service there will prove a sell, sell, sell;
L'Empereur has dogs already,
Not only swift but steady,
Who can fetch (which thou canst not), and carry well, well, well!



AMUSEMENT FOR A RAINY DAY.

Clara. "I SAY, GUS—COME HERE! STAND STILL AND OPEN YOUR MOUTH, AND WE'LL DROP CHOCOLATE INTO IT. WE'VE NOTHING TO DO!"

Gus. "ALL RIGHT, GIRLS! FIRE AWAY!"

[After an hour of this interesting occupation, Gus retires slightly uncomfortable.]

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

AMONG the Shadows of the Week, first and foremost comes the Adelphi Ghost, and so fearful is this spectral appearance to those actually engaged on the stage, that even the Burlesque is now announced as "Screaming;" doubtlessly from terror.

Shakespearean Memorials are starting up on all sides; among the latest of these we hear that the Printers' Society, having discussed *Titus Andronicus*, have just raised the question of Authorship, and are going to set it up in type as a tribute to the Great Poet.

Our lively neighbours the French, have sent a sample of an old Parisian Herb to our Botanical Society; it is called the *Rue de Rivoli*.

LORD RANELAGH wishes it to be generally known, that every Volunteer on joining his corps

must provide himself with his own knife, fork, spoon, and brush, the last article must always be used on field days for the purpose of scouring the plain.

The Commissariat staff, during a recent review, executed a very pretty movement; they deployed with a nicely-packed hamper, and were finally discovered in a real-and-ambush.

There are very few startling advertisements in the literary world; the only book calling for any notice is one purporting to be "A Collection of *Lame Jokes*" bound in limp cloth.

A painful case of eviction lately occurred in Ireland; the River Vartry, in the County Wicklow, was at an early hour of the morning actually turned out of its old Bed into the New Channel! Crowds watched the painful and heartless proceeding, but not a soul interfered! "Where," for the three thousand and sixty-fourth time we ask, "Where are the Police?" It is true the Lord Lieutenant officiated on this melancholy occasion, and "nothing" says the report "could be more appropriate or dramatic than the manner in which" his Excellency performed his task.

The ceremony was, we believe, on this wise: the Lord Lieutenant approaching the bed of the river, knocked at the flood-gates, and, pretending to be the "Valet of the Diamonds," said "Hot water, Sir, Time to get up." The river, which was a little swollen in consequence of its many previous falls, would not budge an inch; and on seeing this determination, His Excellency, after bowing gracefully, made a short speech, the greater part of which, totally failed in moving the river. When, however, he arrived at this sentence:

"If in a neighbouring valley the eye of genius could see in the social pleasures which were gathered round the meeting of the waters a magic more exquisite than their own, so here we consecrate the parting of the waters to a still higher mission—to promote the health, comfort, and civilisation of countless families."

—the respectable old Vartry became utterly puzzled (he is but shallow at the best of times), and without stopping either to adorn his body of water or wave his hair, he went off into the New Channel. "The Company" continues our informant, "then went back to Bray." Just what we should have expected. We have not heard the last of this.

Our Volunteers are becoming dangerous; it was only a few days ago that a party of these gallant gentlemen went down and fired at Richmond. We are glad to say that they didn't succeed in hitting it, but we must be allowed to protest against the repetition of such a wanton attempt at destruction.

FRANCATELLI's intended new book on dinners is to be accompanied by plates and a cover.

While upon literary matters we may mention that Mr. HOME's book on Spiritualism being got up with a very pretty exterior is sold chiefly on account of the Wrapper.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH has decreed that no one can be considered the pink of Fashion unless dressed in yellow.

Question?

In the report of the late trial of MORRISON v. BELCHER it was stated that the plaintiff (whose *alias* is ZADKIEL) was a Commander in the Navy. Considering the way in which, as ZADKIEL, he dupes the silly buyers of his Almanack, ought he not rather to rank as a Commander in the Knavey?

THE LATEST CANARD.

THERE is no truth in the report that Mr. J. A. ROEBUCK is, at the request of the EMPEROR, to be appointed the British Ambassador at Paris, in the place of LORD COWLEY, whose services at the French Court are evidently no longer needed.



“TEAR’EM” AT THE TUILERIES.

EUGÉNIE. “AH, MON CHER LOUIS! PRAY DON’T CRAM THE POOR LITTLE FELLOW ANY MORE; IT IS POSITIVELY CRUEL.”

THE FARMER'S CHURCH - THE FARMER



"THE FARMER" AT THE TUNNEL

THE FARMER'S CHURCH - THE FARMER
THE FARMER'S CHURCH - THE FARMER
THE FARMER'S CHURCH - THE FARMER

FASHION AND ITS VICTIMS.



Do ladies ever think?

Now really, what a question! You can't be impolite enough to call them thoughtless creatures!

Well, but how about their dress-makers, and the cases that occur at times of something near to manslaughter? The ladies, Heaven bless them! of course are not responsible: still, might they not do somewhat to mitigate the evil? If they used their thinking faculties (assuming that they have any), might it not occur to them that dresses which may cost a life are rather too expensive; and even at the risk of being slightly out of fashion, might they not submit to be seen in a pink skirt if they thought that it might work a girl to death to make a blue one? Besides, who knows but infection may lie latent in a ball-dress when stiched in a foul room and with thought of this they might think

fever-stricken fingers? If ladies a little more of the 'sore need of the needlewomen, and might think a little less of the exigence of fashion.

We well know it is not fair to blame the ladies for the way in which the sempstresses are sorely over-slaved, and slowly murdered. But the ladies, surely, if they thought about the matter, might exist with fewer dresses, or give longer time for making them; or, by a wholesome combination, might compel the *Mantelins* to follow the example of larger manufacturers, and when they get extra work get extra hands to do it. If the ladies can't do this, the Government must help them. At present every Court robe has the ghastly hue of death on it, and Venus going to the ball is attired not by the Graces, but by slave-work that dis-graces us.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

A SENSATION Drama entitled *Le Secret de Miss Aurora* is to be produced at the *Théâtre du Châtelet*. We need hardly inform our readers that, as the title itself suggests, the play combines all the sensational situations of the *Secret of Lady Audley*, with the stirring romantic adventures of the pretty little Banker's Daughter, *Aurora Floyd*. The Management, by a judicious introduction of MESSRS. DIRCKES' and PEPPER'S Ghost, are enabled to spice the performance with several additional thrilling effects.

To the indefatigable exertions of our foreign correspondent, (who has been "suppressed" officially, and several times forcibly ejected from the Theatre in his attempts to obtain the first Dramatic Intelligence,) we are indebted for the following admirably translated extracts, which give some notion of what the Piece is likely to be. It is arranged in Two Prologues, ten Acts and twenty-six tableaux. The First Prologue, in which is shown how *Aurora & Audley* grew up from infancy to the ripe age, when she ran away with *Le Softy*, the great speculator in Railways, which is the French notion of an English *Trainer*, thus concludes:—

SCENE—A Forest with Trees, arbours and foliage. Enter LE SOFTY attired for the Sport. Horns heard without. (LE SOFTY seizes a large twisted hunting horn, which winds round his body.)

Le Softy. She rides herself this way.

(Chorus of Chasseurs heard without. AURORA D'AUDLEY cantering in on a dappled steed. Equestrian effect.)

Aurora. Tchik! Hoop!

[Cracks a whip.]

Le Softy (cracks a joke). "I am here!"

Aurora. Allons! (come along!)

Le Softy. Oui (with pleasure). You are mine!

Aurora (fondly). I am. Away!

(LE SOFTY stamps, and a horse suddenly rises up trap: he springs on his back, both gallop off. Chorus of Chasseurs enter, led by the Banker, MONSIEUR D'AUDLEY, with guns, trumpets, and other implements of the chase.)

Banker (in agony). They shall not escape. After them!

[As if about to pursue, jumps into the trap, which has accidentally been left open.]

Chorus of Chasseurs.

Tira la! Tira la! la, la, la!
Tirra!

[Snack whips.]

La Chasse! La Chasse! (The Chace! The Chace!)

Pour nous! (for us).

Tirra la! Tirra la!

Tirra la! Tirra la! la, la! (These words are the same in English.)

[During the above the fugitives are seen riding away in the distance. BANKER comes up trap, faints. Chasseurs intimate that they will follow.]

End of Prologue I.

The Second Prologue shows how *Le Softy* discovers himself to be in reality *Sir Michael Talboys*, who was found drowned in a well on a hill. After this we see in what manner *Aurora*, now *Madame Le Softy*, passes her life in Italy and elsewhere, and, with a grand Steeple Chace, in which *Sir Michael*, having lost all his money, finally starts for Australia, pretending to be dead, the Second Prologue ends, and the Play commences.

The following is the great Scene in the First Act. *Aurora*, *Madame Le Softy*, has changed her name to *Lucy*, and married *Sir Bulstrode*.

SCENE—The Lime Trees Walk.

(N.B. This will be a great effect—all the Lime Trees walk about the Stage, while a Lime Light is thrown on them from above.)

Enter LADY BULSTRODE.

Lady Bulstrode. Ah! mon pauvre père (my poor father!) Hélas! (alas!) I will not tell him that I am Mad!

Enter ROBERT CONYERS at back, observing her.

R. Conyers. She here!

Lady Bulstrode (pulling a pistol out of her pocket). My husband gave me this to clean.

Robert Conyers (coming forward). If you strike him it must be through me. [Bell tolls.]

Lady B. (to herself). Shall I hesitate? No. [Takes aim.]

Robert Conyers (aside, seeing his danger). It were more seemly to escape. [She shoots him.]

[Slow music, during which Stage grows dark and the Adolphi Ghost appears; he looks whiter than ever, as if recovering from the effect of a sea voyage.]

Ghost. I am registered and patented! (in sepulchral tones) ha! ha!

[LADY B. stretches out her hand, it goes through the Ghost, showing the furniture in the house. She tries to set fire to the Farmhouse where MESSRS. DIRCKES and PEPPER, the inventors of the Ghost, are asleep, and sinks exhausted.]

Enter Servants carrying JAMES MELLISH wounded.

Mellish (to Lady Bulstrode). You are innocent. So's Dirckes (gasps) and Pepper.

[Sixth Tableau. Ghost imploringly kneels to ROBERT CONYERS, who points feebly to MELLISH. LADY BULSTRODE stands on a pedestal surrounded by menials, thus making a final Tableau illustrating Truth, Mercy, Justice, and the Polytechnic. Strains of Heavenly music as curtain descends.]

If our Correspondent is able to furnish us with any further particulars, we shall at once place them before the public. At present be it our cheerful task to congratulate the French managers on the production of so great a Piece "taken from the English."

Appalling and Mysterious.

A GENTLEMAN (?) and his Wife took lodgings some time since in a street not far from Piccadilly. One morning the gentleman went out, apparently alone, and did not return. On subsequently searching the room, the landlady was horrified on discovering that her lodger had taken his better half with him, and left his quarters. Surgical aid was called in, but too late to be of any assistance.

ART MANUFACTURES.

THE other day a gentleman holding an official position at Court, gave a rising young modeller his countenance. The ungrateful youth has since made use of the mug for drinking purposes.]

EDUCATION.

IT is the part of a Virtuous Government to give good instruction to Vice. In the Great Metropolis we are often taught a moral lesson by the sight of a young thief being brought up by a Policeman.

SAUCE FROM A GANDER.—A foolish friend of ours declares that the discovery of the source of the Nile would in the dark ages have been called an act of source-ry.



Old Floppers "won't be bothered with his basket, as he has only time for one more cast in his favourite Pool."

CANT AND CARNEY.

"Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie,
Your impudence protects ye sairly,
I canna say but ye strut rarely."
—*Over Gause and Lace.*—BURNS.

DR. CANDLISH, now known as the Frantic Divine, made in the course of his manly attack upon a Royal Widow's Memorial to her husband, a reference to "the Bible that Scotland Loves." There is a Bible that England loves, which may be a different book, if CANDLISH is the authorised interpreter of Scotland's, for ours tells us to honour the Sovereign, and also to "honour widows." We are the more inclined to think that the Bible that Scotland Loves must be some other volume than our own household treasure, because the Scotch book has just been reprinted, and is announced to the world in an advertisement of which we propose to reproduce the principal part.

This advertisement has been forwarded to us by half a hundred correspondents who seem scandalised. So might we be, but for the hypothesis we have advanced. The Scotch Bible is published by MR. KENNEDY M'NAB, and he dates from Inverness. He solicits patronage for his Book (we should take the liberty of using that translation of a word, the light use of which is unpleasant to the English mind, but the word is BIBLE throughout the advertisement), and the irreverence, if any, is not ours, and this is what he says:—

"A copy has been presented to the PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA—through LORD SHAFTESBURY—who have been graciously pleased—especially the Princess, that brightest of orbs in the firmament of living beauty—to express their high admiration of it."

Without pausing upon the delicate mixture of profanity, nonsense, and impertinence, which marks the reference to the PRINCESS OF WALES, we may just note that it is satisfactory to obtain such distinguished approbation of the Scotch Bible. And as in Scotland, "high names" are still thought a good deal of, the publisher is happy to add that the work has—

"Already been patronised by the high names of the DUKES OF HAMILTON, and BRANDON, ARGYLL, BUCKLEUCH, and QUEENSBERRY, LORD FOLEY, and a large number of noblemen and gentlemen."

We hope the grammar of the volume is not akin to that of the adver-

SABBATARIANISM ON THE STAGE.

THE *Leicester Chronicle* publishes the subjoined statement, with a heading which seems, indeed, appropriate enough:—

"AN ALMOST INCREDIBLE STORY.—The following lately took place before the Magistrates of Loughborough: MR. BARNES, of Six Hills, summoned his servant, a young man named FREDERICK PICK, for a wilful violation of the Sabbath, in cleaning on Sunday a pair of lace-up boots! The complainant told the Bench that on Sunday morning he went into the out-house, and there saw the defendant cleaning himself before a piece of broken looking-glass, and lying by the side of him was a pair of lace-up boots, which had just been polished, together with the just-used blacking-brushes. He asked the defendant if he had violated his orders and cleaned the boots on the Sabbath? The defendant attempted to justify his unholy and disobedient act by saying that he had not time to clean himself on Saturday. The lad, in his defence, said he thought it would be much more criminal if he went to church dirty than in cleaning his boots and shaving himself, and going to church like a Christian. The Magistrates fined the lad in the sum of 40s. and costs, which their Worship humanely ordered to be paid out of the wages due to him from his master!—*Leicester Chronicle.*"

However, the above narrative is not quite so incredible as it seems. Our Leicester contemporary says that the proceedings therein related took place before the Magistrates of Loughborough. Exactly so. It occurred at a theatre, on the boards of which was performed, in the presence of their Worship, who patronised the entertainment, a burlesque on *I Puritani*, entitled *The Mawworms*, wherein a Sabbatarian humbug, and a bench of hypocritical asses of the same profession, were represented as concurring in the monstrous perversion of law and the rampant violation of justice, which not anywhere but on the stage, and there only in the wildest extravaganza, could ever have been enacted.

Of course, if [any quorum of Sabbato-maniacs had actually had the crazy fanaticism, or the cracked hypocrisy, to fine a lad for cleaning his own boots on a Sunday, the HOME SECRETARY would have taken good care to have them removed from the Commission of the Peace, and subjected to a Commission of Lunacy.

ADVERTISEMENT.—A Gentleman with a few hours to spare will be happy to lend them to anybody who can't otherwise get a minute to himself.

tisement. The book has been patronised by high names and by a number of noblemen. But now listen:—

"I have now to state to you that these Bibles are necessarily most expensive, and only within the reach of those to whom its Great Author has given the 'silver and the gold' in abundance."

Eh? DR. CANDLISH. This is a graceful and mosaic interweaving of scriptural and commercial language, and shall atone for the apparent defection of "its" from some friendly word abandoned. The price is high certainly, but as you say, Doctor, the book is dear to Scotland. Here, however, is the gem of the invitation:—

"I appeal first for patronage to that bright galaxy, of more than Circassian beauty, those fairy forms, cast in celestial moulds, whose meeds of praise poetry itself fails to find language to award—the Royal Bridesmaids."

This is rude, M'NAB of Inverness. If you know anything except the art of Carney, you should be aware that the height of Circassian beauty is Fatness. Do you mean to say that the Princess's bridesmaids were exceedingly fat? Because we happen to know that this intimation is calculated to give great offence, and we recommend you instantly to write off to each of the ladies and retract and explain, or indeed you had better come up to Marlborough House and apply cannily and respectfully for an interview with the porter, and beg him to ask one of the footmen to request the butler to entreat the valet to signify to the lady's-maid to implore the lady-in-waiting to hint to the Princess, that you didn't mean to be rude to the Bridesmaids. You two have made a truly awful mess of it, M'NAB and CANDLISH. One insults the QUEEN, and the other the Bridesmaids. Well, you must get out of it as you can. Let us see whether M'NAB is luckier in his finish:—

"I solicit the honour of each of their names for copies. I appeal next to the Royal relatives, and the nobility and gentry of the country."

"Next, to a splendid array of, in most instances, self-made aristocracy—a class who have risen by their talents, energy, industry, and enterprise to the occupation of proud and meritorious positions—the Lord-Mayors and Provosts, and Mayors and Provosts of towns, and their ladies and daughters."

Each of their names for copies. What do you mean, M'NAB? That each will set down his name as that of the subscriber for a copy, or that you may have the names for your little boys to make copies thereof? Explain yourself, man. But, O man, you're wide awake. We have

been hitherto toadying the highborn and the great, now we'll just butter the low-born and the self-made. "The self-made aristocracy." Ay, but we won't leave 'em humble. They have risen to "proud and meritorious positions," (what's a *meritorious position*, M'NAB?) and they are justly exalted upon the face of this world, and so are their "ladies." You couldn't say wives, of course. But the public at large. Won't you take in the public at large? What for no?

"And lastly, to all who would wish to possess the most splendid edition of the Gospel ever published."

"None could preserve a better memorial of that unparalleled day of joy and rejoicing, the 10th of March, than a copy of those unequalled editions of the Message of Mercy and Peace."

Well, we like splendid editions, but we should also like to be certified as to the contents of the volume. Because, profoundly as we admire MR. M'NAB's style of composition, we should not care to pay very many guineas for a quantity of it. We should like DR. CAMPBELL to overhaul the book, and let us know what it is. We can only say that if it be the volume which is known and loved in England as the Bible, we are glad to believe that there is no English publisher, even in days when puffing is carried to excess, who would couple with the name of The Book a mass of coarse blarney, impudence, and profanity. LORD SHAFTESBURY is a gentleman, *par excellence*. He now perceives the use that has been made of himself and his name, and will probably have something to say in the matter. Persons like MR. M'NAB do more injury to the cause LORD SHAFTESBURY worthily upholds than Seven *Essays and Reviews* can do; nay, seventy times seven. Was it a M'NAB that BURNS saw on a lady's bonnet in church? Pity it was not on her Bible.

BRIGHT REMARKS ON RECOGNITION.



THE respectable "MANHATTAN" is of opinion that, if "JEFF. DAVIS" would only "talk Union," the United States might be reconstituted under "JEFF." as PRESIDENT, *vice* ABRAHAM LINCOLN deposed. He thinks that would be a happy settlement of the Yankee difficulty. The solution thus described by the worthy who represents Northern public opinion in the *Standard*, bespeaks national sharpness, and may be considered a bright idea. It is also contemplated as a possibility by MR. BRIGHT. That possibility is one of MR. BRIGHT's reasons why we should not recognise the South. Hear the Hon. Member for Birmingham—and Washington:—

"Is it not possible that the Northern Government might be bested in their military operations, and that, by their own incapacity, they might be so humiliated before their people that even what you call the peace party in the North, but which I say is in no sense a peace party, might unite with the South, and the Union be reconstituted on the basis of Southern opinions?"

MR. BRIGHT differs from "MANHATTAN" in hoping that the possibility which he contemplates will not become an accomplished fact. *Punch*, however, would very much like to know whether, if the American Union could be restored on no other terms than friend "MANHATTAN's" friend BRIGHT would not be glad to see those terms accepted, and the United States re-arranged upon a Southern basis under JEFF. DAVIS, comprising the old American institutions, slavery and all?

But if friend BRIGHT wishes, above all things, for the abolition of Negro slavery, he should flourish his broad-brimmed hat, and shout

"Hooray for Secession!" Because, if North and South were to become two nations, North would at least be able to hold its own, and would therefore of course repeal the fugitive slave-law. Whereupon all the niggers would incontinently run away, if they chose, and throw themselves into the arms of the Northern citizens, which would doubtless be wide open to receive them.

All that we now know is, that friend BRIGHT would be glad to see the American Union restored with the North uppermost; but that, if it were restored, he would be sorry to see the South uppermost. Hear him again:—

"I have faith in the moral government of the world, and therefore I cannot believe that that will take place; but if it were to take place, then the Union, with its great armies, its great navy, and its almost unlimited forces, might offer to drive the English out of Canada, the French out of Mexico, and whatever nations are interested in them out of the islands of the West Indies, and you would have a great State built up on slavery and war, instead of that other State to which I look, built up on an instructed people, on general freedom, and on morality in Government. (Oh! and cheers!)"

No wonder that the collective wisdom cried "Oh!" at the foregoing argument, and that the contrary element in the House of Commons exposed itself in cheers. Suppose, friend BRIGHT, that we recognise the South, and that thereupon the Union is presently re-established, as you say, "on the basis of the South." *Punch* thinks, with you, that they would be likely enough to unite with the North in offering to drive us out of Canada. But do you think that they would be induced to join, rather than not to join, in that attempt to plunder us, by the remembrance of our having befriended them by recognition? Do you believe that their ingratitude is so positive, and impulsive, and mad, that they would actually be disposed to resent, more highly than they would resent indifference, the sympathy received by them, when it was asked for, at our hands?

On the other hand, suppose that the South saves in, or that the North succeeds in its design to exterminate its Southern opponents. Considering the Yankees' present feeling towards us, do you think that the steadiest and most long suffering perseverance in our existing neutrality would abate by one jot their determination of taking the first opportunity to humble England and "punish JOHN BULL at his door"—or his settlements in Canada or elsewhere?

Pointing to the above-quoted examples of MR. BRIGHT's unreasoning eloquence, *Mr. Punch* could not help saying to his little boy, "Behold, my son, with how little wisdom an orator can harangue the House of Commons."

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER, AND SUMMER SPORTING REGISTER.

Music and Cricket Combined.—The player should procure a copy of LILLYWHITE'S *Cricket Scores*. There the young amateur will discover, how by practising his scales every morning, he may ultimately succeed in making several good runs. The book is full of notes, and, beside the passages above mentioned, contains the reports of the speeches made by the M. C. C. on the subject of Cricket, which are really very good examples of Stump oratory.

Mens for Cricketers.—The good player must never on any account lose his temper during a game; the moment the batsman is angry he will be put out.

Aquatics.—July 16. In Southampton Water. Match between two Captains' gigs drawn by Sea Horses.

Fishing.—We are sorry to announce to the Disciples of old ISAAC, that there will be no fishing in Devonshire this year. Nearly every stream has been taken up for brawling, and sentenced to be whipped.

Dean Hook.—No, Sir, you can't expect to catch many fish by trolling a ditty on the banks of a river. Troll one line of it, that'll do.

Pedestrianism.—*Singular Match.*—Jo Steppitt v. A Gentleman from Fleet Street. The race between these two men came off on Tuesday last. There were two Heats. In the first "Jo" ran the "Gentleman" on his legs. In the second he ran him off his legs. The latter exhibition was really remarkable.

Two Correspondents write to inform us that they met Three Days Running. They neither say what was the race nor the amount of the stakes.

Rackets.—The Great Contest of the Season came off a few days ago at Nottingham. The men of Notts played a Tie.

Approaching Festivities.

The Anniversary Fête of the Worshipful Company of Tanners will this year be held in Hyde Park. The first game for their children will of course be hide and seek. Two Policemen and a member of their own Society will keep the gates; this guard is familiarly known as Two Bob and a Tanner.

ROYAL RIDDLE.—Who is, as a rule, the oldest Monarch in existence? The King of H'eighty (Hayti).



FLUNKEIANA.

Housemaid. "JAMES! DON'T YOU HEAR YOUR LIBRARY BELL A-RINGING?"

James. "BOTHER THE LIBRARY BELL! I AIN'T GOING TO ANSWER NO LIBRARY BELLS—IT'S MY SUNDAY OUT, AND I'M AT CHURCH!"

THE WIMBLEDON PRIZE MEETING.

THE Secretary of the National Rifle Association having received notice that Full Private *Punch* has been selected to represent his corps for the QUEEN'S Prize, begs to forward to him the following regulations for the Meeting at Wimbledon, on July 7, 1863, and to express his best wishes for F. P. P.'s success.

1. *Camp Orders.*—No one is to sleep in more than two tents at once. Snoring not allowed until 11 p.m., and then only in unison with the drone of the bagpipe which will give the key-note. The Camp Guard will be selected at 9 p.m. from those who can distinctly pronounce the countersign "Statistical Calculations." The Captain may not fall in with his men, but all must be on the ground at 10 p.m. The picket will reverse arms, sections outwards, dress by the right, and advance by subdivisions at the halt. A bath will be provided for each corps—pool tickets sixpence each. Dinner at 6 p.m., including a haunch from the "running deer," and two pulls at the Harrow Cup.

2. *Small Bore Regulations.*—The following excuses for failure in shooting will be disregarded:—That the competitor forgot to clean his rifle, or to alter his sight, or to put in a bullet, that he put two bullets in, that he had too long a walk, that he was shaken in a 'bus, that he has no appetite, that he dined out and had too much—well—salmon, and had in consequence too high elevation, that just as he fired the target suddenly took two paces "right close." That his rifle being left all night without a nose-cap, it took cold in the barrel, which no foresight could prevent. That he rammed down a Seidlitz powder by mistake, and swallowed a Government cartridge before breakfast. That he forgot to make proper allowance for the rotation of the Earth, the attraction of the Moon, and the idiosyncrasy of the asymptote trajectory of the trygonometrical barometer.—N.B. No one is to take off his cap for a stripped bullet.

3. In the Lords and Commons competition, any position will be allowed, but no motions or speeches. The Members will be selected by divisions, and in any disputes about the sights, the "eyes" have it. All complaints, including swollen right cheeks (Wimbledon mumps),

are to be referred to the Secretary's knickerbockers. The Enfield pattern Government "gas-pipe" will be used by all light troops. One of the Council by rotation will take steps to provide a "running man" to be shot at.

4. *Ladies' Consolation Prizes.*—Two shots at 880 yards for "a miss is as good as a mile." Competitors may go in for this in Hythe position, kneeling, and present arms; but muzzle-stoppers are not allowed, or any salute except on duty and for a shootable match.

ZADKIEL'S SPIRITUAL VISION.

IN the case of MORRISON v. BELCHER, a British jury has decided it to be libellous to call ZADKIEL an impostor—though libellous only to the damage of 20s. MORRISON, *alias* ZADKIEL, being under cross examination, a question was put to him by MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE, touching a spirit which he asserted to have appeared in a crystal ball; "a spirit," he said, "who called herself EVE." The following colloquy ensued on a remark made by the learned Serjeant:—

"The WITNESS. She represented herself as EVE.
"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. How? Did they communicate by word of mouth? I thought it was all by way of vision."

My Lud, your Ludship is about right. It must have been by way of vision, inasmuch as it was all my eye.

Cynical Apology for Amateur Ambassadorship.

NEWFANGLED or not, I have done the right thing,

So don't begin bawling *O mores, O tempora!*

If a Cat is permitted to look at a King,

A—TEAR'EM may surely wag tail at an Emperor.

J. A. R.

A NEW PARTY.—The wiseacres, who defend CAPTAIN FOWKE's building and its site, are called "*Loco-Fowke-os*."



PER-FECT-LY WE-DICULOUS!

CONDUCTOR (Setting down Two of his Passengers). "Change, Sir? Oh, I beg yer pardon, Sir, I took for Two! I thought this Young Woman was along o' You, Sir!"

POST-PRANDIAL DUET,

OR CARMEN AMEBEUM.

*As lately sung at the M-n-s-n House, with great applause, by
The EARL OF D-BY and MR. DIS-A-LI.*

- D-by.* My LORD MAYOR, as our host, in proposing the toast
Dis. Which you gave in so handsome a manner,
D-by. A great honour you've done us, and every one
Dis. Underneath the Conservative banner.
D-by. I receive it with pride, and my friend by my side
Dis. Will concur in that just observation.
D-by. I rejoice that we seem to have won your esteem,
Dis. And have met with your kind approbation.
- D-by.* That's peculiarly sweet, coming after a treat
Dis. Which has given us real enjoyment.
D-by. Of a meeting like this all the business is bliss;
Dis. 'Tis a truly delightful employment!
D-by. All the more, my LORD MAYOR, relish we your good fare,
Dis. That 'tis such a long while since we tasted
D-by. Of official good things, that our maws famine wrings;
Dis. And your turtle-soup will not be wasted.
- D-by.* 'Tis a bore, I will say, a severe trial, nay,
Dis. Provoking, vexatious, annoying,
D-by. Out of luck to remain, so long forced to abstain
Dis. From the fat you behold others cloying.
D-by. Here have we had to wait, and in both Church and State,
Dis. Every slice, large and small, see them carving,
D-by. To explain our sad plight almost ready to write,
Dis. On the floor of the House, "We are Starving."
- D-by.* But our hunger, at least, has been stayed by a feast,
Dis. Representing the goal of our wishes.
D-by. For to what other end do we strive and contend
Dis. Than the best of good liquors and dishes?

- D-by.* Thus divinely to eat, and to drink, would complete
Dis. The content of our highest ambition,
D-by. Did the Ministers share this repast, my LORD MAYOR,
Dis. And were we in their happy position.

A WORD WITH M. THALBERG.

MONSIEUR THALBERG, MONSIEUR THALBERG, what are you about, Sir? What d'ye mean by frightening us by letting it be advertised that your performance at the Crystal Palace last week was your "farewell recital"? No doubt you love retirement, everybody does, but you have surely not the cruelty to think of it at present? Your villa near to Naples is no doubt a sweet retreat, but to think of it at present would be simply villa-nous. Recollect, you have a duty to perform to the public, and the public will not let you off from your performance. While you give us so much pleasure, you must not consult your own: we love your play so much that we would always have you work at it. A few bars' rest is all that we can let you take; or come, say a few months', if you really do require it. Yes, HALLE is delightful, and so is ARABELLA: but because a tart is sweet, are we to have no turtle? There is nobody to fill your place, Sir, if you go: for nobody can make the piano sing as you can. A piano is to many a piano-forte-et-dure, an instrument of horribly excruciating torture. But in your hands a piano never can torment, it can only charm and gratify. With Miss BLANK, and some few other hundred girls who shall be nameless, a piano is a box of tinkling jangling wires, which serve only to emit a stupid jig or senseless polka. With you it is for sweetness as the voice of JENNY LIND: and for fire and force and fulness, as the orchestra of MELLON.

So don't talk of retirement if you please, good MONSIEUR THALBERG. It is a pleasure to hear you play, and we have not so many pleasures that we can well afford to lose one. And why should you retire? There is no lack of life about you. Your right hand has not lost its cunning, nor your left one either—that is, if you have a left, which your playing makes one question. It is a tempting thing no doubt to try the Southern *lazy-faire*, and join the Naples *lazy-roni*: but you must not think of leaving till the ladies give you leave, and, with *Judy* at their head, the ladies all protest they cannot part with you at present.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, July 6. "Ha, ha! Cured in an instant!" Mr. Punch has not the faintest idea as to what he meant when he wrote the preceding sentence; but he is quite certain that whatever it meant, it could have no reference to the fact that the Domes having been smashed, Mr. GLADSTONE snubbed, Mr. DISRAELI shouted down, and the Rebellion settled, LORD PALMERSTON's slight indisposition vanished, and he was in his place again to-day. The phrase seems meaningless, but it may remain. No executions have followed the subsiding of the rebellion, LORD ELCHO has not been ordered to be shot by the English Eight at Wimbledon, Mr. HENLEY has not been condemned to attend a series of Social Science Meetings at Exeter Hall, nor is Mr. DOULTON to be drowned in the Thames over which there gently spreads the aroma from his potteries. It is to be hoped that this lenity on the part of Government will not be productive of ill effects, and we will accept the significant cheer which greeted the PREMIER as an indication that all persons concerned in the revolt have resolved to become good partisans for the future.

The London, Chatham and Dover Railway is just now Everywhere. No matter into what out-of-the-way nook you go in the most distant recesses of the country, you find works which are expounded by a painted board to have connection with the L. C. and D. line. It must be a very difficult and curious process to get from London to Chatham and Dover, and except that nobody in this world ever goes to Chatham who can help doing so, and that Dover is expressly made to be got away from as soon as possible (not the more slowly for the frantic charges at the hotels) one would exult in the engineering genius that is called out by the construction of the line. Among other discoveries the makers of the line find out the fact, that we cannot go to cheating Chatham and dear Dover without blocking up St. Paul's Cathedral. Of course, in these days, one would pull down Cathedral, Abbey, or Castle that in the slightest degree interfered with a railway conspiracy, and therefore it is matter of congratulation that St. Paul's is only to be secreted, not demolished. A mild attempt on the part of ALDERMAN SIDNEY to get a hearing for the City of London on the subject was scouted indignantly.

LORD PALMERSTON casually mentioned that the House did not desire to sit much beyond the end of the month. We should think not, and if it does, we shall not be detained by its desire. We shall close our record at what we consider the proper time, and simply remark, in the spirit of a song with which the late MRS. FITZWILLIAM, *en garçon*, amused us about ninety years ago:—

"The Lords and the Commons we'll lay on the shelf,
Fal a lal la, ah, fal a lal la,
If you want any more you may sing it yourself,
Fal a lal la, ah, fal a lal la."

Touching Poland, the PREMIER was glad to be able to say, that England had adhered to her standing policy of not contracting prospective arrangements with regard to events which cannot be precisely foreseen. This means, in English, that if France goes to war with Russia, we are not bound to help France.

MR. AYRTON then came forth with the profane proposition to put an end to the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition. It is painful to have to advert to such irreverence, but duty before delicacy. We are therefore reluctantly compelled to write, that Mr. AYRTON ridiculed the Commissioners and their doings, scoffed at Arcadia, sneered at the Boilers, abused the International, hinted at intrigues at which the House had, he said, manifested "indignant disgust," and declared that as the Prince who alone of all concerned had really devoted himself to the promotion of Science and Art had passed away, the body over which he had presided (and Mr. AYRTON somehow introduced the word Parasites) was no longer to be tolerated. But the House was not in a humour to push victory to excess, and after a very short debate, Mr. AYRTON's proposition was negatived by 165 to 49.

LORD NAAS protested at great length against our proceedings in China. MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD dwelt with ability upon a question which is of too much importance to be neglected, and which Governments and Oppositions ought to consider apart from political questions, namely the increase of Russian influence in the China seas and parts adjacent. LORD PALMERSTON admitted that Russia had largely encroached on Chinese territory, but said that France, Russia, and England were agreed on a policy. Does this mean that we are to balance Russian encroachments by seizures of our own? Government, of course, defended itself in regard to our assistance to the Imperials. The worst of adhering to the Imperial is that it involves a Tip—ch, Mr. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER?

LORD PALMERSTON, some little time back, you know, proposed to move two votes, one for the International, the other for Fortifications. The first he thought so pressing that he caused his Lieutenant to ask it in the absence of his chief, which was done, with indifferent success. The second, being only a matter of national defence, his Lordship kept until he could attend to it himself, as he did to-night, and with great ease obtained £650,000, for the defence of the dockyards and

arsenals, for defending Dover and Portland, and for the creation of a Central Arsenal.

Tuesday. LORD NORMANBY asserted that anarchy of the most horrible kind reigns in Greece. The Greeks do not appear to be in the most delightful state of contentment with their improved prospects, and that is the truth.

We stated that when the CHANCELLOR introduced his Bill for revising the Statute Law, we were so astounded at the magnitude of the work to be done as to be incapable of expressing our ecstasies. Being now a little better, thank you, we are happy to say that the Bill has been read a Second Time, and that there is good prospect of the Laws being boiled down into a decent dish of justice. Law is like spinach, and can lie in a very small compass, if you will take away the gammon.

If Salmon is not expensive a pound instead of half-a-crown, next season, we shall insist on the Irish Members being impeached for their incessant debates on the subject. Meantime Englishmen, as usual, are going practically to work while Irishmen talk. There are, thanks to Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND, very good Salmon in the Zoological Gardens, and we hope that ere long Salmon cutlets will be added to the very excellent refreshments obtainable there.

MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE does not like the architecture of London, and wishes a permanent Bricks and Mortar Minister appointed instead of the Works. Mr. COWPER declared that he was excessively permanent, at least that his office was, and that its duties were excellently performed. The House was with him by 116 to 24.

LORD A. CHURCHILL introduced a Bill (not to be considered this year) for settling the Church-rate question by abolishing penalties for non-payment. ALDERMAN SIDNEY justly and wittily remarked, that CHURCHILL's proposal was enough to make the Church ill.

It was being explained how indignantly the Indian Government had treated His HIGHNESS AMBER JAN, of the Carnatic, when the House, unable to hear the recital of his wrongs, was Counted Out.

Wednesday. The House of Commons was creditably occupied. A Bill, promoted by MR. PAGEL, for preventing the murder of small birds, was read a Second Time. The idiotic persons who shoot these useful little creatures, and the execrable blockheads who poison them, are doing more mischief to agriculture than can easily be imagined. The better class of farmers repudiate the practice of slaughter, but it is the stupid jackass who plugs up live mice in trees, won't plough on a Friday, nails a horse-shoe over his door, burns a calf to cure disease in his cattle, thinks the Census unlucky, and refuses to make agricultural returns, who kills the little birds, and grins approvingly when the Sparrow Club vaunts, over gin-and-water, of its cowardly murders. Nothing but the law, and a good kick, can persuade such folks that Providence did not send birds to do good. A clergyman at Worthing says that the miscreants in that demoralised region killed 13,800 gold-finches in one year. Government is in favour of the Bill, and so is Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH, who is related to the excellent Secretary to the Z. G., and talks with authority upon ornithology.

LORD RAYNHAM, who is always trying to do kind things, moved the Second Reading of a Bill for putting an end to the brutalities we read of as perpetrated upon the "Casual Poor." He wishes to constitute a tribunal for helping the helpless. SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON talked nonsense against it, as might be expected, and MR. AYRTON made a remark which is worth notice. He was obliged to LORD RAYNHAM "for sparing the Metropolitan Members an invidious task." That is, the Metropolitan Members do not like to offend Bumbledom. Imagine gentlemen afraid of Beadles! The Bill was generally approved, but was withdrawn for amendment of detail.

Then, in opposition to the Government, which is now regularly defeated at least once a week, and sometimes oftener, Mr. LAIRD carried by 119 to 44, majority 75 against the Ministry, a Bill for compelling the Mercantile Marine to test the anchors and chain cables used on board merchant ships. Of course the measure was "arbitrary," and "interfered with business," and "imposed new duties on the Board of Trade," and was "unwarrantable," and all the rest of the cant, but the House thought that the lives of merchant-sailors were worth looking after.

Thursday. Those two Ionian Judges have persuaded our own elegant ex-CHANCELLOR CHELMSFORD that they have got a grievance, and he was eloquent to-night about their dismissal, and demanded papers. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE thought that their friends would have done more wisely in abstaining from such a demand, but LORD DERBY, having a little surplus Latin left over from Oxford, let it off at the Minister, and the papers were granted.

The PREMIER is vigorous about his Fortifications, and to-night moved the Second Reading of his Bill. MR. COBURN made a speech against the scheme, and begged LORD PAM to answer him with reasons and not with jokes. Mr. OSBORNE, therefore, was justified in taking up the funny view of the case, and did so, and in reference to the PREMIER's power of controlling the tempestuous spirits in the House, called him Æolus. LORD C. PAGET, the once declamatory naval reformer, ridiculed the "cheese-paring" policy of economy, and Mr. NEWDEGATE seriously complimented the Liberals on being emancipated

from its thralldom. *ÆOLUS PAM* of course stood to his guns in every sense, and showed that he was ruler of the wind by again getting a vote for raising it to the tune above noted—division 132 to 62.

The Bill for selling the Chancellor's little church livings was read a Second Time by a large majority, but *MR. BARNES*, who had some muddled ideas about Simony, declaimed against the wickedness of the measure. *MR. WALPOLE*, however, who is a safe guide in such matters, expounded to *BARNES* that he was talking nonsense.

Then the Irish Fishmongers actually brought up a mass of new alterations in the Salmon Bill, whereat, the weather being hot, and *Mr. Punch's* temper a little aggravated, he snatched up his hat and declared that he would not come back to the House until those everlasting fishes were finally fried. Next day he went off to America, on a Way-goose chase, and has no idea of what was done on the Friday, and what's more, doesn't care.



[A SPLENDID CROP AFTER A COURSE OF POISONED WHEAT.]

THE POPE BEHIND A PIPE.

THE POPE might indeed lead a happy life if he would only accept the very pleasant situation proposed for him in a pamphlet said to have been written by one of the new members of the French Ministry. According to a contemporary:—

"The proposal of *M. DUBUY*, if he really be the author, is that the POPE, 'freed from all temporal cares,' should sit radiant and venerated at the Vatican, encircled by the invisible guard of Europe, and the respect and love of 200,000,000 of men, and should receive from Catholic Europe a civil list to be expended in 'holy works and in religious ceremonies.'"

Sitting "radiant and venerated at the Vatican," the POPE would surely occupy a seat more comfortable than that afforded by the Chair of PETER, supported by bayonets, on which it cannot rest steady, even if their points do not stick up through the cushion. What mortal in his senses can desire more than to be "freed from all temporal cares," and allowed money enough to spend in his own way? "Do you want to be a haingel?" said a costermonger to his wife, who had been drunk for three consecutive days, and was still unsatisfied. Does his Holiness, too, wish to be an angel? Well, but if he does, under what conditions would he be more likely to attain to angelic beatitude than those of freedom from all temporal cares, and an ample subsidy to devote to pious uses? How much better to sit radiant and venerated at the Vatican than to squat there gloomy and groaned at, and to experience the respect and love of 200,000,000 men instead of being regarded by the great majority of them with opposite sentiments! Let the Holy Father adopt the proposal ascribed to *M. DUBUY*, cry *Pax Vobiscum!* to the Italian people, and, suiting the action to the word, put the pipe of peace in his mouth, and blow fragrant clouds instead of sulphurous excommunications. He has only to tear up the temporal part of his tiara, and, added to a sufficiency of birds'-eye or returns, put that into his pipe and smoke it.

FIRST METRIC LESSON.

By SCHOOLMASTER PUNCH.

LENGTH.

COME, you little British Blockhead,
Come you here and stand by me,
And your blockhead shall be knocked
If you don't attend, you see.
You shall count your coins and treasures,
Weigh your goods, and sell your land
By the Metric Weights and Measures,
Which I'll make you understand.

'Twere beginning in the wrong key
To explain the System's use;
You are much too great a donkey,
Much too bigoted a goose.
You shall learn it, and hereafter
When you find what toil it saves,
You will say, with scornful laughter,
That its foes were fools or knaves.

First, for Length. Now mind. The Unit
Is the *Mètre*, a Gallic term:
Best for English tongues to tune it
Into *METER*, round and firm.
'Tis ten millionth of the distance
From th' Equator to the Pole:
Astronomical assistance
Measures ribbons—ain't it droll?

With this word we make formation
Of Long Measure—here's your guide,
GREEK precedes *MUL-TI-PLI-CATION*:
LATIN tells you to DIVIDE.
'Tis so easy, British Blockhead;
When you come to make it out
You'll be most severely shocked
At your present blethering rout.

Now, our pearl of Bricksiwickies,
As *PAUL BEDFORD* would remark,
You must learn the Greek prefixes,
Greek, our bloater, what a lark!
Deca (ten times) put to *Meter*,
And Ten Meters you 'll express,
Hecto next observe, you creature,
Makes a hundred meters—yes.

Kilometer, that's a thousand:
Myria makes ten thousand. See?
Come, my British Blockhead, rouse and
Show your mental energy.
Now we'll take and try Division;
Here the words we Latinise,
For Divide and conquer is an
Ancient Latin saying wise.

For a tenth part of a meter
Deci-meter you must say.
Centi-meter (what is neater?)
Doth a hundredth part convey.
Then a thousandth comes with *milli*—
There, you've got it neat and pat,
Don't you think the folks are silly
Who make faces over that?

Mere to-day I will not ask you
In your knowledge-box to stow,
For I would not over-task you,
Little British Blockhead, no.
But we'll have the *Metric system*,
Punch has sworn it, by his hunch,
And the folks who dare resist him,
Shall be trampled down by *Punch*.

Some Persons are never Contented.

"No, Sir, I shan't subscribe to your Sick Fund any longer. Here I have been subscribing for the last eighteen years, and I haven't derived the slightest advantage from it yet. You must excuse me, Sir, but I object to belong any longer to a Society in which the advantage is all upon one side."



A LITTLE RAILWAY DRAMA.

(Passenger in Train, who naturally objects to having a nasty, odoriferous, useless pet dog in the carriage, suggests to the Guard that the animal should be put in the Van.)

Stupid Old Lady (Dashing out of the Carriage). "DID IT, THEN, A DARLING! A PRETTY SWEET!—DID IT GET INTO A CARRIAGE WITH A BREE-UTE!"

STAY-AT-HOME TRAVELLERS;

OR, WHERE ARE WE TO GO TO?

THE Season on its legs begins to settle,
London has well-nigh blown its annual bubbles:
Chap'rons look stale, swells flat and out of mettle;
M. P.'s begin to dream of moors and stubbles:
July for once has our damp island treated
To that rare joy, a midsummer sensation,
No wonder JOHN and MRS. BULL are seated
In close and conjugal confabulation.

All's smooth and square in *their* snug chimney-corner;
JOHN has a handsome balance at his bankers:
For MRS. B., years scarce seem to have worn her,
Though JOHN *has* had his tantrums, life its cankers;
They look the model of a cozy couple,
As they sit there, serene, dismissing worries,
Maps out—for JOHN wisely scorns couriers supple—
And an immense array of red-bound Murrays,

Discussing that great question of the Season
Which now Pater-familias holds with Mater,
"WHERE SHALL WE GO?"—to stay at home is treason,
So fashion has decreed, the Bulls' Dictator.
For though one swallow does not make a summer,
Each summer among us makes many a swallow,
Till British goer elbows British corner,
On every road, sea, mountain-height, and hollow.

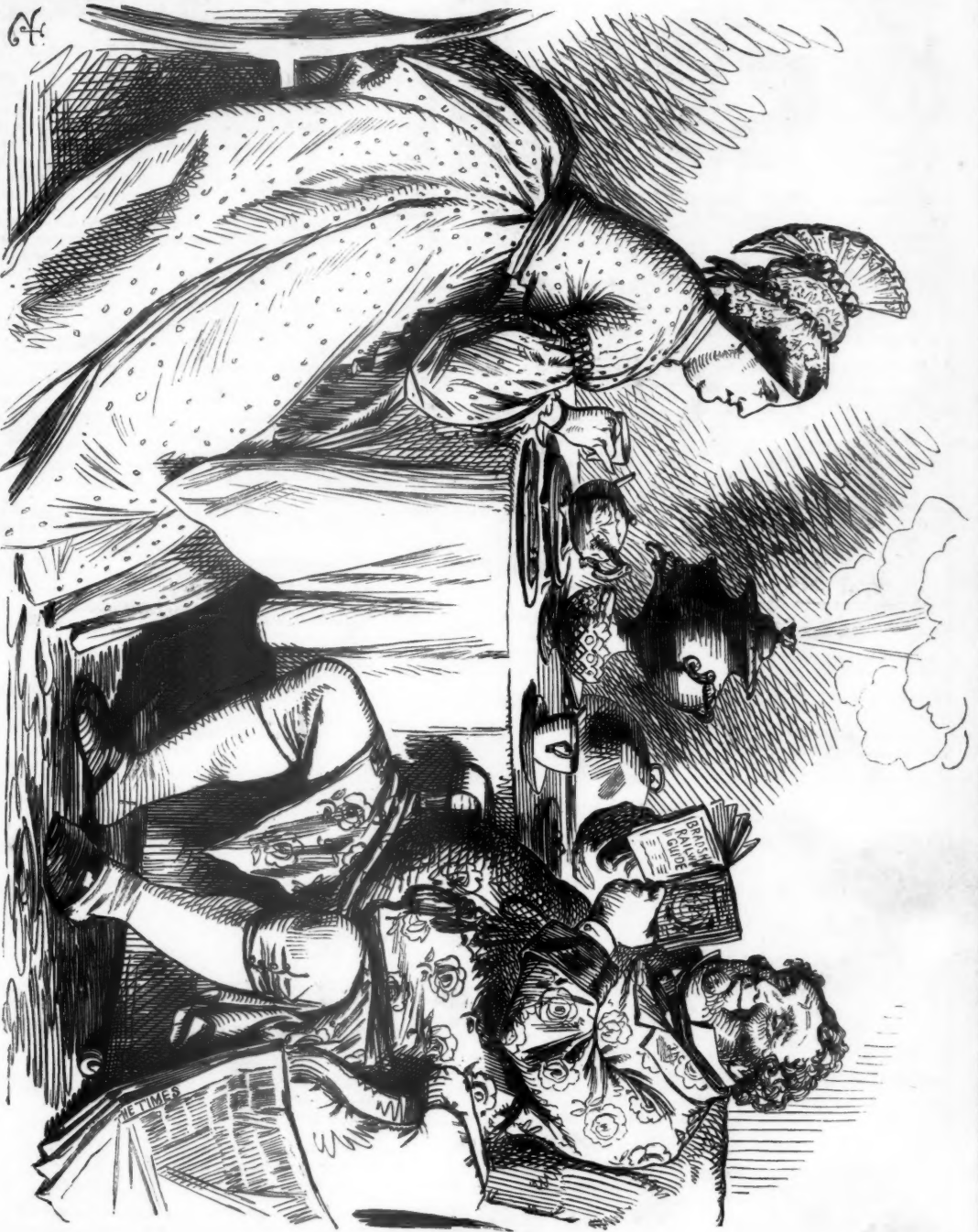
MR. and MRS. BULL their maps have tumbled,
Run through the whole of MURRAY's hand-book series;

At MRS. B.'s plans JOHN has duly grumbled,
And MRS. B. duly pooh-pooled her deary's.
"Where *shall* we go?" Roars MR. B. to Missus,
"One *always* doubts, but this year I've no notion:
To run one's nose in rows is injudicious,
Yet everywhere here's trouble or commotion.

"Here's France sets up her back in opposition,
And hints that there are limits to dictation;
The Rhine *might* bring one on an expedition,
Going for an idea, and an-nexation;
Even Prussia looks a kicker: takes to shying,
At BOCKUM DOLLES his hat, or WILLIAM's crown;
While her drill-sergeant King at Carlsbad's trying
If *Bad Kur* can *bad government* wash down.

"Switzerland's quiet, but the Alpine Club
For their staff-quarters have absorbed Helvetia;
One would like Italy—but there's the rub,
MAZZINI's making mischief in Venetia:
As for the South, Naples is pleasant quarters,
(When it ain't *too* hot, and there's no scirocco)
But then the brigands—think of catching Tartars
Like TRISTANY, or being *croqued* by CROCCO.

"In Austria, matters *do* seem looking better,
But she's ringed round with fires she cannot smother;
And people who've freed *one* leg from the fetter,
Will grow impatient to release the other.
Russia's a country where e'en summers freeze,
And near the Poles one's self one can't trust fully;
BULL's dander needs must rise whene'er he sees
A little 'un standing up to a big bully.

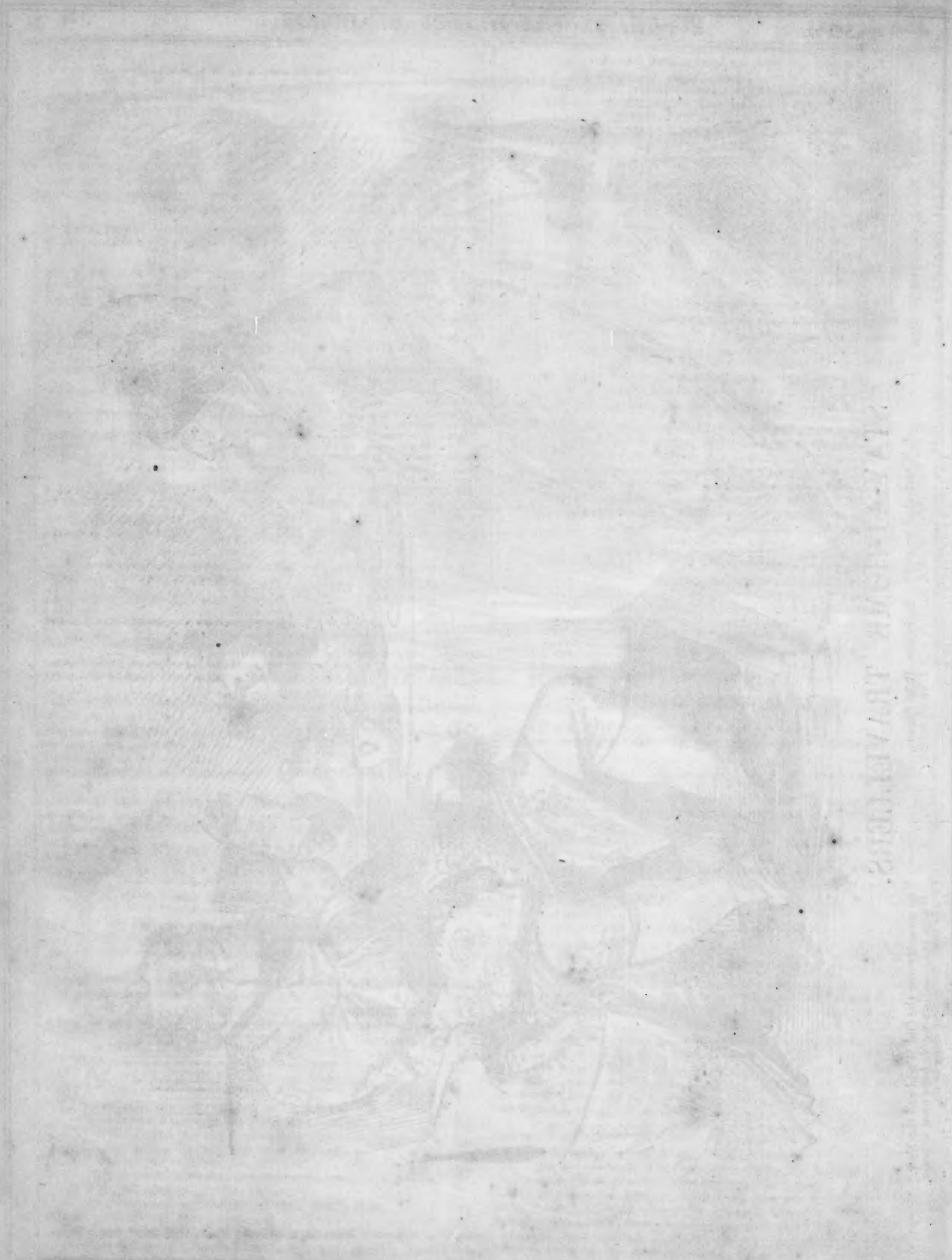


STAY-AT-HOME TRAVELLERS.

MR. JOHN BULL, CONSULTS HIS
CONTINENTAL BRADSHAW.

"Where shall we go?" Roars Mr. B. to Missus,
"One always doubts, but this year I've no notion:
To run one's nose in rows is injudicious,
Yet everywhere here's trouble or commotion."

"So glancing o'er the Old World and the New,
Where'er as tourists we've been used to roam,
I really think the wisest thing to do,
Is, for this once, my dear, to STAY AT HOME."



be
ev
pl
A
da
no
st
no
th

P
th
be
H
ha
ter
Lu
by

M
wh
su
con
tio
an
thi
the
no

Th
an
ope
the
the
lat
go
aid

"The East has been the fashion since *Baltham*,
But towards the East the sky is looking murky."
With Servians, Roumans, such a state of growth in,
Who knows when they may ask to carve the Turkey?
As that's a task JOHN BULL don't mean to trust,
To any knife and fork—except his own.
It's very awkward, yet one really must
Teach these boys Turkey's to be let alone.

"There's Athens—after all the pains we've taken
To get a husband for old Madam Greece,
One hoped to find th' Acropolis unshaken.
Her bonds at par, her Chambers charmed to peace;
But now the crown I had reset and polished,
And to find wearers for myself did tire,
She seems inclined once more to get demolished;
Greece is still Greece—the fat is in the fire!

"If one had thought, by SPEKE and GRANT new fired
In Africa to risk one's constitution,
Here's a Madagascar, by the West inspired,
Must have her black (if not red) Revolution.
In vain the mild-eyed missionaries went hence,
In vain French polish shone to give her light;
RADAMA's doomed by Radamantine sentence,
And all our washing hasn't made black white.

"Time was when the Old World was in solution,
That one had gone for firm ground to the New;
But now debt, civil-war, and Revolution,
The many rule as they ne'er ruled the few.
The North and South with red hands and black scowls,
After a fierce attempt at mutual throttle,
Both breathless stand, and each at England scowls,
Because for neither she will hold the bottle.

"So glancing o'er the Old World and the New,
Where'er as tourists we've been used to roam,
I really think the wisest thing to do,
Is, for this once, my dear, to STAY AT HOME.
If our hotel-keepers will not go ever
The highest charge that JOHN BULL's purse can stand,
Who knows, but something, dear, we might discover
To int'rest us, e'en in our native land!"

WHO IS LORD DUDLEY?

CALM, peaceful, placable, charitable, ever eager to believe the very best of everybody, *Mr. Punch*, as may have been remarked, scarcely ever finds fault with anything, and almost invariably suggests some pleasant solution of the most apparently unpleasant state of affairs. Any kind of atonement is enough for him, and had he lived in the old days, and been the patron of the Abbey that was burned one night by a nobleman residing at a neighbouring castle, COUNT PUNCH would instantly have accepted the celebrated apology and explanation, that the nobleman would not have burned the Abbey if he had not thought that the Bishop was inside it.

Sometimes, however, in dealing with noblemen and others, *Mr. Punch's* pacific subtlety is considerably taxed, and he has to think three or four times, and even take his coat off to think the harder, before he can effect a perfect accommodation between words and ideas. He owns, (for he loves to take the public into his confidence) that he has had some difficulty of the kind in reference to a portion of the contents of a pamphlet which is before him, which is written by MR. LUMLEY, formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre, and which is published by MESSRS. BOWWORTH AND HARRISON, 215, Regent Street.

This pamphlet professes to give an account of the connection between MR. LUMLEY, and a nobleman who used to be called LORD WARD, and who was made EARL OF DUDLEY by the Ministry, not, as was meanly suggested, because his large property gives him great influence at certain elections (for Peers are not allowed by law to interfere at elections), but, *Mr. Punch* is sure, because he must have been a very wise and clever and statesmanlike nobleman, and if his modesty prevented this fact from being generally known, it was the more incumbent upon the Minister of the Crown to recognise merits of which the people were not aware. This is rather a long sentence.

Now *Mr. Punch* is not going into the details set out by MR. LUMLEY. They are interesting to all who are interested in operas and noblemen, and the pamphlet is not dear. MR. LUMLEY virtually "made" the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, and LORD DUDLEY is the landlord of that establishment, and it may be supposed to have been largely benefited by the reputation obtained for it by MR. LUMLEY. When the latter wished to take some benefits, and the MARCHIONESS PICCOLOMINI good-naturedly offered to come from Italy, and perform what she considers singing for the director who had introduced her to the tolerant

English, Her Majesty's Theatre seemed the place where the little lady should be heard. Its excellent manager, MR. MAPLESON, offered the house, but, says MR. LUMLEY, "the world knows that to LORD DUDLEY's interposition it is due that the present lessee of his Lordship's Opera House was deterred" from performing the promise to lend the theatre. MR. LUMLEY thinks himself ungraciously and ungratefully treated, and composes his "Narrative of Facts." He sends a copy to LORD DUDLEY, whose solicitor impeaches the accuracy of the narrative and protests against the publication. MR. LUMLEY's solicitor declares that its contents were all supported by documents, and asks what special statements were denied. The answer is that the inaccuracies are too numerous to be entered upon *seriatim*, but—

"I may notice that the idea that the Earl contemplated becoming the director of the Theatre, or of carrying it on in conjunction with MR. LUMLEY, or any other person, is not true."

Well, if the idea is not true, it is an untrue idea, but the idea of the public as to what the Earl's Contemplations were may be crystallised by the following extracts from letters signed "WARD." The nobleman writes to MR. LUMLEY in April, 1853:—

"My dear Sir,
I was much obliged by your letter of this morning, telling me what you had done."

"Punch having accepted the post of director for this year, it is but just to him, that he should know for whom he is acting, and set him to work with vigour."

"Give orders that the Theatre should be put in order, and let us, at least, as far as depends upon ourselves, be ready to reopen the time that is lost."

"But recollect nothing is settled absolutely, till I have seen you again, which I will look forward to doing to-morrow."

"I will send a carriage to Drottich to wait for you by whatever train you come, and I will have the announcement ready for Monday morning, if only our principals have accepted the first mention made to them of an engagement, as it would be ridiculous to find ourselves the happy possessors of a lease without a troop."

Ordinary readers may think that this reads very like the letter of a nobleman who is the director of a theatre, and is giving instructions to his sub-director. And in another letter, the nobleman may seem to be entering still more minutely into details, and engaging his company, and cleaning up his house:—

"Dear Sir,—After our last conversation, you will doubtless be surprised to receive this communication from me, but I do not think matters are at an end as to opening Her Majesty's Theatre this year *even now*. VANDER has consented to the terms proposed on the part of his wife, and it is only GANSPORT and MORELLI who make difficulties about terms."

"To-morrow, however, I must settle the matter one way or another, as I cannot live on this uncertainty, as it interferes with all my plans."

"Will you kindly write me out the names of the heads of each department, where they are to be found, and their last year's salaries."

"If, too, in a quiet way, you can tell Fish to make any preparations in the Theatre, I wish you would do so; it will not entail much expense, and will put me in a better position if we do open."

"Where is CORBARI, and is she free? We must have a second soprano. I will come to Spring Gardens to-morrow as soon as I arrive."

Now *Mr. Punch* owns, as he said before, that he has had hard work to reconcile the nobleman's letters with the statement of his solicitor. How anybody could show himself more resolved to be an acting and active director than the writer of such letters, it is really difficult to say.

But the explanation must be effected, the problem must be solved. LORD PUNCH is himself a nobleman, and is interested for the honour of his order, in which he begs most distinctly to state for the information of mankind, that no unworthy conduct is ever tolerated. Truth, candour, generosity, are among the attributes of the Peerage, or LORD PUNCH would turn his coronet into a basket for his under-housemaid's black-lead brushes. Noblemen never say that which is not.

He has done it! *Eureka!*, as the *Morning Advertiser* wrote, or, as a certain M.P. said, "we have discovered the eureka."

LORD DUDLEY is not the same person as LORD WARD. He has been changed. Very wonderful things do happen in aristocratic families, and this must have been one of them. Who's who, or which is what, we don't pretend to say. But, Aristocrat to the marrow, *Mr. Punch* denies that the noble who wrote those letters could have been the one who ordered the contradiction. But then comes another question:

"Who is Lord Dudley?"

Echo made such an excessively rude answer that we decline reporting it. Enough that we have saved the honour of the Peerage.

A Shining Light in Scotland.

DR. CANDLISH has published an apology for the impudence with which he pronounced a canting criticism of the text from the Apocrypha placed by the QUEEN on the PRINCE CONSORT's monument at Balmoral. The apologetical remarks of CANDLISH are, as might be expected, greasy.

TRIFLE FROM MARGATE.

THE other day, a Housemaid, having finished her dusting, in the house, was observed, from the sea-shore, to be sweeping the horizon with a glass.

AN INCHOATE IRISH QUAKER.



Y chance we saw the following delightful advertisement in a Dublin newspaper:

TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—A young Man, aged 28, is most anxious to be received into the Church of the Society of Friends, but in consequence of which he will lose his situation, as it is connected with the Church of England. He has a most respectable appearance and pleasing address; is of most sober and agreeable habits; has never tasted intoxicating liquor, nor smoked a cigar or pipe, and can give most respectable references in the city; he also is highly educated, and would be found peculiarly active at any business; wages not to be compared to respectable employment; he would enter without mention being made of salary till such time as his employer might

judge him worthy of such. Address A. C., Office of this Paper.

This announcement does not seem to call for any remarks, and therefore we will make a few upon it. Our Intending Quaker clearly possesses one merit which ought to recommend him to the Friends. He is not only respectable, and sober, and pleasing, but he is also Prudent. His conscience orders him to quit the Church of England, or rather of Ireland (perhaps he has been converted by the anti-Irish-Church preaching of the Reverend Burn-all OSBORNE) but he has his body to think of as well as what he would probably call his soul, and he will not give up one faith until he sees his bread and butter in another. We must take his own word for his "high education," inasmuch as its height would be computed with difficulty from an ordinary grammatical level, but grammar is not indispensable in a society wherein he will be asked, "What did thee do when thee had done?" He should not have said that he had never tasted spirits or tobacco, as he offers a temptation to any worldly-minded shopmen who may be in his future employer's service to lure the pleasing young man into trying either or both, and if they succeed, his pleasing address will be somewhat impaired, temporarily. It would be a sad thing to hear him offer to punch his employer's head, and say, "If—hic—thee don't shut thy mouth I'll—hic—knock thy broadbrim into a—hic—cocked-hat and—hic—make thee look nine ways for First-Day." As for his offer to work without pay, he appears to know his own value in other respects, so has probably estimated his services correctly, and we fear the young man of 28 (*Iago's* age) is a bit of a humbug. But there are other humbugs in the world besides A. C., which may mean ASINUS CANTER, and so we wish all the luck he deserves to an Irish Quaker of the Future.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER,

AND SUMMER SPORTING REGISTER.

Cricket.—*Matches to come.*—Among these the one that is attracting most attention is the—

MIDLAND HARLEQUINS v. MR. TOM MATTHEWS' Eleven.

MR. T. M., the celebrated Clown, is doing his best to collect a first-rate team, and thus ensure success. The list at present stands as follows:—

MR. TOM MATTHEWS' Eleven.

A Tall Policeman, ten feet high, with practicable head to come off when hit by the ball.

Nursery Maid, with baby to be taken out of perambulator, and thrown at Pantaloon instead of Cricket ball.

Civil Shopkeeper, who, during the game, will keep perpetually bowing, smirking, slapping his hands and pockets to indicate that he wishes for money, shaking his fist slowly and cunningly, and then running off in different directions after imaginary thieves.

A Haberdasher, MR. LINSEY WOLSEY, to be tripped up by Clown whenever he appears.

Two Sprites in Tights, to mount upon me another's shoulders, and fetch the ball when it's thrown too high.

Pantaloon, as *Wicket Keeper*, to stand with his knees bent and his spectacles just above the balls saying querulously, "I don't see the ball" whereupon he will straightway receive it violently on his nose; after which the bowler, MR. H. BOWLENO, will say, "Now then! look out, can't yer! What d'yer git in the way for!"

The remaining places have not yet been filled up. Preparations are being continued upon a grand scale. The ground has been selected and several pantomimists under the guidance of the Clown are daily engaged in rubbing the entire field over with lard, butter, and other greasy substances, so that the boys and men with trays and baskets full of catables may fall down without any difficulty.

A full band has been engaged, and during the entire match will play the well-known Christmas air, "*Rum tiddle um, tiddle um, tidum, ti dum ti diddley*," &c., without once leaving off. The players will speak through the music. Every Cricketer is requested to bring his own warming pan and red-hot poker. We look forward to this match with interest.

HANTS C. HUNCLES.

BROTHER IGNATIUS'S ELEVEN v. THE JAUNTING CAR-MELITES.

The Astrological Match is to be arranged by ZADKIEL; bowling with the Crystal Ball. The result of each innings will be announced beforehand.

Aquatics.—The Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club will deliver a lecture upon Sailing. During his discourse he will illustrate his remarks by rounding a point in a sentence.

Riding and Driving.—Beginners should allow horses to have their own way; that you may not thwart the animal, never "cross" him unless you can ride very well.

Archery.—Ladies are now looking after their bows with a view to future rings. Prudent Mammals who allow their daughters to belong to Archery Clubs, advise them to aim at the gold. We may shortly look for some good matches, which will be duly reported.

LORD DERBY AT THE MANSION HOUSE, OR THE MINISTER "UNDER THE ROSE."

(Said or Sung by LORD DERBY.)

How sweet is the charm of a shady retreat!
How soft is the grass that grows under your feet!
How delightful the joy of which "nobody knows!"
And the thoughts how sublime, which lie "Under the Rose."

The Whigs they may fancy they govern the State,
To the world they may seem to prevail in debate;
But now is the season the truth to disclose—
It is I who am Minister "Under the Rose."

And yet I have friends, who do not seem to see
How great is the gain, of not seeming to be
The controllers of all, and who wish to expose
The schemes they 've been cherishing "Under the Rose."

Well perhaps it is time now, to play my own suit,
And to let Dizzy's teeth fasten into the fruit;
But for you, my LORD MAYOR, you've a right to suppose
I shall still be a Minister "Under the Rose."

BRAWLING BRAWLIE.

WILL any Scottish friend send us the name of the parish where this scene is recorded (in a Scotch paper) to have lately occurred?—

"In a Fifeshire church, a pownower, on finding his seat occupied by a tradesman of the place, seized him, and after a struggle in which a Bible was used as a weapon of offence, the assailant was worsted, and took his seat elsewhere. At the termination of the service a fight again ensued."

This must be a lively place, wherever it is. WALTER SCOTT has a scrap of an old song about a certain parish where they "hangit the minister, stickit the precentor, burnt the kirk, and drunk the bell," and slyly adds that he should like to have known a little of people who were not entirely without wise instincts. We own that (from the gallery) we should like to have one look, just one, at these devout Fifers. Song records several odd things about "Fife folk," male and female, and this battle certainly deserves to figure in minstrel annals. The affair must surely have come off in the Free (and Easy) Kirk, unless it was in the U. P. or Unco Pugilistic. In Erastian England a carnal institution called a Beadle would have prevented this stimulus to the devotions of a congregation, but we agree with DR. CANDLISH that "the Bible that Scotland loves" ought to be used in any way she likes, and we only hope, in the interest of humanity, that this one which descended on a combatant's head was not loaded with the Apocrypha. The parties are worthy followers of JOHN KNOCKS.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN ENGLAND.



exhibiting a spectacle of inconsistency marvellous in the eyes of almost everybody but MESSRS. BRIGHT & COBURN.

There was also something peculiarly graceful in celebrating "Independence Day" in London. "The Britishers whipped all the world, and we whipped the Britishers" used to be the established formula of Yankee self-glorification. It is

the truth of the saying, that there is a time and a place for all things is exemplified by the subjoined item of the past week's news:—

"ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.—On Saturday last this anniversary was celebrated in London in the usual manner. The office of the consulate was closed; the flag of the United States was hoisted on the summit of the building, and a large number of American gentlemen dined together in the evening. The ships belonging to Northern ports now lying in the docks were gallily decorated in commemoration of the occasion."

The time for celebrating the anniversary of American Independence is of course the Fourth of July. The place of all places out of the Southern States was, on this last occasion, certainly London. Here at least our Northern guests are not fighting to keep the South-erners under the domination of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, as our forefathers fought to retain American colonists subject to that of GEORGE THE THIRD. Within the limits of this metropolis and this kingdom, at any rate, they are not

the Yankees' belief that they accomplished their secession from England by simple conquest; triumphant superiority in arms. To hold the anniversary of successful insurrection, not to say rebellion, in the very den of the British Lion, treading on his tail, and gently poking him with a playful boot-tip, is to compliment that noble animal with credit for some magnanimity. The British residents in Paris would hardly have the confiding generosity, and the taste, in like manner to celebrate the return-day of the Battle of Waterloo in the French capital.

We pause here to ask, whether the Confederates do not, as they reasonably may, repeat the Yankee boast above-quoted with brag additional? Have they not begun to say, "The Britishers whipped all the world, the Yankees whipped the Britishers, and we whipped the Yankees?" Not yet, perhaps. Averse to indulgence in premature exultation they may reserve that saying for Independence Day No. 2.

The foregoing paragraph informs us that on Saturday last the flag of the United States was hoisted on the summit of certain buildings. Shouldn't it have been hoisted half-mast high?

A CONVENTIONAL DUEL.

PUNCH.

OLD HOHENZOLLERN, whither away?

What are you shouldering yonder, I pray?

What are those things that you've got in your creels; Ends hanging out of them? Sausages? Eels?

HOHENZOLLERN.

Viscera, inwards, intestines; a name Shorter they have, which my lips need not frame, You know what, Polanders, delicate fare. I am carrying them to the Muscovite Bear.

PUNCH.

Old HOHENZOLLERN, hie thee away!

Doing that office which, some people say,

You are not fit to perform to a bear.

When they told me so, I said that you were!

A SAVAGE REPROOF.

"OJAWAWAY, the Soft-Buffalo, Chief of the North American Indian Association for preventing the Massacre of Milliners, to the President of the Royal Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and all else whom it may concern.

"O Guardian of the Goad!

"WE the Soft-Buffalo and our compatriots in mercy-loving council assembled, have heard with wonder and dismay that a custom hath grown up, among your generous but unreflecting Islanders, of sacrificing yearly an indefinite but considerable number of youthful Milliners. When garlands decorate the shows of May-Fair—when the Millionaire's Squaw blazing in gems defiant, hastens to salute with grateful lips the benignant hand of Royalty—when the robe of the roseate MAYOR is in a perpetual flutter of loyal expectation, that is your chosen Season of Sacrifice! Strange people! polished and as mysterious as Japan.

"Our ancestors, O President, were reproached by yours, and justly so, as we confess with burning shame, for their barbarities in war. Hate now is melted into sorrow. No longer we take delight in lifting hair. We have buried the tomahawk, and for the scalping-knife united in holy wedlock to the juicy haunch of Bison, it is devoted to noble and hospitable purposes. It has been your mission, O Womanlike Britannia, to teach us humanity to our captive Braves. Be it our mission to beseech you to bestow some thoughtfulness and care upon your gentle and ingenious slaves. It is well, O Benefactor of Badgers, that animals canine and feline—bovine and porcine, should be protected by liberal donations from the wanton malice of reason-gifted brutes; but it is not well, O Parent of Fashionable Daughters, that the tender girl of lithe frame and palpitating heart should be condemned to languish and die for lack of vital air. It is well, O Albion, you sing of chivalry, but it is not well that your famed chivalry should pale before and stand aghast at avid Gentile and ungrammatical Jew. We have ameliorated our military code—go ye and do likewise with your court millinery.

"O Champion of Calves and lover of your species, you will rejoice to hear that we, now sojourning by the mighty Ohio, have organised a mission of young Indians renowned for eloquence and pluck to work out a grand Belgravian reformation. As true knights-errant they will rest not till they have slain the false Ogre of Economy by whom sedentary

damsels in distress are cunningly confined in boxes and destroyed with carbonic gas. They will preach in every Aristocratic Square that patience more becomes a Duchess than her plumes. They will picture to expectant *débutantes* a Drawing-room filled not with vases but with urns—they will tell how ready human nature is at making slips, but that many weary hours are needed to finish furbelows and elaborate a train, and they will warn the exigent Beauty that by hurrying the thread of labour, she may snap the thread of life!

"But, O Apologist of Jibbers and Advocate of Screws, if those we send as guides should be themselves misled! What assurance have we, that Hymen will not erect an altar where Plutus fell, and that in seeking to secure freedom for others, our young men may not themselves be led into fatal dalliance with a golden hoop. Though versed in martial tactics may they not possibly be circumvented by the manoeuvres of mercenary Mammas? Keep vigilant watch then, O Supervisor General of Things, over thy coquetish Countesses, lest our impassioned but unwary emissaries, be lured from the rugged path of benevolence into the orange groves of matrimony. Remind each fair and fast Diana that on our hunting grounds the squaw goeth not forth in pride, but as a meek companion of her liege Lord—that in our conubial palavers we never surrender to feminine petulance the cherished privilege of having the last word, and that tears to win a bountee, would be unavailing against our irrevocable No.

"Done in our Wigwam the 1st Day of the Moon and 2nd Year of our Sunshine and Rain."

Changing Sides.

WITH regard to the grand attack on CAPTAIN FOWKE's building, it is very curious that the Ministers, who were anxious to retain it, acted like Conservatives, whilst the Conservatives, who were just as eager to have it removed, behaved like Destructives.

A HINT TO THE ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY.

THE Jockey Club, and sporting community generally, have lately invented a new dish. They made a hash of "Reindeer," flavoured it with "Taragona" Vinegar, and "Tomato" sauce.



SKETCH AT A RIFLE COMPETITION IN THE NORTH.

First Volunteer (to Second Volunteer on the Barrel). "MAY I TROUBLE YE TO MOVE FOR A BIT, FOR YE'RE JUST SITTING ON THE AMUNEE-TION!"

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Season is quickly coming to a close, and tired, sated Londoners are only waiting for the annual ceremony of the Beadles of the Burlington Arcade waltzing round the Nelson Column by moonlight to depart upon their sea-side trips or Continental tours.

Already is the Sea opening its arms to old friends, and Brighton is polishing up its beautiful bathing machinery ready for action.

The Poet TUPPER, bent upon quitting home for a few months, has celebrated the occasion by writing an address to his portmanteau; it was read by the Porter at the Railway Station.

There is no foundation for the report that the NAWAB OF THE CAR-NATIC will give a series of Imitations of popular actors at St. James's Hall.

The Band from Colney Hatch will play at the next Earlswood Festival; the performance will consist of musical selections, and as each musician will play what he likes best, and all will play together, the general effect is expected to be novel and startling.

The EMPEROR NAPOLEON is going early in the following month to fish for Sardines in the Mediterranean.

Three eminent travellers encouraged by the recent great Egyptian success, are making preparations to discover the Source of the Serpentine. They will sail across Bayswater, and attempt the Terrace of Westbourne, that West-bourne, whence, alas! no travellers return.

One of the beauties of the Isle of Wight has lately been destroyed; certain empty tourists, unable in another way to assuage the pangs of hunger, actually devoured the Chine with their eyes.

Canine.

DOG TEAR'EM has been lately quite a puzzle to the naturalists. It is so strange to find an animal of purely English breed showing qualities thought only to belong to the French *jaune*.

NOVEL DISEASE.—The Gentleman who caught a train is recovering.

VARIETY.

(LINES BY A YOUNG LADY.)

WHEN I regard that plumage gay,
By Nature's bounty all conferred,
I often feel disposed to say
Would I were clothed as yonder bird!

But oh, that moulting! To appear
In dishabille until 'twas o'er, &
To get a dress but once a year,
And wear one fashion evermore!

When I consider all those things,
I check the wish that seems absurd,
And sigh no more for golden wings:
I'd not be clothed like yonder bird.

The Maine Law above a Monarch.

QUEEN RABODO, acceding to the Throne of Madagascar on the murder of her husband, swore fidelity to the new constitution, whereof the first article is:—

"The QUEEN shall not drink strong liquors."

Why what is this but taking the pledge? We congratulate the United Kingdom Alliance on the ally they have found in the teetotal QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

Musical Intelligence.

WE hear that M. GOUNOD is daily getting invitations from all parts of the world, including New York, Otaheite, Rome, Madrid and Little Peddlington, to go and superintend the production of his *Faust*. The engagements, we believe, will be accepted in due order: M. GOUNOD's business motto being, "*Faust come, Faust served.*"



A VISION OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

THIS PICTURE REPRESENTS THE MOST FEARFUL SCENE IN THE LIFE OF YOUNG MARMADUKE ATHELWOLF CUMMERBUND, CAPTAIN IN THE ARMY OF VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF THE EAST. HE IS ON THE VOYAGE TO CALCUTTA, WITH THE YOUNG LADY, WHOM HE HAS INDUCED TO MARRY HIM BY THE MOST SOLEMN ASSURANCES OF HIS LOVE, AND THAT HER LUGGAGE WILL BE TAKEN THE UTMOST CARE OF. LIKE A CONFIDING AND PLAYFUL WIFE, SHE (HER LOVELY NAME IS HELEN), HAS DESCENDED TO BEHOLD HOW LUGGAGE IS TAKEN CARE OF ON THE INDIAN VOYAGE. THE DISTANT ANGLE BELONGS TO ANOTHER YOUNG LADY, WHO HAS SEEN TOO MUCH! OBSERVE THE DUSKY AYAH. EVEN SHE IS TOUCHED BY THE FAIR GIRL'S ANGUISH. BUT AS FOR THE FAITHLESS MARMADUKE—

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 10th. Friday. Mr. Punch supposes that he must curb his generous but fiery temper for the future. His bolting away from the House in the way mentioned last week caused so much consternation and confusion, that he will endeavour to bear even with the Irish Fish-mongers rather than throw the whole legislative machine out of gear. There was to have been an important Polish debate in the Lords, but EARL RUSSELL begged EARL GREY to postpone it, as they could not have the advantage of EARL PUNCH's presence, and the Recognition debate was to have been resumed in the Commons, but at LORD PALMERSTON's request, made nominally on the ground of the important military crisis in America, but really for the other reason, this was also postponed. LORD PUNCH will endeavour to attend in his places until the end of the Session.

He reads that on this Friday the Lords had a conversation about Japan, and that EARL RUSSELL stated his intention of compelling the TYCOON to comply with treaties, whether he could or not. Also that in the Commons, MR. BENTINCK proposed to limit the speed on Railways, but Government wisely declined to interfere, MR. MILNER GIBSON saying, truly, that it was safer to travel fast on a good line than to travel slowly on a bad one, and that the interests of the former ought not to be sacrificed on account of the inferiority of the latter. Mr. Punch considers, however, that trains ought to start punctually, and that the doors should be slammed in the face of dawdles, and thus there would be no necessity for delay while ridiculous people were being poked at the last moment into the carriages, and we should not have to make up for lost time.

Monday. Seeing EARL PUNCH in his place, EARL GREY made his speech on Poland, and said, with justice, that the situation was far too important to justify our being in any uncertainty as to the intentions of

Government. Were we going to war in aid of Poland? EARL RUSSELL answered that we certainly were not, and that anything which we might obtain for Poland would be gained by the force of reason. EARL DEBBY expressed much admiration for the Poles, but thought that our action ought to be very well considered.

MR. ROEBUCK, who had hitherto kept an anxious universe in suspense as to his intentions towards America, abused MR. LAYARD, and abandoned his own motion for Recognition. He begged it might be understood that he did so only in deference to LORD PALMERSTON (for whom by the bye MR. ROEBUCK has lately manifested very demonstrative reverence), but he reminded the PREMIER of his responsibility, and warned him of two dangers, the possible reconstruction of the Union by the South, and on Southern principles, and the possible recognition of the Confederacy by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH alone. MR. LINDSAY justified his own amateur-ambassador efforts. LORD PALMERSTON commended MR. ROEBUCK's conduct, rebuked his language towards MR. LAYARD, and hoped we should hear no more of Members of Parliament running on errands between Sovereigns and the House.

A Fortifications debate then produced the usual conflict of arguments and the usual triumph for PAM.

Tuesday. EARL RUSSELL, of course, is entirely dissatisfied with the KING OF THE BELGIANS, for deciding that England was wrong in the affair in Brazil. But this is foolish. When you go to an umpire, you ought to accept his decision frankly and like a gentleman. Suppose EARL RUSSELL, walking home late from some party, because he did not want to make his carriage smell of cigar-smoke, and being a little lark, between the champagne and the smiles of the young lady he had been waltzing with, should chaff some other gentleman rather freely, and high words should ensue. Suppose Mr. Punch should come up, and say in his usual mild and affable manner, "Hullo, you two, what's up?" Suppose the two told their stories at once, and Mr. Punch said "JOHN,

you went too far. Make it square, JOHN." Well, *Mr. Punch* is certain that LORD RUSSELL would instantly describe the mathematical figure recommended by his friend, and then that they would all go off to the Raleigh or somewhere, and order cold drinks. Why, Foreign Minister, do you not accept the decision of the KING of the BELGIANS in the same way, and do what is right by Brazil instead of waiting, as you say you mean to do, until a Portuguese gentleman comes up, and says that he is sure Brazil means well, and that if you mean well—and all that? Come out frankly, JOHANNES—a gentleman punishes and forgives, or he cuts, but he never sulks.

The Commons discussed the question whether any of the money to be raised in aid of Manufacturing Distress should be employed for promoting Emigration. Certain folks think the operatives would do well in the New World, certain other folks would like to keep them till the mills open for new work. The Government declined to mix up the relief and the emigration question. If noisy old FERRASS would emigrate, however, to Anywhere (only the further the better), *Mr. Punch* would advocate a special grant for the abatement of that nuisance.

Then, as the heat was awful, we discussed India, and Fire Assurance. Government got its beating early in the week this time. MR. SHERIDAN carrying against MR. GLADSTONE a resolution condemnatory of the tax on those assurances. MR. GLADSTONE by no means succumbed easily, but spouted at MR. SHERIDAN like a frantic Fire-Engine. MR. WHALLEY and (MR. HENNESSY, voting ironically, of course), got an order for a return of all the Jesuits in England. Are they to be burned? What folly next?

Wednesday. All Clubs have occasional rows about the dinners, and the St. Stephen's Club is no exception. But the Senators are a little unreasonable. There are six hundred and a half of them, and their unhappy cook never knows whether he has to provide for six hundred or for six, but he always knows that whether the number be large or small, everybody wants everything, and wants to have it before anybody else. They will have French cookery, too, instead of sticking to simple fare. *Mr. Punch* is far from indifferent to a good dinner, but he does not think that the refreshment rooms of the House ought to be temples of Epicurus. Pall Mall is quite near enough for those who cannot be contented with the humblest diet, say a soup, a fish, two *entrées*, a joint, sweets, Stilton, and strawberries, two glasses of Amentillado, a bottle of Moselle, a bottle of Claret, a Cognac, and a cigar. We admit that this is convict fare, but it is not absolute starvation, and a true patriot would be content with this modest refreshment on the nights when his presence was necessary to the welfare of his country. SIR JOHN TRELAFFY ridiculed the gourmands, and asked them whether they would also like their washing done in the House at the expense of the nation. New rooms are desired, it seems, but the House has hardly the check to vote them.

In Committee was discussed the Bill for enabling capitalists to invest money, on the Limited Liability principle, in business firms. MR. GÖSCHEN, the new Member for the City, reasoned well in its favour. MR. T. BARING opposed it on the double ground that it would be wholly unoperative and would do great mischief, and he is at liberty to reconcile these propositions in a private letter to us which we pledge ourselves not to read. To the allegation that it was "exceedingly desirable that money should be freely advanced to a young firm," *Mr. Punch* heartily assents, and hereby empowers and indeed encourages any capitalist to send in as much money as he likes to the interesting young firm of PUNCH, JUDY, TOBY, & Co. No questions will be asked, and certainly none will be answered, should the capitalist be so far forgetful of the true principles of political economy as to inquire, hereafter, what has become of his tin.

Thursday. The Wimbledon debate between English and Scottish Members. It was adjourned, and resumed next day, and at the close the numbers were 1082 to 999, majority for England 83. The Elcho Challenge Shield was therefore ordered to lie on the English table.

In the Commons there was a good Brazilian debate, in which MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD brought out the question very lucidly, and the Government had by no means the best of it. *Mr. Punch's* Humble-pie Cartoon, however, renders any other disquisition needless.

MR. LAWSON, alarmed at the Drunkenness Statistics, demanded an immediate alteration of the Law. The House by 87 to 21 declined such action.

Friday. The Lords took it easy, but the Commons had a long miscellaneous evening. Competitive Examination was attacked and defended. Street Music was very properly abused by MR. BARR, MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK, and MR. MALINS, but Government promised no redress. *Mr. Punch* has a suggestion, which might do something. Declare the Italian Animal to be Game. Then let those who would "pot" him take out a licence. By this means the revenue would be benefited, the Income-Tax might be reduced, and in a few years the vermin would be extirpated. MR. CHISHOLM ANSTERY's case was gone into, but with no result that will be satisfactory to him. MR. BOWYER tried a defence of the ex-KING of NAPLES with even less satisfactory results, and a Pocket Service debate enabled MR. GLADSTONE to signify that he did not think MR. CORRY a civilised being. We must look at MR. CORRY.

"THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE."

Dedicated by Mr. Punch to all friends round the Wrekin and on both sides the Severn.

Shout, jolly Shropshire, and light on the Wrekin.

A bonfire that like a volcano shall rise,
And when people ask what you mean by that beacon,
Say "ROBERTS of Shropshire has won the QUEEN'S Prize."
Bring out your music, bring drum, trumpet, cymbal down,
Crash for an hour by old Shrewsbury's Clock,
Sing how he stood on the green bank at Wimbledon,
Rife to shoulder as firm as a rock.

Cheer him, Church Stretton, and bawl for him, Ecclesley,
Dance about, Drayton, and clap your hands, Clun,
Well for the County the Sergeant shot closely,
Had he once squired, gallant GRAHAM had won.
Shout for him, Shiffnall, and boast, Bishop's Castle;
Old-fashioned Oswestry, merry and wise,
Shale Castle-hill, and with voice universal
Cry, "ROBERTS of Shropshire has won the QUEEN'S Prize."

Darling Sabrina, who came up when Comus
Had fixed the young lady so tight in her chair,
Borrow a smile from thy relative Momen,
And come to the Quarry and show thyself there.
But thy swift waters break into a gallop,
Thy salmon leap joyfully up at the flies,
For prouder than ever henceforth is Proud Salop
Now ROBERTS of Shropshire has won the QUEEN'S Prize.

A RUINOUS ACQUITTAL.

How much does the reader suppose that MR. ADAMS, the eminent surgeon, defendant in the breach of promise of marriage case, *RUSSELL v. ADAMS*, has to pay in the shape of costs, imposed upon him by the necessity of proving that he had not contracted any engagement with the lady who sued him for damages on the pretence that he had broken one?

A Circular from the Chairman and Secretary of the "Adams Defence Fund," informs us that the defence of MR. ADAMS's pocket, MR. ADAMS's character, MR. ADAMS's practice, and MR. ADAMS's domestic happiness—for MR. ADAMS is a husband and a father—from the attempt above-named, has cost MR. ADAMS no less than £1011 9s. 4d. "Well, but," says the reader, "was not the verdict for the defendant? Did not that carry costs? Had not MISS RUSSELL to pay the expenses to which she put MR. ADAMS by obliging him to defend himself against her?"

MISS RUSSELL had to pay £300 out of those expenses. She has not paid one farthing of them. She has paid, under the Bankruptcy Act, four months' imprisonment to the justice, such as it is, of her country. But she has paid MR. ADAMS nothing; and if she had paid him all that the law required her to pay, he would still have been above £700 out of pocket. So may you, reader, if you are a doctor, and attend a young lady *gratis* without bringing a witness with you every time you visit her. So may you, whoever you are, unless you mind how you trust yourself with a single female and her mother, and take care always to secure the presence of a respectable fourth party. You may be even worse off than MR. ADAMS. A British jury, too movable by forensic eloquence, too unsuspicious of feminine guile, too ready to sympathise with parents who pretend that they have been disappointed in the hope of being fathers and mothers-in-law, may saddle you with enormous damages and the plaintiff's costs as well as your own, blasting your reputation, and ruining your professional prospects into the bargain.

Yes, friend reader, thus are you, at any time of life after your majority, liable to be fleeced by any unscrupulous *feme sole*, who can employ an attorney to employ a barrister to persuade a British Judge and a British Jury to lend themselves to the accomplishment of her design. The attorney, barrister, judge, jury, are all unconscious instruments of plunder. The gentleman of the long robe and the gentleman of the blue bag are simply a jemmy and centre-bit, or a pair of skeleton-keys. Of course they know not what purpose they are used for. The one believes his instructions, the other his brief. The judge is a lock that cannot help being picked or forced. The jury is a door that yields to be wrenched open—too generally with some inclination towards the adventures and the quack.

A pretty state of the law, a pretty state of the legal profession! In the mean time we may state that Letters or Subscriptions to the ADAMS Defence Fund may be forwarded to J. B. WALKER, Esq., Hon. Secretary, 17, Clifton Gardens, Maida Hill, London, W. Subscription is the only remedy for a wrong for which the law affords none.

RUSSELL v. ADAMS may be your own case to-morrow.

A SPOKE IN THE WHEEL OF FLUNKYDOM.



ANGELS and Ministers, and so on, what are we coming to? The PRINCE OF WALES good naturedly went down to Caterham the other day, with the thermometer at 80°, to lay the first stone of some new schools. Ladies, who had given or collected a hundred shillings each, attended the ceremony, and laid the stones on a tray upon the stone. Then, says the *Morning Star* :—

"At nearly every addition one might observe a shade of disappointment on the face of the fair donor. For, strange to say, of all the onlookers, the observed of all observers was the one unobserved. Whether it was that his Royal Highness had left at home all eyes for female loveliness, or that the topic of his conversation with EARL RUSSELL was of absorbing interest, certain it is he bestowed no more attention on the fair dames and damsels who came trooping up to make their offering and their homage than if they had been so many spokes in a revolving wheel. It was impossible not to see that the mortification of many was deep. The ladies, of course, left off curtsying as no bow was returned, and went back to their seats looking decidedly less smiling than as they came down. But all expression of such feeling was smoothed away under the dulcet and solemn tones of the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER as he read the concluding prayer."

We repeat the question, what are we all coming to? English ladies, wives and mothers, go away unhappy, because they cannot buy, for £5, a bow from the PRINCE OF WALES. They are not satisfied with having helped an excellent object, and they turn sulky because a young gentleman, who knows nothing about them, does not favour them with a nod. It is implied that they would not have given, or taken the trouble to collect the money, if they had not supposed they were purchasing the right to be noticed by the Prince. It appears to *Mr. Punch* that the directors of the institution ought to advertise that they are ready to make restitution to the unfortunates. "*Vivat Princeps*—Money returned," in the case of all who will claim it. And truly, if PUNCH were WALFS, he would have it understood upon occasions of future ceremonies that H. R. H. was not to be considered a party to a fraud, if he failed to bear his part in the completing such a bargain as is imputed. A good deal (perhaps a little too much) has been done in the way of making a show of the Prince, but putting him up to a sort of auction is really utilising royalty in a fashion which Yankeeedom might envy. But if it is to be done at all, why not carry out the scheme, and let directors of institutions announce that for £5 a lady may have a nod, for £10 a nod and smile, for £20 a shake of the hand, and for £50 a special inquiry whether her darling children have recovered from the measles, or as the case may be. It would be a sort of Brummagem presentation, available to those who can't get into the *Court Circular*. If the Prince likes to fall into any such plan as this, we can have no objection, but in the mean time we protest against his bows being sold without his sanction, and if he talked to EARL RUSSELL, instead of bowing to the purchasers, H. R. H. may have intended to convey a gentlemanly hint that he was only on view, and not in the market. Flunkedom has a tendency to be rampant, just now, and we cannot regret its getting a slight knock on the nose. We are rejoiced, however, that all was put right by DR. SUMNER's dulcet prayer, and if he had preached as well, he would probably have improved the occasion by a reference to a certain injunction about not doing alms before men. As the opportunity was denied to his Lordship, BISHOP PUNCH brings the hint under the notice of the unlucky Courtiers of Caterham.

MALICIOUS REPORT.—We are requested on authority to contradict the statement that Mr. Cox, M.P., competed for the Wimbledon prize for Small Bores.

QUESTIONS ON BIRD-MURDER.

(*Nursery Rhymes for Farmers.*)

Who killed Cock Robin?

I, says young JONES,
With my throwing stones;
I killed Cock Robin.

Who killed the Sparrow?

I, says GREEN HORN,
Wi' my assual corn;
I killed the Sparrow.

Who killed the Lark?

I, says HOBBS CHUFF,
Wi' my vittolized stuff;
I killed the Lark.

Who killed the Linnæus?

I, says JOHN TROT,
Wi' my zinc or what not;
I killed the Linnæus.

Who killed the Goldfinch?

I, says JOSEPH HEAD,
Wi' my sugar o' head;
I killed the Goldfinch.

Who killed the Greenfinch?

I, says GILES CARTER,
Wi' my 'mestic tartar;
I killed the Greenfinch.

Who killed the Yellowhammer?

I, says SIMON HOBBS REAR,
Wi' my poison strychnine;
I killed the Yellowhammer.

Who killed the Bunting?

I, says SAM SWAIN,
Wi' my phosphorus grain;
I killed the Bunting.

Who killed the Chink?

I, says CLOD HOPPER,
Wi' my zulfut o' copper,
I killed the Chink.

Who killed the Blackbird?

I, says SPRING WHEAT,
Wi' my zublimate;
I killed the Blackbird.

Who killed the Dove?

I, says CHAW BACON,
Wi' my whate, dosed to take un;
I killed the Dove.

Who killed the Tomtit?

I, says HOB NAIL,
Wi' my salt on his tail,
I killed the Tomtit.

Who killed his own goose?

I, says JOHN RAW,
By what chance I dun kaaw,
But I killed my own goose.

Who'll go on killing the Small Birds?

Says the Farmer, He-hee!
Yo wun't convince we;
We'll goo on killum the Small Birds.

The Volunteer Rifle Contest.

THE Greatest Common present on the occasion of the shooting match between the Two Houses of Parliament was Wimbledon Common. A quiet invalid Gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood, being very much disturbed by the noise of the Rifles, still good-naturedly spoke of the Contest as a decidedly popular movement.

A GOOD BARGAIN.

At a sale the other day several houses, with first-rate kitchen fixtures, were put up to auction. A bidder present offered a shilling for twelve coppers. He was actually accommodated.



BADLY HIT DURING THE RECENT ENGAGEMENT WITH THE GUARDS.

Mamma. "YES, DOCTOR. SHE WILL SIT FOR HOURS WITHOUT SPEAKING A WORD. SHE PERSISTS IN WEARING THE SAME DRESS, AND WON'T PART WITH THE BOUQUET!"

Doctor. "HM—WELL, LET'S SEE—WE MUST FIRST GET THE BALL OUT OF HER HEAD, AND THEN PERHAPS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM MAY RIGHT ITSELF!"

CRACK GOES THE RIFLE.

AIR—"Pop Goes the Weasel."

Up and down to Wimbledon,
In and out at Putney,
Sun at ninety in the shade,
Air as hot as chutney.
Riflemen the railway throng,
Till one's fit to stifle,
And along the line of butts
Crack goes the Rifle!

When we lay the Enfield down
For that small bore Whitworth,
Under the eight-hundred range
Targets ain't a hit worth,
Outers we scarce deign to count,
Centres seem a trifle:
To Bull's-eyes at a thousand yards
Crack goes the Rifle!

France found out at Agincourt
JOHN BULL drew a strong bow;
To read these scores she'll think that still
England pulls the long-bow.
Foes who of invasion dreamt,
May sing "Oh, be j'yful,"
That in sport not earnest, now
Crack goes the Rifle!

French *sabreurs* who deem our fair
Marks for Gallic kisses,
Must take note that English hits
Equal English misses.

Your Zouave will stand aloof
When in his sheep's-eye full
(As a bull's-eye's substitute)
Crack goes the Rifle!

Then at night when dew falls cool,
And the day's work's over,
Round camp-fires, in furze and fern,
Lo, we lie in clover.
Warmed with free Victorias' punch,
Of their pigeon-pie full,
Sound we sleep, and hear in dreams,
Crack go the Rifle!

Here's to SERJEANT ROBERTS' health,
Here's to gallant GRAHAM:
Shropshire men drink round to Wilts,
And Wiltshire lads repay 'em.
Here's to England's gallant eight;
And Scotland's ne'er-say-die-fuls,
To ROSS AND SONS, and mony a year
Crack go their Rifles!

A True Ghost Story.

SPIRITUAL manifestations are becoming a drug in the market. Who's afraid? Witness the following instance: a few nights ago, a Country Curate was sitting in his lonely study, and, as the Clock upon the stairs struck the midnight hour, he became aware of a Spectral Presence. The Clergyman, not in the least alarmed, asked the Spectre "who he was?" whereupon The Ghost in awful tones replied "I am Apparitioner!" The Reverend Gentleman, immediately rated him soundly, and the Fearful Being evidently frightened at the prospect of an assessment, speedily vanished.



HUMBLE PIE AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

BRITANNIA. "NOW, JOHNNY, YOU KNOW THAT THOSE BRAZIL-NUTS HAVE DISAGREED WITH YOU, AND DOCTOR BELGIUM SAYS YOU DID WRONG, AND THAT A LITTLE HUMBLE PIE WILL DO YOU GOOD; SO EAT IT LIKE A MAN."

ST. STEPHEN ESURIENS.

THROUGH Legislation's calm resorts,
From Statesmanship's stern pale,
Within Westminster's cloistered courts,
Arose a sound of wail.
'Twas not the wrath of roused M.P.'s,
Who KILK and LUCAS tear,
Who fiercely fasten upon FOWKE,
Or DILKE refuse to spare;
It was not baited GLADSTONE'S cry,
Nor DIZZY'S wrathful sounds,
Each, like Actæon, doomed to fly
His own rebellious hounds;
Nor was 't the shout the indignant House
Sets up when bores will bray,
Small bores, of Whit worth range, or great,
In the Byfield-Spencer way,—
But 'twas a cry more terrible,
The cry for food and wine;
And thus it rang—"We starve—we starve—
We have no place to dine!"

With accents bitter as his beer,
BASS urged the piteous plea;
And BURLY BERTINGK gave the prayer
His *Bon-dicite*;
And PAT O'BRIEN lent the howl
Of Irish hunger keen,
And DILLWYN prayed, "We ask but meat
That's wholesome, cheap and clean."

But stern SIR JOHN TRELAWNY rose
And chid the *gourmands'* cry;
"Corned beef is food for Cornish men,
And kickshaws I defy;
Why should not Members with a bun
Or biscuit hunger stay?
Let those who cannot fast go home,
And we who can will stay;
From PHILIP drunk to PHILIP dry,
Was Macedon's appeal;
So from a full to fasting House,
Should turn our Common-weal."
And fiercely OSBORNE rained his chaff
Upon his hapless head,
For whom no choice mahoganies
In rivalry are spread,
Who cannot bring the ready wit
That pays the banquet rare,
And leaves the diner-out unweaved
By STEERS's sorry fare.
And courteous HOTHAM sang the times
By Fogeedom adored,
When, save chops, steaks, and kidneys, nought
Smoked on St. Stephen's board;
When BELLAMY's full-bodied port,
Gave *gout*, and *gout* to life,
Before Reform brought acid tiffs
And democratic strife.

But thy mild wisdom, placid WILLIAM COWTER,
On dinner's worth the Commons wiselier schooled,
Teaching how tempers seasoned with the soup are,
How those who rule the roast may by the roast be ruled.
Rash are an ill-fed Legislature's toils,
Men must mark, learn, *digress*, who 'd be judicial:
Would you shun party hashen, civil broils,
Then treat not soup or fish as superficial.
How oratory is to cookery kin,
PLATO has taught with logic sharp and square,
The Session not all barren will have been,
If it amend the Commons' bill—of fare.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

BROTHER IGNATIUS of Claydon, has turned his attention from ecclesiastical to equine affairs; having lost his voice, like *Falstaff*, "a hallooing of anthems," he now announces himself as a Hoarse Chaunter; we wish him, in his new vocation, every possible success.
The new Club for the Society of Friends is to be called the Pal-ladium.
In August there is to be a Ladies' Conversation at Chat-Moss; chits of girls will be excluded, it being the special object of the Com-

mittee to provide a really scientific and philosophical entertainment, which shall not degenerate into a mere Chit-chat Moss.

The New Hospital for people troubled with Queer Fancies is to be established in Surrey at Whim-bledon.

The Great Moneylenders' Jubilee is to be held in the course of the following month; it will shortly be announced under the heading of the Sixty-per-Centenary Festival.

The Statue in Leicester Square has been very impertinent to a Policeman; he really ought to be taken down.

THREE LOVES AND A LIFE.

MR. BISHOP, the celebrated legislator and gun-maker had—alas, that *Punch* must use the preterite—a little dog, dear to him and his. It was his Life, as MR. BISHOP himself, who should know, stated to MR. CORRAE, the Magistrate. Taking a cab to Gray's Inn Square the other day, MR. BISHOP took his quadruped Life with him. But not liking to expose the creature to contaminating association with lawyers, or fearing lest the dog might have a propensity to worry black sheep, MR. BISHOP leaves the animal in the cab, with orders to the driver to keep him there. The driver is a wretch, and lets the dog escape. MR. BISHOP'S Life runs away, and an old maid called HICKS sees it. "Yam-ing," and thereupon gives a man sixpence to put it out of its supposed torture. It was very thoughtful of the old lady, but MR. BISHOP is not grateful for thus having his Life taken away, and he applies to MR. CORRAE for a summons against Miss HICKS. The Magistrate does not think that he can grant one:—

"MR. BISHOP: The man first tried to hang the poor animal, and, failing in this, knocked it on the head. I assure you it is the gravest dog that has ever been indicted on me and my family."

"MR. CORRAE: Possibly the lady may have been mistaken; but you cannot show sentimental 'crusader'."

"MR. BISHOP (greatly excited): Was it not 'equally' to me, to my niece, to all my family? 'Love me, love my dog.' It has broken up our peace and happiness at home. We would not have parted with the dog for half a million of money. Is a woman to go unpunished for such a crime as this—for deliberately killing an innocent, beautiful, harmless dog, because it was merely 'panting' a little?"

"MR. CORRAE: The Act does not deal with the leonine feelings of individuals. MR. BISHOP: Feelings! This dog was my Life—my wife's, and my niece's Life. I would sooner have lost every gun in my shop."

"The applicant then retired, but returning almost immediately, with an Act of Parliament in his hand, he said,—A thought has occurred to me, Mr. Cannot I charge this woman with 'stealing' my dog? She hires a man to take it from Grosvenor Square to a house in Southampton Buildings, there to be cruelly killed. Is not that an act of felony?"

"MR. CORRAE: Certainly not, unless you can show that she did so for the sake of possessing its skin or carcass."

This is certainly the most affecting case we ever heard of. Can there be no reprisals? Is there no animal—old maids love such creatures—who is all in all to Miss HICKS. MR. BISHOP might go and slay it, and write triumphantly over its grave, "This is where HICKS's All formerly stood." We only throw out the suggestion. It is a fearful thing that the peace and happiness of a British home should be broken up by the demise of a dog that runs away when he gets a chance, and foams, but love is a mystery and a marvel, as novelists and others have observed. We cannot say, "Bravo, HICKS!" for the lady was hasty, but we hope that in time MR. BISHOP will forgive her. Suppose that in an excess of charity he not only forgave her, but took her into his house, as a Pet and Joy, instead of the lost dog. That would be a noble forgiveness, worthy of a Bishop, even a Bishop like VICTOR HUGO's in *Les Misérables*.

A FILLIP FOR FAUST.

THANK YOU, M. GOUNOD; thank you, MR. GYN; thank you, MR. MAPLESON. There's no mistake about it. As produced by your exertions, *Faust* is certainly *Faust-rate*. MR. *Punch* makes his apology for not saying so before, but he is not like some clairvoyants who can criticise by foresight. Moreover, such cascades of praise have spouted on all sides that he feared awhile to add to the laudatory deluge. Now, having seen and heard and reflected at his leisure, *Punch* is ready to allow that the shower of superlatives has not fallen undeserved, and he will own that M. GOUNOD has produced the sweetest, prettiest, and pleasantest new opera that, since the first night of *Les Huguenots*, the world has seen brought forth. The music is throughout both picturesque and pretty, and leaves nothing to desire. The Soldiers' March and Chorus, the Chorus of Old Men (a chorus wearing spectacles is quite a novel stage effect), with the pretty jewel song and, best of all perhaps, the spirited duet trio, these are the pieces which most stick in MR. *Punch*'s memory, (and which he hopes the organ-grinders will not vulgarise and spoil. But it is needless here to specify what everybody knows; or if anyone be ignorant, the sooner he informs himself the better it will be for him.)

The only drawback MR. *Punch* felt when he witnessed the performance, was that M. GOUNOD had not set the Brecken Scene. With that addition, *Faust* might have eclipsed *Der Freischütz*, and even without this it is not far inferior.



RAILWAY PORTER. "Dogs not allowed inside the Carriages, Sir!"
COUNTRYMAN. "What not a little Tooy Tarrier? Wall, thee'd better tak' um out then, young Man!"

METRICAL SYSTEM.

THE increasing taste for poetry that is a characteristic of the present practical age, will, in the course of time, attain its legitimate development in the universal adoption of a Metrical system of Coinage. The application of this system to the ordinary markets and general run of business is very little understood by those financiers who profess the most intimate knowledge of the subject. As our information may in every case be certainly relied on, we shall have no hesitation in anticipating the official rules which will regulate the future metrical relations between vendor and purchaser. Whether the Poet Laureate will be appointed Deputy Assistant Chancellor of the Exchequer we have been unable to ascertain, but that he has already been consulted as to the New Metrical Terms in all Commercial dealings, scarcely admits a doubt. To prepare the public for the coming small change, he will publish a serenade entitled "Metre by Moonlight; a Loan," which will we are sure be of great use in all monetary transactions. It is proposed, that, on entering any shop, after the general legal adoption of the Metrical System, the vendor, exposing any article, which can, we will say, *ex. gr.*, be procured for the sum of Twelve pence, shall address his customer with words to be said or sung according to his, the Shopkeeper's, ability, thus:—

Sir are you willing
To pay a shilling.

If this is considered extortionate, the rejoinder will be,

That would rob
Me of a Bob.

This is simple poetry, concise, to the point, and adapted to the shortest memory.

The new "Song of Sixpence" will be sung after this fashion:—The small shopman, being unable to give silver, tenders half-a-dozen pence, and chaunts smilingly,

Pray take, Sir, these six pence.

ST. SWITHUN'S DAY IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

THERE bain't a cloud vor to be sin,
Not over all the sky,
For years and years there han't a bin
A time like this July.
But now the Zan, wi' verry veace,
Has ripened all the hay
And cartun of the crop we cease
This here St. Swithun's Day.

Zince when old Swithun fust begun
As Saint to rule the skies,
(Unless what they relates of un
Is all a pack o' lies)
In better temper never known
Was he, I'm bound to say;
The weather plazed to let alone
This here St. Swithun's Day.

The ship and cattle pants hard by
The margint o' the flood;
The pig's a waller'n in the sty,
If he can find the mud.
Whilst now on branch, and then on wing,
The greenfinch tunes zo gay;
And pleasant 'tis to hear un zing
This here St. Swithun's Day.

Afore my very eyes the whate
And barley sims to turn;
This year the harvest wun't be late,
By what I can discern.
Let's hope no deluges wun't scour
The Farmer's hopes away.
At laste we han't had ne'er a shower
This here St. Swithun's Day.

The air's wi' honeysuckle filled,
Wi' jessamun and rose,
Of scents which is from them distilled,
And gratifies my nose.
I hears the Thames is different;
And here I'd rather stay
Than sniff the sweets o' Parliament
This here St. Swithun's Day.

To which the customer daintily objecting shall be bound to reply,
With silver I ne'er mix pence.

On coming from the Opera the services of the jolly young waterman who fetches a cab for you, are requited with the most diminutive of silver coins, and these words shall accompany the donation—

I always tip any
Man with a thrippenny.

The miser, on parting with twenty-one shillings, will find the pain of eternal separation considerably mitigated by warbling the following lines to the tune of "Minnie, dear Minnie!"

Guinea! dear Guinea!
Gone casilee!

(Wincos) Oh, the price was high
When I'd settled to buy,

(With considerable pleasure) But I've got more than value for thee!
(Elcetera, ad lib., ending with a run on the Bank.

The Ungrammatical Dealer, who charges interest on giving credit, may say,—

Three and six
If I ticks,
Money down
Half-a-crown,

And so on, through an infinite variety of sweet sounds. Thus in this work-a-day world of ours will Poetry permeate through every grade of society, and its soothing influence be beneficially exercised upon the most sordid money-grubber, and upon the least impressionable driver of the hardest possible bargains.

Biddle.

By Our Young Man from the Country.

WHAT well-known Provincial Newspaper ought to advocate the practice of Flogging at Public Schools?—The Hip-switch Journal.

THE WONDERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

(Contributed by "GLAUCUS," who is staying at a quiet watering-place, five miles from anywhere, and three from a Railway Station.)

Monday (?) after breakfast, lying on the beach.



Wonder if it is Monday, or Tuesday?
Wonder what time it is?
Wonder if it will be a fine day?
Wonder what I shall do if it is? On second thoughts wonder, what I shall do if it isn't?
Wonder if there are any letters?
Wonder who that is in a white petticoat with her hair down?
Wonder if she came yesterday or the day before?
Wonder if she's pretty?
Wonder what I've been thinking about for the last ten minutes?
Wonder how the boatmen here make a livelihood by lying all day at full length on the beach?
Wonder why every one who sits on the shore throws pebbles into the sea?

Wonder what there is for dinner?
Wonder what I shall do all the afternoon?

Same day, after lunch, lying on the beach.

Wonder who in the house beside myself is partial to my dry sherry?
Wonder what there is for dinner?
Wonder what's in the paper to-day?
Wonder if it's hot in London? Should say it was.
Wonder how I ever could live in London?
Wonder if there's any news from America?
Wonder what tooral looral means in a chorus?
Children playing near me, pretty, very.
Wonder if that little boy intended to hit me on the nose with a stone?
Wonder if he's going to do it again? Hope not.
Wonder if I should like to be a shrimp.

Same day, after an early dinner, lying on the beach.

Wonder why I can never get any fish?
Wonder why my landlady introduces cinders into the gravy?
Wonder more than ever who there is at my lodgings so partial to my dry sherry?
Wonder if that's the Coast of France in the distance?
Feel inclined for a quiet conversation with my fellow-man.
A Boatman approaches. I wonder (to the Boatman) if it will be a fine day to-morrow? He wonders too? We both wonder together?
Wonder (again to the Boatman) if the Rail will make much difference to the place? He shakes his head and says "Ah! he wonders!" and leaves me.
Wonder what age I was last birthday?
Wonder if Police Inspectors are as a rule fond of bathing?
Wonder what gave me that idea?
Wonder what I shall do all this evening?

Same day, after supper, Moonlight, lying on the beach.

Wonder if there ever was such a creature as a mermaid?
Wonder several times more than ever who it is that's so fond of my dry sherry?
Wonder if the Pope can swim!
Wonder what made me think of that?
Wonder if I should like to go up in a balloon?
Wonder what SPEKE and GHAZAL had for dinner to-day?
Wonder if the Zoological Gardens are open at sunrise?
Wonder what I shall do to-morrow?

GRAND CRICKET MATCH AT THE OVAL.—The Twenty-Two "All Corners" from Richmond and Twickenham v. The Eleven Kew-corners. After the game, the eleven, if winners, will treat the visitors to a victorious performance on the Bella. The Peel of the Kew-corners is very refreshing.

JOKES FOR "LAUGHING JACKASSES."

DURING the discussion of Mr. Bass's motion for the suppression of Street Music, several excellent jokes were uttered by Members when describing the serious annoyances to which hard working statesmen, mathematicians, authors, and artists were subjected which deserve to be recorded in *Punch*, as they provoked an amount of risibility not usually produced by senatorial eloquence.

MR. BASS said: "From early morning till late at night the inhabitants of the metropolis were annoyed by incessant discords. Bands were continually playing north, south, east, and west. That very morning he found four all at work together in Eaton Square and its neighbourhood, one in front of the residence of Sir RICHARD MAYER, and another before that of the HOME SECRETARY. (A Laugh.) It was a real hindrance to the serious business of life. (A Laugh.) Men engaged in severe mental occupations, like Mr. BARBAGE and others, were actually unable during the greater part of the day to continue their studies. Mr. BARBAGE had told him that one-fourth of his time was consumed by the hindrances occasioned by street bands, and that in the course of a few days he was interrupted 182 times. (A Laugh.) The late Lord CAMERO told Sir RICHARD MAYER that on one occasion, when writing a despatch of great importance, a serious error occurred owing to the noise created by a band under his window. (A Laugh.)"

LORD FERROU maintained that the existing law was sufficiently stringent. Mr. BARBAGE had put it in force on several occasions, and had punished, he thought unjustly, a great many poor musicians. If street bands were put down many other things must follow. Huge drags full of beer barrels, even though the name of "Bass" might be inscribed on them (a laugh) were a serious annoyance and inconvenience.

MR. C. BENTLEY could not admit that because the street bands were paid they ought to be tolerated. He lived in a thoroughfare having a large square at one end and a street at the other, and which was infested with bands, organs, wandering minstrels, negro melodists, and every species of musician. (Laughter.) If one man in a whole street liked this music or this noise, that was no reason why all the other inhabitants should be annoyed. Street music not only prevented people from obtaining rest and quiet, it disturbed them when making calculations, or even when studying their speeches. (Laughter.)

MR. MALINS thought that every man ought to be protected in the peaceful enjoyment of his own home. He frequently had to endure a grating organ on one side and a noisy band on the other. (A Laugh.) He had work to do at his own home which involved a great deal of reading and study, and he had seriously entertained the notion of living away from London in consequence of these nuisances. He often told his servant to send away street musicians, but they only moved off a few yards. He was sometimes favoured with a round of the "Old Hundredth," beginning about 11 and ending at half-past 12 at night. (A Laugh.) That was no really laughing matter.

AND MR. BAKER thought that "It was all very well for those who disliked, or who possessed a very refined taste for, music to seek to do away with the bands in the streets; but if the Hon. Member for Derby were to poll his own household he would find the greater number of votes recorded in their favour (a laugh); and he did not think it, therefore, desirable that it should be placed in the power of every churlish person, or every man who happened to be busy, to drive music out of the streets. (Hear.)"

And so the subject was dropped, and the "Laughing Jackasses" (May they eat dirt!) are to continue to have their long ears tickled by the maddening music of the streets.

FRAGMENT FOUND AT WIMBLEDON.

17th July, 1863.

"VAIN the Father's shooting grand,
Vain the Captain's vaunted hand,
Vain, young COLIN's steady pull,
Making sure of eye of bull:
BRAVE ALCIDES cast away
All his Labours here to-day:
Gallant ELOHO, noble soul,
Thou art lowest on the roll,
LOVAT, Master, on the ground
Thou has now thy Masters found,
FERGUSON, 'tis more than clear
That thy bullets don't lodge here,
Nor 'tis FARQUHARSON's to earn
What the battle's fate may turn.
CALEDONIA, take thy fate:
Bow before the English Eight,
Clearer licking may not be,
Thou art beat by Eighty-Three.
And the gorgeous Challenge Shield
England carries from the field."

A HEATON BOY.

Out-of-Door Gamester and Summer Sporting Register.

Pedestrianism.—A large assemblage is expected to witness a novel Walking Match against time. An Amateur has backed himself to walk into a Pigeon Pie in less than two minutes.

Archery.—The shooting match for children under eight years of age is to commence in a few days. The targets will be provided with bull's-eyes from the nearest sweet shops.



EDUCATIONAL.

SCHOOL-TEACHER. "Now, Jeremiah Muzzles, spell Gold."

JEREMIAH (rather backward for his age). "G-O-L-D."

SCHOOL-TEACHER. "Right. What is Gold?"

JEREMIAH. "Doan't Knoah."

SCHOOL-TEACHER (exhibiting chain and eye-glass). "Why, what is this, Sir?"

JEREMIAH. "Brass, Teacher!"

[JEREMIAH "stood 'corrected'" immediately afterwards.

PERIPATETIC JUSTICE.

THERE are some people who say that, as a rule, our County Magistrates are neglectful of their duty, and that, excepting when a poacher—the wretch!—is to be punished, they seldom pay much heed to the work that is entrusted to them. As a glorious exception to this rule, if it be such, we beg to cite the conduct of a Magistrate for Worcestershire, who appears to act not merely on the bench, but in the streets, and besides being a Magistrate, to be one of the Police. His flaming zeal for justice having carried him so far as to commit a man for drunkenness whom he had previously convicted and fined for that offence, this Magistrate-Policeman gave evidence as follows, himself sitting on the Bench:—

"REDDITCH PETTY SESSIONS.—* * * MR. HENRY MILWARD, one of the Magistrates, was then sworn (still occupying his place on the Bench). He said, I am a Magistrate for the county of Worcester. On the 17th day of June instant, at about half-past eight in the evening, I saw the defendant walking along with a friend, arm in arm, and he appeared to me to be drunk. I followed him and said, 'Mr. BAYLIS, you are drunk, I fine you 5s.' Mr. BAYLIS immediately said, 'Oh, indeed! here it is.' I then said, 'No, I will not take it, I will send the constable for it to-morrow.'—Cross-examined by MR. SMITH: Was the defendant making any noise?—Witness: No, he was walking quietly with his friend.—MR. SMITH: Did he obstruct the way?—Witness: No, he did not.—MR. SMITH: Why do you say he was drunk?—Witness: Because I thought so.—MR. SMITH: Did you, in the exercise of your office as Magistrate, and on your own opinion, take upon yourself to fine the defendant in the street?—Witness: I did. (Sensation in Court.)"

Of course we cannot doubt the word of a man like MR. MILWARD, but if he really heard a drunken man say, "Oh, indeed, here it is," we think it should be noted as a curious phenomenon. Topsy men are usually not distinct enough in speech to say "indeed, here it is," or anything approaching it. "All ri' oleffer—hic—hereshzeif'bobsh—hic" would be the most one could expect from a person really tipsy. Of course, however, MR. MILWARD heard what he reported, or he would not have reported it; and we congratulate the shire of Worcester on the fact that a man there can speak plain when he is drunk, and that a

Magistrate is there not so puffed up by his place, but that he will condescend at times to prowl about the streets, and take up tipsy people like an ordinary Policeman.

A RARE BULL FROM ROME.

THE best portraits of Mr. Punch represent him with a peculiar squint. This arises from a habit which he has always practised, of looking at both sides of a question at once. Thus, whilst he is reading his own paper, he at the same time has an eye upon another; and this casting his eye about has given him a cast in the eye. His off-eye, the other day, running over the *Tablet*, Ultramontane and Derbyite organ, alighted on the passage following, penned with reference to some judicial proceedings, by the Roman Correspondent of that journal:—

"I will not enter into further detail, as you will receive the trial as soon as published, and your readers will be able to judge for themselves whether MR. LAYARD is very consistent in denouncing the highly apocryphal atrocities committed in isolated cases by a peasantry maddened by wrongs and cruelties, while he winks at the wretches who, not content with poisoning brave men for doing their duty as soldiers, made targets of their bodies for the purpose of instructing the agents of the Sect on scientific principles as to the best means of striking a deadly blow at a 'Papalino.'"

What are "the highly apocryphal atrocities" which are "committed in isolated cases?" If they are highly apocryphal, it is uncertain that they were committed in any. If it is true that they were committed in isolated cases, then they are not apocryphal. If the peasantry who committed them were "maddened by wrongs and cruelties," then the atrocities perpetrated by those peasants were not only not apocryphal, but facts doubtless only too true. But perhaps, in the mind of the *Tablet's* Roman Correspondent, apocryphal and canonical mean the same thing. In the mean time we must be excused for hesitating to take that gentleman's statement as to poisoning soldiers, and practising assassination on their dead bodies, as Gospel.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 20th. Monday. We shall change the name of CANADA into CANIDIA, and treat her as an objectionable old woman ought to be treated if she does not behave herself better than she is represented by Government as doing. Where's your Militia, MRS. CANADA? Are we to do everything for you? Come, take good counsel, and help yourself. Then, as ALCIDES remarked to the Carter:—

"Then, should the task too mighty prove,
We may assist you with a shove,
But those who indolent remain,
May roar for aid, but roar in vain."

You know how Salmon spring up and leap against falling water. Well, the Irish salmon have leapt right up into the House of Lords. There was great splashing to-night.

The Lords have passed the Bill for getting rid of London Tolls after July next. This is a great thing. But we hold naught done while aught remains to do. Now, boys, we must take the Bridges. We are not freemen while tribute is exacted there. Let us fight the Battle of Waterloo over again at its bridge, smash Southwark, and lay Lambeth low.

SIR JOHN SHELLEY tried to defeat the Bill which gives Gog and Magog power to deal with the Van Demons and other fiends of traffic. But he was desired by SIR GEORGE GREY to desist, as the measure was a very useful one. We burn to see the giants rush at their work.

The Great Late Eastern Railway is to be allowed to have steamboats in connection with its lines. Our naval correspondent informs us that several are on the stocks, among them the *Davdle*, the *Laggard*, the *Baron Trolpard*, the *Athelstan Unready*, the *Pubius*, and the *Chancery*, and that the first of them will very likely be in a forward state for launching about Christmas, 1870.

The Polish debate then took place, LORD PALMERSTON clearing the way for it. MR. HORSMAN delivered an eloquent harangue, denouncing the treaty of Vienna, and advocating the re-construction of the Kingdom of Poland. He prophesied that war would be necessary to effect that object. MR. GLADSTONE had the disagreeable duty of throwing cold water upon the House, by way of obviating any inflammatory action. He showed the impossibility of getting the Sovereigns to surrender their possessions, and argued that in some respects the change would be undesirable. He thought we had done our duty in interfering with our argument and protest. MR. HENNESSY adverted to the Russian admission that legality would be death to the rule of Russia in Poland, and he desired that legality, as it would be life and liberty to Poland. MR. KINGLAKE did not think the restoration scheme feasible, and praised Austria. After some other speeches, LORD PALMERSTON defended the course of the Government, dwelt on the influence which Public Opinion had upon monarchs, reserved announcement of the course which we should take consequent on the Russian answer, but intimated that the first thing to be brought about was the stoppage of the slaughter. The French press considers the English debate contemptible, and worthy of a selfish nation that will talk as much as you please, but will act only when its own material interests are at stake.

Tuesday. The Lords had another innings at the eternal Fish Bill. This must certainly be known as the Fishy Session. We are getting some glimmering of an idea as to the nature of the measure, which seems intended to assimilate the fish law of Ireland with that of England and Scotland, and to prevent salmon-murder. We imagine that the Bill must be just, because it is so furiously opposed. It has passed.

The Commons talked about Japan, and MR. LAYARD encouraged us with hopes that we shall hang the Japanese aristocracy generally, a slight remedial process which is all that is necessary to our getting on very well with the Tycoon and his lieges, and which therefore had better be effected at once, in the interest of trade. The very hard case of MR. BEWICK came up. He fired a pistol out of window, and some scoundrel sheriff's officers: perjured him into prison, and while he was there Greenwich Hospital seized and sold all his goods. His innocence established, he is released and ruined, but the Editor of the *Book of Praise* thinks that it would be establishing a bad precedent to compensate him, and that a certain average of injustice must be borne by British subjects.

Our friend MR. DABBY GRIFFITH, of whom not much hath been lately heard, popped up again, and made some observations which a Minister said were not unreasonable. We forget what they were about, nor does it much matter.

Wednesday was chiefly remarkable for the vain attempts of SIR ROUNDELL PALMER and SIR GEORGE GREY to break the laws of the House. They each tried to bolt before a House could be made. The Solicitor nearly got out, but was captured and sent back to his place, but the Secretary was instantly arrested by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The same day JUDGE BRAMWELL declared in open court that if LORD PALMERSTON were put before him "he would try him like any other man." It is truly gratifying to behold how equal are all Englishmen before the law. The French say they are, but the French sometimes

make little mistakes, which are corrected before the tribunals. The Boiling Down of Statutes Bill went through committee, and was foolishly hindered by certain Parliamentary sciolists. Be it mentioned that this measure repeals, *inter alia*, several clauses in Magna Charta. What will LORD RUSSELL say? To be sure the clauses have already been virtually repealed for a couple of hundred years. A measure called the Rum Duty Bill was read a second time, and we must really protest against so very familiar, not to say vulgar a way of describing an impost. At the same time we are free to admit that some of our duties as well as some of our pleasures are exceedingly rum.

Thursday. The Foresters of Birmingham, copying the example of the Aristocrats of Sydenham, assembled in a great crowd, on the previous Monday, to see a woman, named POWELL, perform some dangerous feats akin to those performed by a man named BLONDIN. The scene was Aston Park, a place inaugurated by the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, and devoted (as was supposed in this case and in that of the Crystal Palace), to rational recreation. M. BLONDIN has not yet been killed, but Mrs. POWELL's rope broke, and she died. She would have been a mother in three months. How the Aristocrats would act under similar circumstances remains to be seen. The Foresters continued their revels, danced, and finished with fireworks. The subject was brought before Parliament by LORD MALMESBURY and MR. DOULTON, and the answer of Government is, that no doubt such things are very deplorable, but as the public likes such exhibitions "it is difficult" to interfere, but the Press (to which it is sometimes very convenient for great folks to appeal, and which at other times it is equally convenient to repudiate), is requested to express itself strongly on the matter. We conceive that we do so by simply stating the facts, and adding that the plea of the Government is a most unworthy one. If the very highest idea of a Government is, as SYDNEY SMITH says, a Stout Constable, even that officer should prevent demoralising exhibitions. SIR GEORGE GREY himself could interfere when M. BLONDIN proposed to carry a child—not unborn—along the Sydenham rope. Parliament would give him a prohibition Bill in three days, if he is afraid to act without one.

LORD PALMERSTON, in reply to MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, entered into the Schleswig Holstein affair, and said that Denmark would be supported against any improper action by other powers, meaning Prussia and Austria. "They would not have to contend with Denmark alone."

MR. CORDEN renewed his protest against the supply of ships to the Confederates, and LORD PALMERSTON replied that the case was not one of a belligerent and a rebel, but of two belligerents, and that according to the doctrine of the Americans themselves, a neutral may supply a belligerent.

SIR CHARLES WOOD and his India budget. India is Paying.

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY concluded his Parliamentary work for the year with a speech worthy of himself. He called attention to the injuries and cruelties inflicted upon Children engaged in certain manufactures and occupations, and he showed that thousands of white children are in all save the name, ill-treated Slaves. We recommend the details of his speech, painful as they are, to the attention of subscribers to missionary societies, and spouters against American slavery.

An animated debate on Poland. LORD RUSSELL modified the declaration that England would not go to war with Russia. LORD STRATFORD condemned the "brutal" feeling of Russia towards the Poles. LORD MALMESBURY thought that we ought not to have remonstrated, but ought to have withdrawn our Ambassador. LORD ELLENBOROUGH thought we ought to enforce our demand.

The Commons held their last *Conversazione*, and multifarious were the topics. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL gave MR. POPE HENNESSY a most severe snubbing for his opposition to the Statutes Revision Bill, and called him a smatterer who had crammed himself with notions from an old edition of BLACKSTONE, a little Hymn of Praise like that sung by the converted pugilist over the body of COLONEL QUAGG. University Tests came up, MR. HENLEY was very amusing, and the Finance Minister, who is also the Minister of Religion, insisted that "a definite faith must have a set of tests," though he thought the present ones might be amended. MR. MILNES complained of the Abbey charges for admitting Monuments. MR. COX dwelt upon the frightful increase of Infanticide; MR. HUNT expatiated upon the immorality of crinolines; and MR. KINGLAKE urged that we should help Poland. LORD PALMERSTON answered these and other speakers, spoke hopefully of Greece, promised a scheme for utilising the Exhibition Land, and pledged himself to act in concert with France and Austria as to Poland. So ended the last Friday of the Session, for on

Saturday, at the Trafalgar, MRS. HART expected every man in the Cabinet to do his duty by her Whitebait, and was not disappointed.

Last from St. Martin's-le-Grand.

If a Post Office Clerk plays truant and goes to the Alexandra Park, why can't SIR ROWLAND blow him up? Because the young fellow takes the way to Muzzle Hill.



DEATH ON THE ROPE.

KILLING NO MURDER!

THE DANCE OF DEATH IN REALITY.

NOVELTY, TERRIFIC AND THRILLING!

The Committee of the Ancient Order of Slaughterers beg to announce to the Nobility, Gentry and Mining Public in general, that their Annual Fête will take place on Monday next, on which occasion an entertainment of unparalleled sensational interest will be produced for this day only.

AN INFANT TEN MONTHS OLD WILL BE DISCHARGED FROM

A CATAPULT

(REGISTERED)

OVER A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS WITH FIXED BAYONETS!

The Committee feeling a deeply-rooted aversion to all performances of a brutalising nature, and anxious to give confidence to the most nervous spectator, have at an enormous expense provided an

AIR MATTRESS,

Which will be laid down within range of the projectile.

After which Dancing to CRIPPLES' Band, the whole to conclude with

A Grand Display of Fireworks.

Introducing new and beautiful devices, representing

A SKELETON!

In the last stage of intoxication, illuminated by blue candles and animated by

LAUGHING GAS!!

N.B. No money—under any circumstances—returned.

LATEST FROM PRUSSIA.

HALF a score more newspapers have been suppressed by the Police for the very sufficing reasons which we here subjoin:—

For saying that KING WILLIAM shook his head last Wednesday, but there is reason to suppose that there was nothing in it.

For saying that in England a person may talk politics without being beheaded for it.

For criticising the appearance of BOCKUM DOLLERS his hat, and repeating a report that some one had been somewhere heard to say he wore a white one.

For quoting the statement in JOE MILLER'S English history, that KING CHARLES THE FIRST walked and talked half-an-hour after his head was cut off.

For using the word "pig-headed" in a leading article about the KING OF DAHOMEY, it being obvious that KING WILLIAM was the personage referred to.

For prophesying that the time will come when Prussia will no longer have a thoroughly free press.

For saying that a Policeman was found last week in London in the act of kissing a Cook: this statement being invented with the view to bring discredit upon Police constables in general, and those in Prussia in particular.

For stating as a fact in Natural History, that a Cat may look at a King, even though he be a Prussian one.

Architectural.

THE process of restoration has lately proved a benefit to other works besides those of the Mediæval church builder. We are glad to hear that within the last few days a very good umbrella has been restored.

ADVICE GRATIS.—An anxious mother writes to know what is the best dress for her little son JOHN? We should say a Jacket.

NOISY NEWS-CRIERS.

LITERATURE is a good thing, and so is exercise of lungs; but sometimes when combined they are productive of a nuisance. This the calling of cheap newspapers by loud-voiced little boys has of late in London most undoubtedly become. No sooner does *Mr. Punch* get into a train of quiet thought than the *'Apenny O'born Times* is dinned into his ears; and this in a few moments is followed by the *Penny Newgate News*, or the *Farthing Strand Gazette*.

Nearly every parish has its local "organ" for expressing its opinions, and these organs are almost as great a nuisance as the barrel ones, for their names are bawled and shrieked and screamed and squalled about the streets in a manner quite distracting to men of quiet habits, and who are not deaf. On a Sunday morning, too, when after six days' row one sighs to be at peace, some of the cheap weekly papers are still cried; and the bellowing of their names is as much a crying nuisance as that of "Chayny owringe," or "Fine fresh Hob-o-o-oy," with which one's ears are tortured later in the day.

Whether the Police have power to stop these criers is a question which SIR RICHARD MAYNE may kindly look to: but as penny newspapers are a new invention, it is doubtful if old Acts of Parliament extend to them. *Mr. Punch* would therefore ask that a Bill for the Relief of Quiet People like himself should be brought in by the Government without the least delay; and he trusts that in the meantime full permission will be granted him, and all tormented persons, without any risk of finding themselves fined for an assault, to wollop, welt, lick, cuff, kick, thrash, and summarily punish any penny-paper-crying brat whom they can catch.

Thoughtful Editing.

THE new number of the *Quarterly* seems arranged with reference to the season. The prominent articles are, the Glacial Theory, the Church of Rome, and Spiritualism. Come, Ice, Water, and Liqueur are not bad hints in this weather.



THE SMALL BORE MAN. WIMBLEDON, 1863.

BOISTEROUS RELATIVE. "Hullo! Gus, my hearty, why I haven't seen you for ages! How are you? Give us your hand, my——"
Gus (alarmed). "Hoy! Keep off! Keep back, stand o' one side! Don't come near me—How d'e do. Glad 'see you, but keep off at present, will you—I've just adjusted my Sights!"

GORTSCHAKOFF TO GREAT BRITAIN.

We have pleasure in observing that LORD RUSSELL owns the fact
That a barren controversy it is idle to protract;
From unnecessary argument we're glad that he abstains,
And a practical solution of the question that remains
With us wishes to arrive at—much we thank him for his pains.

Every party to a Treaty—let us grant what's very true—
Has a right that same to construe from that party's point of view;
That's to say provided always its construction's so far fair
As to rest within the limits of the sense the text will bear.
Bootless is that right exerted; act upon 't for ought we care.

Of a Government the basis, if the governors are wise,
In the confidence not only of the governed, mind you, lies;
But as much, and, I may rather say, in fact, a great deal more,
In respect for its authority, which force must first restore;
Then pacific moral measures we may try, but not before.

Those demands which you invite us so politely to concede,
But express our august master's gracious will; they do indeed.
They're ukases long ago decreed in his imperial brain:
That is where they are at present; that is where they must remain.
Ere we can say more about them order must in Warsaw reign.

You for Poland ask a Charter framed with points in number six,
Much his Majesty thinks of them, but that they'll result in "nix,"
Won't restore the reign of order, won't appease unquiet souls,
Won't keep down a population, whom, save terror, naught controls,
For they don't express the wishes of the sanguinary Poles.

Whilst our Emperor's intentions must in contemplation rest,
An armistice is of all things an impossible request,
'Twould amount to a concession which we really couldn't stand;

Bayonet we cannot lay by, hold artillery and brand,
Drop the scourge, take down the gallows, stay the hangman's busy hand.

We can let no European Congress those six points discuss
With irrelevant palaver, most impertinent to us,
Dignity forbids us too with France and England to debate
On administrative details, special to the Russian State,
Ordered all by an omniscient autocratic Potentate.

But two other States there are with us indissolubly bound,
In a solidarity so strict we share one common ground,
Since we three divide that kingdom which we three combined to seize;
Them we shall be very happy to accept for referees:
We'll arrangements make with Austria and with Prussia, if you please.

But until the Polish rebels to submission shall return
We shall shoot them, hang them, flog their women, waste, destroy and burn.

So excuse us if we don't accept your liberal invitation;
To do nothing of the kind it is our fixed determination:
You may all accept the assurance of our high consideration.

The Best of Albert Monuments.

It is announced that the people of Belfast intend to erect a stately
clock-tower as the local memorial to PRINCE ALBERT. This design
shows Belfast a great deal faster than it was generally thought to be.
Belfast indeed may be said to be a Bell as fast as the Clock which it
proposes to dedicate to the memory of the PRINCE CONSORT. There is
a smart gracefulness in the idea of a testimonial which will indicate the
Prince to be a man of all time.

DANCING.—The old step, that we now everywhere find going out, is
the Door-step.

PROSPECTUS.



Noblesse is Obliging.

NOBLE HOTEL-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

PRELIMINARY LIST.

DUKE OF DANGLETON.
DUKE OF DAWDLETON.
DUKE OF DIDDLETON.
MARQUIS OF LOUNGBOROUGH.
MARQUIS OF HARDUPTON.
MARQUIS OF LONGTICKINGHAM.
EARL OF CHALK.
EARL OF WHISKERMORE.
EARL OF CROQUET.
EARL OF TOADINGTON.
EARL OF TIPTONSLASHERVILLE.
VISCOUNT GLITTERS.
VISCOUNT SPANGLEDORE.
VISCOUNT CABOOSE.
VISCOUNT ALICAMPAYNE.
VISCOUNT FORCEMEAT.

VISCOUNT LUCIFERS.
VISCOUNT ORTOLAN.
VISCOUNT DE FOIGRAS.
VISCOUNT DE L'ANGUID.
THE LORD DOWNEYBURD.
THE LORD FOOTLIGHTS.
THE LORD DUNDREARY.
THE LORD OGLEBY.
THE LORD VERISOPHT.
THE LORD CARROTS.
THE HON. GOODY GOODY, M.P.
THE HON. DIVIDEND DAVE.
SIR LIONEL RATTLECASH, BART.
SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO, BART.
SIR RUMM LITTLE BUFFER, BART.
SIR MUTTON PYE, BART.

ADDRESS.

IT has been the wisdom of the Aristocracy of England, ever since the first institution of that Order, to keep the mean between the two extremes of too much stiffness in refusing, and of too much easiness in admitting any variation from its habits. The Aristocracy may confidently appeal to the readers of the History of England, whether the Order has not in other days done its duty in every relation of society.

It now feels that it has another Mission, and one which it is bound to fulfil, no less by considerations of duty than of interest, to which latter it has not the affectation of pretending to be more superior than the commercial, artistic, ecclesiastic, or literary world.

For some time past the Public has observed, with curiosity, and it is hoped with gratification, that a large number of Hotel Schemes have been issued. Projects for the establishment of gigantic Inns in various parts of the Metropolis and of the provinces have appeared, and the names of the chief promoters of these Hotels have been names in the Peerage. It was rendered evident, that the Aristocracy had resolved to make a decided move in favour of the comfort and civilisation of society.

This was a tentative movement. It was desired to ascertain whether the opinions of society were sufficiently advanced to permit it to approve the mingling of its acknowledged and rightful leaders with the class usually engaged in speculative and culinary pursuits.

The result shows that the Public is highly pleased with the determination of the Aristocracy to make itself useful, and the Hotel Schemes to which noble names are attached are largely taken up by the classes appealed to. The Aristocracy is therefore justified in making itself still more useful, and advancing a step further.

ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE BY WHICH THE ENTIRE SERVICE OF THE NEW HOTELS AND OF OTHERS SHORTLY TO BE ERRECTED MAY BE PERFORMED BY MALE AND FEMALE MEMBERS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

The Upper Classes conceive that by thus bringing themselves into contact with those beneath them, the former will be enabled to do much towards the civilisation of the latter in the matter of manners, of taste, and at the same time honourable and lucrative occupation will be found for numerous members of a class which has hitherto been charged with indolence and extravagance.

The first of these Hotels will shortly open (due notice will be given), and the whole Service will be performed by the Aristocracy. The Cook will be a *cordon bleu*, that is a K.G., and the Butler an eminent ex-diplomatist. The Chamberlain will have filled a similar office at Court. The Waiters will be selected, with reference to their intelligence and activity, from the Peerage and the Household Regiments, and the Commissioners will previously have acted as QUEEN'S Messengers.

The public has nothing to fear, or apprehend, from its betters. The strictest civility will be practised, and the soundest morality will be a *sine quâ non*. No fees to Waiters.

Further particulars will be announced, as will other arrangements by which the Services of Lady Members of the Aristocracy will be secured for the Female Department of the Hotels.

A Pictorial Representation of the Interior of one of the Establishments of the Noble Hotel-Keepers' Association is annexed, and others will be issued as occasion shall arise.

Applications and Communications may be addressed to the HON. PETRONIUS ARBYTER, 85, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



THE ABSTRACT

OF THE

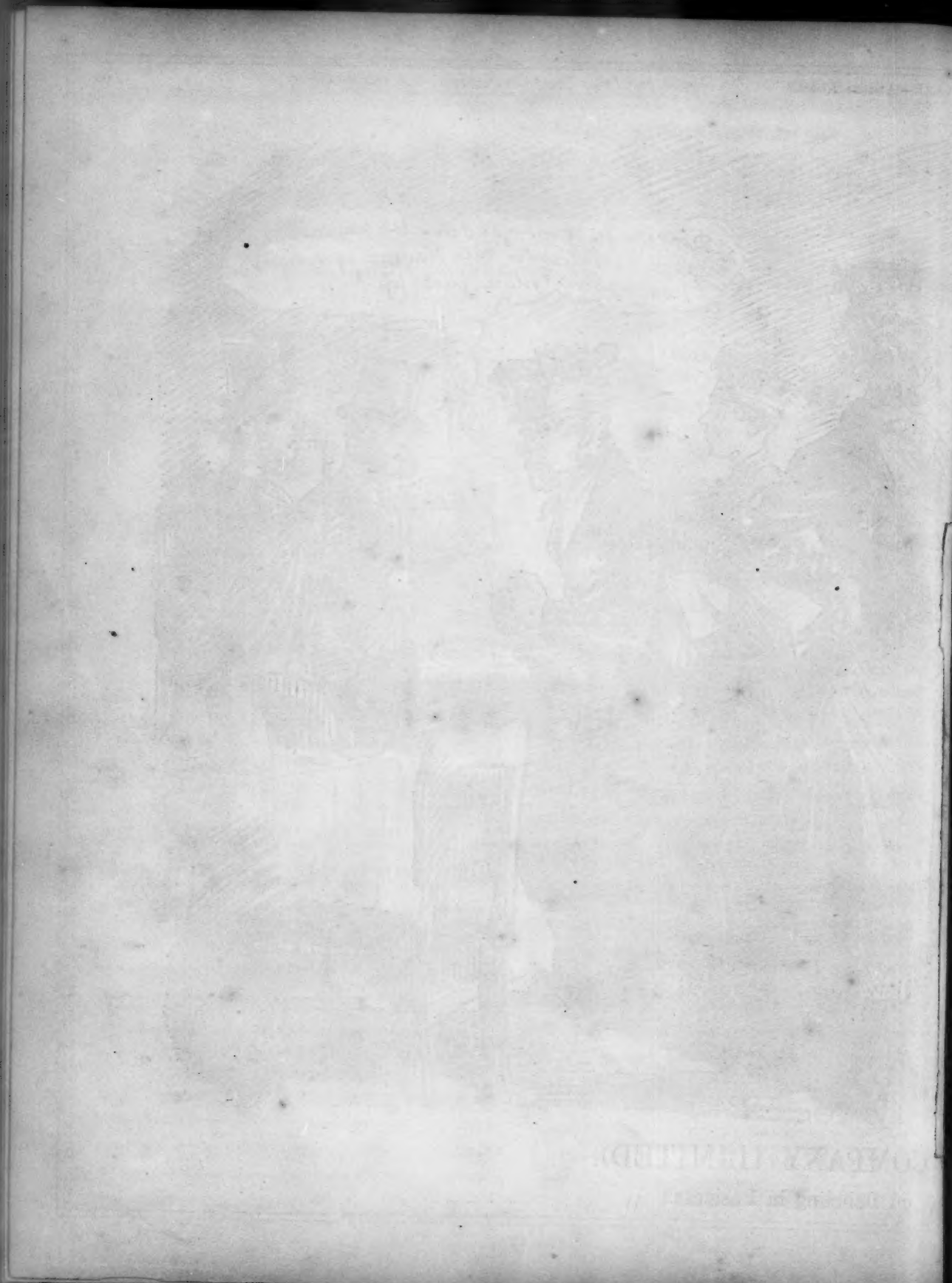


THE ARISTOCRATIC HOUSE
A Probable Scene, if our Nobles



HOLLAND COMPANY (LIMITED).

Nobles go on Dabbling in Business.



V
L
D
A
T
B
C
W
I
J
L
A
I
A
O
L
T
B
I
B
H
J
A

THE BATTLE OF THE TOLL-BARS.



ICTORY! Victory!

A Great battle has been fought, and the Northerners (of London) have won. Led by GENERAL BRADFIELD, they have bravely waged their exterminating warfare, and have swept away no fewer than five - and - twenty pikes. Six-and-fifty side bars have also fallen before them, and the gallant Toll Reformers now may boast that in the North of Town their triumph is complete. All true friends of progress will exult at this success, and will hope to see the Southerners ere long achieve the like. A terrible enemy to comfort is the turnpike gate, and one that it behoves all men of sense to fight against. So we trust

that the late victory will be promptly followed up, and that the gallant GENERAL BRADFIELD will soon win another laurel-wreath. It has taken him eight years to smash the turnpikes in North London; but we hope that in the South the foe will not be quite so obstinate. To carry on his operations he of course requires support; but as *Punch* is on his side, success of course is certain. "Toll for the brave" was once the poet's proposition; but "No toll for the brave" is GENERAL BRADFIELD's stern demand, and he is not the man to rest till what he asks has been complied with.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH SIR EDWIN LANDSEER has determined the size, shape and position of the Nelson Column lions, he has as yet only got as far as the paws in his work.

In answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to inform the curious upon the subject, that during practice time in the hot weather the Members of the Honourable Artillery Company do not drink iced cannonade.

Mr. W. A. MATHEWS, of Sheffield, has determined to establish some large Cutlery works in the Falkland Islands. Henceforth the Geographical Society have decided that they shall be known on the Map as the Knife-and-Falkland Islands.

A new Umbrella is to be opened very speedily by the LORD MAYOR: he is merely waiting for the first favourable day.

We were, a paragraph ago, mentioning umbrellas; we will, in returning to the subject, announce that an eminent member of the Bar, after an extensive mess dinner on circuit, took Silk (somebody else's) and left Stuff (his own).

The Royal Academicians have held an extra meeting. Several propositions seriously affecting the interests of Art have been adopted. We hear that the President feels inclined to sanction the introduction of Lay Figures as Members of the Committee. A second minute is, that when works are not to be hung, the painters will not be kept in suspense as to their fate.

Talking of Painters, the Metropolitan Plumbers are going to give a dinner in honour of Mr. GLAISHER. They have asked him to take the Chair, and he has kindly given his twentieth Balloon ascent to their request.

The Maories, we hear from private sources, have entirely altered their places with regard to the "King-movement;" they wish to imitate the City folk, and have one man in authority over them, who shall be called the Lord Maori.

The Jockey Club have decided that a professional Book-maker, after making his book, shall consider his engagements as Binding.

THE THIRD BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

A Lay for the Agriculturists.

WITH "faithful" cider drinkers, adown the bannered way,
I sought the plain where Royalists stood in July array;
"Hoof and Harrow" is the watchword instead of "Church and King;"

Worcester has known no prouder sight since LANGAN met TOM SPRING.

LORD EVERSBLEY and BRANDRETH GIBBS were F. M.'s in command;
While PAIR, and DENT, and MILWARD held their own brigades in hand,
Dashing upon blood ponies, east and west and everywhere,
And halting mid their labours for a luncheon with the Mayor.

TOM with his purple badges proved the BOYLE ROCHIE bird a dunce,
By entering an appearance in places three at once,
Committee—Implements—Finance; then scaling a sheep pen,
With the concentrated energies of half a score of men.

I saw the "racing engines," the washing machines, and roots,
JUDGE UNTHANK with his light cigar, and long judicial boots,
LADY EMILY PIGOT noting the stock all round,
And patting the three "darlings" which had won her forty pound.

I watched the "Shorthorn NESTOR" with a meal tub for his throne,
And a glance like to a falcon's, balance flesh and hair and bone;
Oh! those eight grand in-calf heifers! Oh! that deftly handled cord
In the 'cute strategic movements of CUDDY and JOHN WARD!

TALLANT's hand is seen no longer, DOUGLAS sends no *Queen* or *Rose*,
But a *Flower-girl* strews glory upon Scotland and "Montrose;"
If GUNTER's *Duchesses* prefer the pleasant vales of Wharfe,
BATES' blood has still a flyer and "it proved an Essex calf."

Hats off for *Queen of the Ocean*! JOE's white hat wears no willow,
"A family thrashing" from Thorney Holme is not a thorn in his pillow;
JOE wins six times, and *Fred's Farewell* "took just a rum 'un to beat her;"—

Ain't STRAFFORD sweet on HEGAN's and eloquent on *Pretor*?

There's DUCKHAM deep in "the numbers" of white face and mottle rore
The chronicler of *Sovereign*, *Sir David*, and *Cotmore* :—
Hail to the bulls by *Sir Benjamin*, but sad 's the REA bulletin:
Now for a chat with MONKHOUSE near his "SAM" and *Clementine*.

Well may the sightless veteran o'er his "growthy lass" wax merry,
He has beat victorious ROBERTS and polished off old PERRY :—
If QUARTLY and JIM DAVY shirk the Devon battle brunt,
We've a Royal *Rose of Denmark* and *Prince Alfred* in the front.

Choice morsels are the Southdowns, and ye BARON WALSHINGHAM
With WEBB's JOHN DAY to train them, has well nigh "skinned the lamb."

COLONEL INGH has vanquished SANDAY, for the shearing ewes and tup,
But "GEORGE" observes " 'Tis only our own blood cropping up."

BARFORD takes up his parable, on BAKWELL and "shear 'em fair,"
And clasps the hand of HOWARD, for sending his ewe-pen bare :
With Oxford memories in his head and magisterial frown,
He steps round to the Cotswolds for a word with MR. BROWNE.

Pig classes! CRISP and WAINMAN, HEWER, SEXTON—the old story—
A boar called *Macaroni*, and a sow—sweet *Annie Laurie* ;
If there be a sight Leeds dodgers and their pigs don't understand,
It is PROFESSOR SIMONDS with the "mouth screw" in his hand.

And eke a learned Baron near "The Hundred Pound" domain,
Had a look at *Master Martin*, and didn't look again :
As I scanned the hunter sires in the ring and in the shed,
I pondered much within myself how full a third were bred.)

Neville hung upon wires, *Tom Sayers* went in with a zest,
But as for the groom squad's going, decidedly bad was best :—
With TREDINGTON's daughter behind him, BOOTH's cup of triumph is full.

There TOM BROOKS stands in ecstasy with BARTHOLOPP, o'er *John Bull* !

From this field of peaceful warfare, may there spring rich "battle sheaves."

A grander stamp of hunters, better bacon, rarer "theeves,"
Stiers that will more than satisfy, with "breecchen," back, and chine,
The wary eye of BUFTON and the shade of CARWARDINE.



DOCTOR. "There's not much the matter with him, but I think we must cut off his animal aliment."

MASTER TOM (with intense alarm). "Oh! Ma! Will it hurt me?"

COMPENSATION FOR NOBODY.

A RESOLUTION moved by MR. H. BERKELEY, the other night, affirmed "that the grievances suffered by WILLIAM BEWICKE, as detailed in his petition to this House, presented on the 28th of April last, are such as entitle him to the consideration of Her Majesty's Government." MR. BEWICKE's grievances consisted in having been for the space of one year, confined and afflicted as a felon under a sentence of penal servitude, in the loss of property occasioned by forfeiture of his goods, and in ruined health, the consequence of misery. He, an English country gentleman, was the victim of a conspiracy trumped up by bumbailiffs on whose false evidence he was found guilty of firing on them in the execution of their duty, with intent. His entire innocence having been subsequently proved, he received a free pardon for having been condemned by mistake, was let out of gaol with a shrunken frame, and had the proceeds of the sale of £1800 worth of goods restored to him in the sum of £430, minus £250, deducted for law expenses.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL thus showed cause why justice should be denied to this gentleman:—

"A somewhat similar case would be remembered, in which a clergyman was convicted of a very serious charge, lost his appointment in consequence, and was imprisoned; but the principal witness against him was afterwards convicted of perjury, and he then received a pardon. That would be a case for a claim against the Government, and nobody could tell how many such claims would be made, or what would be their magnitude, because in the exceptional case of MR. BARBER, the House of Commons, acting on the report of a select committee, had thought fit to award a pecuniary compensation."

The case, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL says, is common. Ay, lawyer, it is common. So common, you say, that, if redress were granted to MR. BEWICKE, "nobody could tell how many such claims would be made, or what would be their magnitude!" Pleasant information, this, for English gentlemen who sit at home at ease and dream, or have hitherto sat and dreamt that British justice is superior to foreign. Any one of them may, at the next Assizes, be degraded through perjury from a squire to a felon, imprisoned, outraged, disabled, beggared, or if by chance, "pardoned" for his innocence after having been punished

for it a year or so, refused any reparation of the cruel wrong which has been done him.

The reason why no amends can be made for the penal maltreatment which a man, as in MR. BEWICKE's case, has been subjected to by legal fallibility is, according to the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, because such cases are so numerous that to do them justice would be very chargeable. Government cannot pay its creditors of this description. Their multitude is too great for the satisfaction of their claims.

But then, how is it that compensation is awarded to Proctors, and other practitioners in reformed Courts, for the merely anticipated loss of their business? Nay, if the State cannot afford to do justice, it may as well treat all hands with impartial iniquity. Who is entitled to compensation if MR. BEWICKE is not? Let No Compensation be the cry with which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, at the next election, will go to the hustings. No Compensation for people driven over by other people. No Compensation for killed and wounded by railway accidents. No Compensation for anybody!

MR. BEWICKE defended himself at his own trial. Surely the SOLICITOR-GENERAL does not think that he ought, therefore, to be made an example of.

As the Government declines to help the unduly condemned, could they not help themselves? Suppose MR. BEWICKE, the Clergyman alluded to by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and all the other persons, of whom according to that learned gentleman there are so many, who have been convicted and punished on perjury, get up amongst them an Exhibition of their effigies in waxwork. It would beat TUSSAUD'S Chamber of Horrors.

In the meanwhile, gentlemen, charge your glasses. Let us drink, The Law; and the Land We Live In.

Needles and Pins.

A MUSCULAR member of the Alpine Club writes to say, that in climbing the summit of the *Needles* he has reached the *pinnacle* of his ambition.

VOLUNTEERING A STATEMENT.

PEOPLE who like puffs may find one in the following. We take it from the *Manchester Guardian*:—

THE SECOND MANCHESTER RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.—LIEUT. COLONEL J. H. DEAKIN has decided to clothe the entire Regiment, numbering some four hundred strong, with very superior Scarlet Cloth Tunics and Blue Doeskin Trousers; the Band, White Melton Tunics and Blue Trousers; the Officers to wear bright extra superfine Scarlet, with elaborate Silver Lace Embroidery, denoting their insignia of rank. The whole contract, exceeding £1,000 in amount, has been entrusted to one of our own talented tradesmen, MR. ISRAEL LEVY, Shudehill, Army Contractor of Clothing, which he intends completing the early part of the ensuing month, previous to the general inspection by the officer appointed by Her Majesty's Government. The band played on Friday evening last upon the premises of MR. LEVY, expressive of their voluntary pleasure of the clothing and the clothier.

"Reform your Tailors' Bills!" was once a well-known notice. "Reform your Tailors' Advertisements" would, if the above be a fair specimen, seem quite as much to be desired. For of course we must presume that the tailor was the author of the notice which we quote: the way in which he puffs himself as "one of our talented tradesmen" makes it clear that the advertisement proceeded from his pen. What he means by saying that the band expressed "their voluntary pleasure of the clothing and the clothier" is more than, this hot weather, we can undertake to think. But we can undertake to say that were our tailor pleased to advertise that we were pleased with clothes he made for us, we should take good care in future not to tell him of our pleasure, for we have little wish to see our name made use of for a puff.

By the bye, we wonder what the tunes were which the band played "expressive of their pleasure." Had their uniforms been green, "*With Verdure Clad*" would have been quite a proper air for the occasion; but as their dress consists of white tunics and blue trousers, while the uniform of the regiment is of blue and scarlet cloth, we presume that one of the tunes selected for the evening was the "*Red, White, and Blue*."

The Index to the Mind.

WHEN an Actor "makes up" his face for a performance, it is a legitimate consequence of his having previously made up his mind to go on the stage.



CARRY'S FIRST OFFER

ON THE MORNING AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL AT "SLUDGY-ON-THE-OZE," WHERE PA HAD TAKEN A HOUSE FOR THE SUMMER, CLOSE TO THE BEACH.

ENTERPRISING TRADESMAN. "Are you engaged to a Butcher, Miss? (Carry, confused, "Really I—")—which we shall be 'appy to provide the fam'ly, Miss—primest joints—lowest market price—perhaps you'll—"
[Exit Carry with her retouched nose very much more so.]

POLAND AND ITALY: A STATE PAPER.

(To LORD COWLEY.)

YOUR Lordship will have read, in the public journals, a copy of a petition said to have been presented to his Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH by certain subjects of his Imperial Majesty, praying him to vindicate the nationality of Poland by the force of arms.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, your Lordship is aware, has addressed to BARON BRUNNOW a despatch which contains a peremptory rejection of the proposals made to the Russian Cabinet by Her Majesty's Government, in concert with that of France, with a view to the pacific solution of the Polish question.

The refusal of Russia to treat with the Allied Powers on any practical basis of agreement may be thought to entitle popular demands which, but for it, might be regarded as the premature expression of a generous enthusiasm, to some attention.

In this conjuncture, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE THIRD, apart from the definite contemplation of any change in the nature of that policy which his Majesty's Government, in accordance with that of the QUEEN, has hitherto pursued with regard to the Polish difficulty, might like to know what extent of co-operation, in giving unlimited effect to the sympathies of France for Poland, he might expect from this country.

With a view to the anticipation of any such wish that may exist in the mind of his Imperial Majesty, I may inform you that the formation of any decision as to concurrence in that ulterior course which his Majesty may deem requisite for the liberation of Poland is, for the present, altogether precluded by an insurmountable obstacle.

That obstacle is the presence of the French Army in Rome.

The removal of that alien pressure which prevents the Romans from

LIVE AND LET DIE.

THE *Lancet* says that the Medical Profession has an ingenious device for increasing its income. It seems that the Doctor accepts a commission from the Undertaker for recommending the latter to the notice of afflicted survivors:

"A well-known practitioner but a few weeks previously received for one funeral 'one piece of business' he had recommended no less a commission than £50! 'You see, Sir,' said our informant, 'it was a first case. The maximum commission is usually 20 per cent; but in this instance, anxious to secure the interest of the gentleman, who is rapidly rising in practice, and the job being a good one, 25 per cent. was given.'"

The information is suggestive, and as it comes from such good authority it cannot be disputed. Now, it is calculated to make us rather uncomfortable, and we will tell you why. If our Doctor can get £50 for suggesting an Undertaker, it is offering our Doctor a very strong temptation to make an Undertaker necessary; for £50 is a precious deal more than our Doctor's bill is likely to come to. Argal, we take this opportunity of informing all Doctors and Undertakers, that, hating the latter, as Ghouls, and also detesting the black farce which they enact, we have left in our Will express orders for the very cheapest funeral that can be performed, in the event of our wanting one at all. We earnestly recommend the same course to all readers, and then there will be more money for their families, the Undertakers will gnash their teeth, and the Doctors will not get much commission. Much obliged to the *Lancet*, and we are sure that the Profession will be equally obliged; for whereas its good and high-minded men may be counted by thousands, the low beasts who would accept an undertaker's mouldy hire are comparatively few. Still, there are such, and they should be hunted.

Cautions to Public Trespassers.

PLAY NO ORGANS.

German Bands Beware!

Negro Minstrels will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

The Police have orders to take all Street Preachers into custody.

Why cannot Parliament pass a short Act, empowering any one person whose comfort is destroyed by street-noises, to have the above notices put up in the street, square, terrace, or other place in which he resides, and rendering all vagabonds who disregard them liable to imprisonment with hard labour, and, if necessary, whipping?

accomplishing their desired union with the Italian nation would enable the British people to see what they would do in aid of any ultimate measures which the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH may judge necessary for the restoration of Polish nationality.

You will read this despatch to M. DROUIN DE L'HUYS, and give him a copy of it. And you may tell him that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and that I do not see the fun, or rather that I do see the fun, because I see the injustice and absurdity, of pursuing towards Italy and towards Poland respectively, lines of policy which are as wide as the Poles asunder.

(Signed)

PUNCH.

On behalf of EARL RUSSELL, laid up with indigestion after his meal of Humble Pie.

Out-of-Door Gamester and Summer Sporting Register.

Buying a Horse.—If you don't understand it, observe the following rules: when the horse is trotted out for your inspection, fold your arms, frown, shake your head; listen to the dealer's remarks as if you didn't believe a word he said; pass your hand carefully down the horse's fore leg; take two paces back and shake your head again; pinch his neck and give a dubious "Hem!" as if in doubt as to his condition; turn to the groom, and in an off-hand manner say, "Just walk him up again, will you?" you may then commit yourself so far as to observe, "Yes, he's got some nice points," and leave the rest to another visit, when you can bring a horsey friend, perhaps a Cavalry Horsefyer, who will give you all the necessary information.

Getting Off.—This may be performed in various ways. Over the Head or the Tail as you like; those who try to adopt these methods of dismounting, very often never get over it.

A LADY WITH THREE LEGS.



HERE is rather an extraordinary notification by a Lady:—

TO GENTLEMEN who have had the misfortune to lose their right leg above the knee.—A Lady has in her possession THREE ARTIFICIAL LEGS, of first quality and make, late the property of a relative, and she will be happy to make a present of them to any afflicted gentleman to whom they would be of service. She would prefer to give two of them to one gentleman and one to another, and would only be happy if the recipients might be Clergymen.

Divers questions arise upon perusing this extract. First of all, how did the Lady's relative come to leave Three Legs? Was he a Manx man, or a tripped? And why would it make her happy to know that clergymen had lost legs—can it be that in other days some young priest trifled with her heart and then ran away, and does she therefore desire to curtail, at random, the limbs of ecclesiastics? It seems that her three-legged relative were elegant legs, for the advertisement states later, that they will not do "for a hard-working man," and therefore as all clergymen ought to be hard-working men, we do not like the lady's offering such legs to parsons. We should like to know something of the character of the legs, or rather of their former owner, because they might have a tendency to take the wearer into places where parsons are not expected—Dissenters' chapels, let us say—and hence trouble might ensue. But we dare say, after all, the lady is a kindly body, and means to do a good-natured thing, so she must not be angry with us for laughing at her legs—she knows we are always laughing at our own, beautiful as they be.

LETTING GO THE REINS.

MR. JUDGE RAINES is the Judge of the Hull Bankruptcy Court, and this is the only thing we ever heard against him, or for him, or about him, until the other day. On that date there came before him a bankrupt bookseller named EMPSON. This individual had four years ago published an early novel by MISS BRADDON, authoress of *Aurora Floyd*, and of *Eleanor's Victory*, and of other remarkable books. The earlier book did not succeed, Mr. EMPSON alleging that London publishers always try to crush works brought out in the provinces. He does not say how much he gave MISS BRADDON for the book, but states that the expense of "getting it out" was above £200. When printing, advertising, and puffing are charged, there would not be much left for an author out of £300. To the non-success of this book, four years ago, Mr. EMPSON "partly attributes his failure," which, as his debts are but £260, seems a jump backwards at a conclusion. MISS BRADDON has since taken the town by storm, and holds it. MR. JUDGE RAINES is good enough to say—

"If MISS BRADDON had made £3,000 out of her works, she could surely afford to assist the man who published her first work, and who had become bankrupt through doing so. Mr. EMPSON said he had not the slightest expectations from MISS BRADDON."

This is certainly a remarkable *dictum* from MR. JUDGE RAINES. It is possible that any person with £8000 may be able to afford to do an act of Quixotic generosity, but it is by no means so clear that he is obliged to do it, still less clear that a provincial Judge should cast a sort of taunt at him for not doing it. MR. EMPSON took up MISS BRADDON as a speculation. Had he made a hit with her early book, it would have been a very remarkable thing if she had received a shilling over the stipulated price, and why, when she has gone elsewhere, and succeeded, she is to be mulcted, we don't see. We never heard of JUDGE RAINES, and he may have won every case in which he was ever engaged before he became a Judge. But if he did not win all his cases, and any client thinks that he was aggrieved by MR. RAINES's want of skill or eloquence, that client had better write to the Judge, as now that he is in a high place, "he can surely afford to assist any man who speculated on his talents, and lost thereby." We make no doubt that JUDGE RAINES will be too delighted (if he have been accurately reported in the *Leeds Mercury*) to make such client a handsome present, to which such client will be exactly as much entitled as MR. EMPSON is to apply to MISS BRADDON.

TEMPERANCE ORGIES IN HAMPSHIRE.

A PARAGRAPH amongst the Winchester news in the *Hampshire Independent* informs us that the Winchester Temperance and Band of Hope Society celebrated their eighth annual festival on Tuesday last week, by an excursion to Portchester Castle. The celebration of a festival by an excursion is hardly intelligible, unless the excursion is supposed to be a pilgrimage. A pilgrimage from Winchester to Portchester might, to a superficial etymologist, appear somewhat unsuitable for a Society based on the principle of moderation in the use of wine and port. Such an one will say that it would have been more appropriately performed by the Winchester Clergy of the last generation, when parsons were accustomed to drink wine, and port was regarded as a sort of wine, and not as contradistinguished from wine, like most port of the present day.

Our Southampton contemporary reports that:—

"It being a delightful morning, the members and their friends mustered in great force at an early hour, and aided by their efficient band, paraded the principal streets of the city, with various emblematic banners, flags, &c., followed by an immense number of people."

Apparently, from the above account, the Band of Hope is one that plays. The air "*Hope Told a Flattering Tale*" may be presumed to be one of its customary performances. That is to say, unless the Band of Hope is, as represented in an illustrated periodical which bears its name, composed of children. But still, there is no assigning bounds to juvenile precocity, or limiting the capabilities of toy-drums, tin-whistles, and penny-trumpets.

That the Winchester Temperance Society, as well as its associated Band of Hope, consists of infants, may be presumed from the fact, as above stated, that they paraded the principal streets of that city, carrying emblematic banners, flags, and other such things, and followed by the multitude. Of course no sane and sober adult would join in so childish a demonstration as that with which they diverted the Winchester mob. Fancy a man marching about and bearing a standard prepared to inform the public that he is accustomed not to drink wine, beer, and grog, or to partake of those liquors in small quantities only. What emblems ought to decorate the emblematic banners under which men capable of that man's impertinence would strut with becoming absurdity? Conspicuous amongst such devices, the sense of fitness would surely suggest the exhibition of the Pump, the Ass, and the Goose.

However, we are further told, that when our demonstrative professors of sobriety got to Portchester; after some trouble at the station:—

"On arriving at the Castle each one seemed to have forgotten their grievances, and entered with spirit into the various sports provided for them, such as boating, swimming, rifle-shooting, archery, &c., for which valuable prizes were given."

Now certainly rifle-shooting is not a sport fit for children, unless as practised at Cremorne, and the Races, with a cartridge consisting of a peppercorn-shot and a copper-cap. There is a maxim which prohibits a certain class of adults from being trusted with edge-tools, and *à fortiori* it denies them fire-arms. Yet the Winchester Band of Hope and their companions rejoicing at Portchester, are represented as having entered into their sports "with spirit." It would have been better, perhaps, if they had finished them with beer; but alcohol, even in the smallest quantity, is unfit for youth, and only the grown-up members of a Temperance Society can be conceived commencing their sports and pastimes with a "nip;" but those of Winchester, another time, if they must do such a thing, had better take sherry and bitters.

We are happy, however, to learn that "at four o'clock all partook of tea," though we are not without suspicions that it contained "something short," for we find them described as "returning to Winchester about eight," and are apprised that, when they got there, they "marched in procession to the British Hall," from which repeated act of extravagance it might be surmised that the effects of the tea had not gone off. But then, we remember that they exposed themselves after breakfast even more outrageously than they did after tea; and we consider that, if they were really babies, tea, particularly in case there was too much green in it, may have been quite strong enough to have got into the little fellows' heads.

In the mean time we wish to point out the wonderful similarity which there is between a modern temperance demonstration and a frantic Bacchanal procession of classic antiquity.

The Home of The Fairies.

"You should dwell in the Moon, my sweet MARY,"
Said 'Gus, while enjoying a "Spoon,"
"Tis the place for a 'witching young Fairy,'
For you've heard of 'The Fays of the Moon.'"

CLASSICAL.

Horatian Motto for a very Convivial Gentleman, "Samma voluntas in te-ipy est."

FAUST AND THE "ORGAN-FIENDS.



SKETCH FROM A STUDY WINDOW.

EVERYBODY is talking about M. GOUNOD's *Faust*, and for once the subject of general talk is not unworthy to be discussed by rational persons. But *Mr. Punch* does not observe that any critic has yet pointed out the great moral service which the authors and composer have done to the Anti-Street-Music Cause. This negligence must arise from the vulgar, aristocratic habit of coming in late. *Mr. Punch* is always in his stall, with his gloves buttoned and his glass out, three seconds before *MR. COSTA* raises his stick. Hence *Mr. Punch* knows all about the opera.

The moral, placed vividly and in action before the public, is that street music is a wicked thing, and drives a sensitive person to madness. *Faust* is in his chamber, meditating, when a burst of music from the street breaks in upon him. He instantly sells himself to —, well, to M. FAURE, and is led into crime.

Mr. Punch has a stronger mind than *Dr. Faustus*, and is not in danger of conducting himself with

indiscretion towards MADAME MIOLAN CARVALHO, or MADEMOISELLE TITIENS. But there are moments in his life when he is conscious that he is in a greater rage than is good for him. One of these moments is when he is occupied in polishing an inspiration into an epigram, and an Italian fiend under the window strikes up "*I wish I were with Dixie*," or some such memorial of the filthy Ethiopians. If M. FAURE came into the room in his red-hot drapery at that instant, *Mr. Punch* would probably request him to disappear with the other fiend, and then come back for a cigar. But, really it is only a martyr-soul (as MR. CARLYLE says) like *Mr. Punch* that can joke over such horrors. He, like the party mentioned by TOM MOORE, could write nine charming odes while on the rack. But such fortitude is not given to ordinary mortals. He is overwhelmed with appeals from maddened correspondents, begging him to do something towards abating the nuisance. One tells of a sick wife who had to endure half an hour's torture because a brown beast would not go away, and the policeman was, of course, down some area and could not be found. Another says that a child, just recovering from brain fever, was deprived of sleep by a similar miscreant. Men who choose to read or work at home, and not in the sacred but costly silence of chambers, say they lose hours by the interruptions of the organ wretches, and *Mr. Punch* will certainly not be surprised to hear that some tormented worker has taken the advice of the *Times*, and delivered himself, with his own arm, from the scoundrel grinder. Do not let him hit too hard, however. He is only "trying a right," and that may be done with discretion.

The pleas that are made for the nuisance are, of course, of the most ridiculous kind. One person says that though the master of a house does not like the noise, his children and servants do. Therefore, the "bread-winner" is to be hindered from earning the food of the former and the wages of the latter, that the children may dance a polka, and MARY HANN (who had better send her halfpence to her poor old parent, than fling them to that unclean beast with the organ) may grin at something that reminds her of the night she said she had been with her sick mother and had been at Cree-morn. No decent wife would willingly allow her husband to be annoyed by the music, any more than he would allow it to annoy her were she ill. If the organs are to be permitted for the amusement of the dwellers in alleys (and if they like the noise, there can be no objection to their having it), let the players go into the alleys. They have no right to come before the houses of people who hate them, and to extort money from the fools in the family, or from the tortured head of it, who pays them to go away.

The Law says that the street is a highway for passengers which no one may obstruct. Then let the police be empowered to keep the Organist's moving. They will soon get tired of that. SIR RICHARD MAYNE is hereby charged with the execution of this Decree.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

"Oh wad some power the giffie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

SAYS the Poet. Well, this boon has been conferred upon us by our lively neighbours. If JOHN BULL wishes to see his jolly countenance as it appears to others not far off, he has but to look into the mirror of a French newspaper. He had better not, however, if he wants to keep his countenance, for he will find that a hard matter.

A French paper, the *Patrie*, says:—

"England is a country where the clergy and nobility enjoy privileges so monstrous as to be scarcely credited."

As *Punch* knows everything, he knows of course how this information was obtained by our contemporary. It appears then that the Editor of the *Patrie* lately commissioned a profound observer and clever photographer of social manners—M. INSOLENT, as special correspondent, to inquire into and report upon the—

"Exorbitant privileges, monstrous abuses, and superannuated institutions of England."

The result is before us in the report itself, a monument of intelligent industry and historical correctness; but its length prevents us doing more than giving the chief heads of it, or rather a few of them as a specimen.

The first part, as it treats of a matter interesting only to lawyers, we will pass over; merely saying, that it refers to the *droit du Seigneur*, which M. INSOLENT found universally in force. This privilege was formerly enjoyed exclusively by the LORD MAYOR as head of the aristocracy, but it was afterwards extended and confirmed to the whole of the nobility by the Act of 25th of OLIVER CROMWELL, cap. 32.

Everything in England, is rated at a money value. One distinguished nobleman is making an enormous fortune by exhibiting himself nightly to a curious public—we are speaking of *Mons. le Vicomte de Dundreary, Pair d'Angleterre*.

In the next section, M. INSOLENT adverts with lively but just indignation to the unfair advantages enjoyed by Members of the Upper House in the rifle contests at Vimpdedom. The special correspondent did not himself witness these contests, taking place as they do in a distant and savage part of the Surrey Mountains, but he was assured by a friend who had resided several weeks in Leicester Square, that in the match between the Milords and the Commons, while the former claimed the right to take aim in the usual manner, the latter were compelled to fire with their eyes blindfolded, and with their backs to the target—a position extremely inconvenient and embarrassing. It was by this means that the Milords were able to snatch a triumph over their antagonists in 1862, and they would perhaps have again succeeded in 1863, had it not been for an ingenious device, the suggestion, it was said, of that powerful Medium, M. MILNER GABSON.

The Members of the House of Commons were rendered *clairvoyant*, and saw the target with the backs of their heads!

but we feel that we cannot go on—it is too painful—too humiliating. We deeply regret that these and other painful facts should have been made known to our neighbours. We are afraid that we must appear, to a nation of freemen like the French, much like the knife-grinder to the patriot:—

"Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance."

But we are used to our wrongs, and have learned to bear our burden—our spirits are broken by long continued tyranny. "Spiritless Outcasts" as we are.

We even feel so mean as to be pleased to hear that the *Patrie* has got a first warning for publishing that part of the report that relates to the privileges of the clergy. An exalted personage will not allow even an heretical Church to be spoken of disrespectfully.

"All in the Downs."

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "Waverer," unable to obtain any satisfactory reply from *Notes and Queries*, writes to ask us this nautical question.—What style of sailors are Epsom "Salts?" Let "Waverer" look out for the answer in our next number, or the one after.

THE TRUTH SEEN THROUGH A PORT-HOLE.—When a ship goes into port, she usually steadies; but when port gets into a man, he usually reels.

NOTES TAKEN AT THE WORCESTER MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

As the season for Agricultural Meetings and Cattle Shows is approaching, we trust that the few following hints, induced by a visit to the show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Worcester, may not be without their use to our non-farming readers.]

On going up to a beast (always say *beast* or *animal*, they are quite agricultural terms, and obviate any difficulty you may have in determining the sex) punch it in the ribs, at the same time remarking in an oracular voice, "well covered," or, "laid on well." Feel in a knowing way about the root of the animal's tail, and while doing so, glance along its back, and if that back presents a broad flat surface, look round at the bystanders and exclaim in notes of admiration, "level as a table." Now plunge your hand under its flank with a pulling motion towards you. It is not necessary to accompany this action with any observations as it speaks for itself and for your bucolic knowledge. Moreover, farmers are a silent race, so the less you say the better.

It will be as well for you to confine your remarks to prize animals, and if you wish to vary your plan of operation, you can put your hands in your breeches' pockets, and, standing a little way off the animal, with your legs widish apart, make, as occasion may demand, the following observations. "There's a quarter for you!" "Magnificent hand!" (we are unable to define clearly the meaning of this latter term, having been, until lately, under the impression that men and monkeys were the only animals possessed of hands. We believe, however, that it refers to some part of the foreleg, and we can assure the novice that, judging from its frequent repetition in reference to prize beasts, it is, on the whole, a very safe remark to make.)

"How much a quarter now?" This question need not be addressed to any one in particular, nor need the speaker have himself the faintest notion of the animal's weight; for, if unanswered, it looks knowing, and he has not committed himself, while should an apparently competent authority reply, as is very probable, "getting on for nineteen score, I judge," he has only to say "that or is, I warrant," to keep up his reputation. (N.B. It is as well to observe here, that the monosyllable "er" is a pronoun of common gender in continual use in rural districts, more especially in the West of England, and that the word "warrant" is pronounced "warn" in the agricultural world.)

With respect to sheep (which must on all occasions be called "ship"), the mode of procedure is simple. It consists merely in laying hold of the wool in the middle of the back and endeavouring to give the animal a good shake. We advise the novice not to attempt to master the science, if we may so term it, of sheep nomenclature; for to confound together hogs, tups, and thevices, would at once betray the superficial character of his knowledge.

Armed with the above hints, and a stout stick, which will be found very useful in imparting momentary animation to a more than usually obese pig, and furnished with a few epithets and short sentences, such as, prime, kind, rare; falls off in the lines; fine in the bone, &c., the unprofessional visitor to a cattle show may avoid the exhibition of gross ignorance, and even stand his ground with the regular farmer.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER!

Touching the Aston Park Tragedy.

Now, Ladies of England, and specially you, Ladies of Fashion, do you see what your QUEEN says?

HER MAJESTY describes "Exhibitions attended with danger to the performers" as gratifying only to "Demoralised Persons."

We presume that the matter is now settled, and that ladies will never again patronise such exhibitions.

Any woman who may do so after HER MAJESTY'S notification will of course be refused admission to Court, or should she sink in, her presentation will be "cancelled." No Demoralised Person must approach the QUEEN or the PRINCES OF WALES.

Mr. *Punch* heartily and respectfully thanks his Sovereign for this intervention between fools and victims.

The wretched Lodge of Foresters who "continued their festivities" after the murder, will of course be dis-affiliated by the rest of the body.

Perfecting a Title.

CERTAIN books should decidedly have certain publishers. For instance, we see a little work with the taking title of "*Sea Fish—how to catch them*," published in connection with the name of our estimable publishers, MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS. This is wrong, and we condemn it as being sadly wanting in point. In our opinion, the publisher whose name ought to have announced such a plain question as "*Sea Fish—how to catch them?*" should have been HOOKAM.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



EAR PUNCH,
"AFTER all, the Drama is not dead. If you but go to the Adelphi, you will see that it has not yet given up the Ghost; and it by chance you went to the Dramatic Fancy Fair, you must have seen that there are actors and actresses in plenty who still contrive to get a living by the stage. Like most of us, they have to work hard to do this; but in spite of their hard work, they are ever willing to incur some extra labour for a charitable cause. Playing at shopkeepers is a pretty little pastime for fine ladies, who

can recruit their languid limbs by loitering on a sofa all the evening after it; but instead of doing this, the dramatic ladies had to hurry back to town, and do their usual professional work without a moment's rest. Whatever be their faults, actors certainly are generous in helping one another, and deserve to be assisted in their charitable schemes. Those 'who think they are pious when they're only bilious,' and may shrink from giving them support, should be reminded that there really is a shadow of disloyalty in condemning what is patronised and sanctioned by the QUEEN. That her name stands at the head of the patrons of the College is a proof that she approves of that Dramatic Institution; and the knowledge of this fact should tempt all loyal subjects to send in their names at once to swell the Royal list of helpers in the charity, which, as needless letter-writing is a nuisance this hot weather, they can do by their mere signatures at the bottom of a cheque.

"If it had not been for wishing to say a word in favour of this deserving charity, I should have shrunk just now from writing about anything dramatic. One can't well take much interest in theatrical affairs, when one's heart is in the Highlands, where one wishes that one's legs were. With Saint Grouse Day close at hand, who that cares for shooting can care to write or read or talk or think about the theatres? But, alas! eh! oime! here am I in town, and all that I can do is to bewail my cruel lot, and cry,

"O cursed fate that keeps me from 'the Moor!'"

Clearly there are other *Miserables* in the world than those whom M. Hugo has pictured in his book. But thinking of one's troubles is not the way to lighten them, and so my compliments to the grouse, and as I cannot have the pleasure of seeing them this season, I'll see what there may be worth seeing here in town.

"Since I wrote my last, a new star has been visible in the dramatic firmament, and by some has been regarded as quite a shining light. The very name of STELLA seemed to indicate a Star, and possibly her plaudits were biased by this fact. I cannot say I thought her a very brilliant body, nor can I think it probable that she will add much lustre to SHAKESPEARE or his stage. Of course I speak in all humility while thus descending from the orthodox 'opinions of the press.' With only one exception, so far as I have seen, the critics have been clamorous in their commendation, and seemed determined to agree that since the memorable night of the *début* of Miss O'NEIL, no one like MA'AMSELLE COLAS had so taken the town by storm. Thus prepared, I went to see a graceful girlish *Juliet*, with a slightly foreign accent and a multitude of charms of voice as well as face. I had rather not exactly describe what I *did* see; but though I don't quite think 'a bathe with an electrical eel' would be a preferable torture to seeing such a *Juliet*, I cannot say that when I witnessed her performance I felt inclined to join much in the plaudits of the house. A FECHTER in petticoats would not be to my thinking an unpleasant sort of personage, though I must own I have a preference for hearing SHAKESPEARE'S English spoken by an English-speaking tongue. But MA'AMSELLE COLAS cannot act as a female FECHTER would do, and her Frenchy airs and graces are entirely unsuited to the *Juliet* of the text. As she has not studied English more than a few weeks, it would not be fair to criticise her shortcomings of speech; but to me she has a gasping throaty way of utterance which

is even more unpleasant than her false accentuation, and which she should be strongly counselled to amend. As English ladies seem now disappearing from our stage, we must hold ourselves prepared to see French actresses appearing on it, and we must take care not to sneer at them merely for their birth. So, *sainte de mieux*, I'll gladly welcome a French *Juliet*, when I find her act the character as a female FECHTER would. But I cannot say that MA'AMSELLE COLAS has done this, nor, in spite of all the praises and predictions of the press, can I fancy it is likely that she ever will.

"The Haymarket is closed, and so is the St. James's, and next week the Lyceum will have followed their example, after running the *Duke's Motto* for 174 nights. The *Ticket of Leave Man* still continues to attract at the Olympic, and its success must be encouraging to lovers of the drama, as showing that a play well written and well acted is appreciated even in these undramatic days, when scenes of mere sensation are more praised than scenes of sense. The ever urbane manager MR. EMDEN takes his benefit next Saturday. At the Bandbox called the Strand, MR. BROWN is as usual 'all there' with a burlesque, as he was two months ago and still is at the Adelphi, which is quite a favourite haunt now it is haunted by the Ghost. Besides being apparent, the Ghost has been made *patent*; and this has much increased my feelings of respect for it. Let lighter-minded jesters laugh at me as they will, I shall always feel a tickling in my bump of veneration when I ever chance to call to mind the pluck of the professor who conceived the bold idea of patenting a ghost!

"ONE WHO PAYS!"

THE FATA MORGANA.

NONSEN and wiser words could not be uttered, our dear DE MORGAN. Most sensible words. Most sound advice. It is just what we like to have said to us. You told the University College boys:—

"You are going to have your holidays, and I advise you not to have too much to do with your books, but to be a great deal in the open air. I advise you to think a little every day that your habits of thought may be kept up, but otherwise I would not advise you to do too much work."

Admirable, dear MR. DE MORGAN. We intend, now the season is over, to go into the country and act in the closest way up to your noble advice (perhaps deducting the little thinking) and so, Bless you, DE MORGAN.

[Our Contributor is enthusiastic, but has lost sight of a slight fact or two which will be recalled to his mind when he doesn't find a letter from us at the Post Office.—ED. P.]

PITY FOR WAUGH.

WHEN I've done pitying aged men
Cast out of homes by WAUGH's device,
Forced to begin hard work again,
And sell it for a sordid price:
When I've done pitying and-eyed wives,
Thrust from loved hearths to shame and need,
And girls, once gay, whose poor young lives
He turned to slavery by his greed:
Then I will pity WAUGH (who sulks
That law denies him "change of air")
If there's no felon at the hulks
To claim what pity's left to spare.

PUNCH.

NOT RIGHT TO A T.

DURING the past week the authorities at the Zoological Gardens have been mystified by the daily appearance of large numbers of visitors of a strange kind. They are of both sexes, the men are chiefly in ill-made black, and the women in sad colours, but dowdies. They tender greasy shillings, some of which are rejected by the money-takers. They make their way to the Ponds, which they examine, seem enlightened and disgusted, and go away casting evil glances at the elegant aristocracy of the Regent's Park. The thing has been a mystery until yesterday, when it was explained by a stout party who was too angry and hot to conceal his discomfiture. It seems that the paragraph in the *Times*, stating that "the celebrated Sturgeon may be daily seen swimming in the pond near the antelope," had been copied into the *Waltham Chronicle*, but the name of the fish had been misspelt with a P for a T. Printers should be careful.

Lispings from Low Latitudes.

THE French papers say that the utmost indignation has been caused by the Grand DUKE CONSTANTINE's having Toasted MOURAVIEFF. Well—it was premature, perhaps, not to say, officious, but how do the French papers know?

A CARD.

MESSIEURS DEATH-SEAD & KROSSBONES are delighted to inform the Snobility and Gentry and the Enlightened Public generally, that, thanks to our humane and non-interfering Government, they are enabled to announce great additional attractions to the lovers of sensational acrobatic feats. It was feared that in consequence of a recent broken neck and other slight mishaps, there would have been a stop put to all perilous performances, as was stupidly suggested by weak writers for the press. But to his honour be it said, SIR GEORGE GREY when appealed to declined to interfere, alleging that the public was the best judge of its pleasures, and that the mere force of popular opinion would effectually prohibit a demoralising show. MESSIEURS DEATH-SEAD & KROSSBONES have therefore made ar-



THIS IS ONE OF THE HYDE PARK KEEPERS HAVING HIS CARTE DE VISITE TAKEN—

rangements to gratify the growing taste for seeing necks broken: and they are happy to announce that, having an extensive *troupe* at their command, they will be enabled to guarantee their patrons the certainty of witnessing three shocking catastrophes a-week.

MESSIEURS DEATH-SEAD & KROSSBONES also beg leave to announce that, encouraged by the absence of all legislative hindrance, they are preparing to produce a real Spanish Bullfight, with all its cruelties and casualties, its gorgeousness and gore, and they have likewise in rehearsal some thrilling gladiator combats, as performed before the Emperors in enlightened Ancient Rome.

N.B. Parties attended by perilous performers, at the very shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

✂ Educational establishments most liberally treated with.



AND THESE ARE THE LITTLE CHILDREN WHO CONVERT THE PARK RAILINGS INTO GYMNASIC POLES, TO THE CONSTERNATION OF VOKINS'S HORSE!

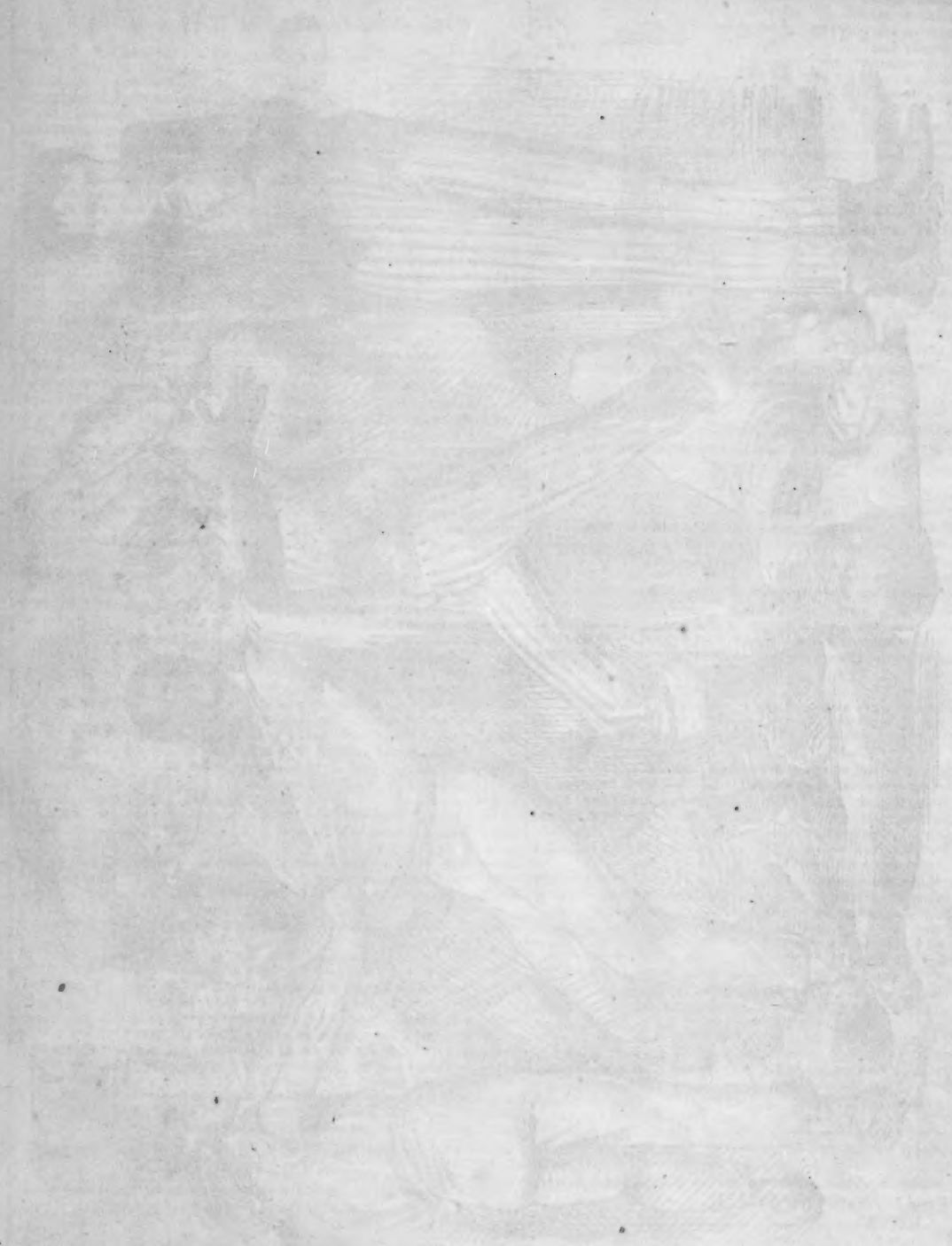
[MORAL. Would it not be better if the Park Keeper attended to his duties a little!



“ROWDY” NOTIONS OF EMANCIPATION.

“THE mob on the corner, below my house, had hung up a negro to the lamp-post. In mockery, a cigar was placed in his mouth. * * * For hours these scared negroes poured up Twenty-seventh Street, passing my house. * * * One old negro, 70 years old, blind as a bat, and such a cripple that he could hardly move, was led along by his equally aged wife with a few rags they had saved, trembling with fright, and not knowing where to go.”—*Maximilian's Letter in the Standard, July 30th.*

THE HISTORY OF THE
ROYALTY, FORMED BY THE
UNION OF THE
CROWN OF SCOTLAND
WITH THE
CROWN OF ENGLAND
IN THE YEAR 1706
BY
JAMES O'BRYEN



THE QUEEN



TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

"LADIES,

" Windsor Castle, Aug. 1.

"THE QUEEN has commanded me to express the pain with which HER MAJESTY reads the account of daily accidents arising from the wearing of the indelicate, expensive, dangerous, and hideous article called Crinoline."

HER MAJESTY cannot refrain from making known to you her extreme displeasure that educated women should by example encourage the wearing of a dress which can be pleasing only to demoralised taste.

"For the miserable idiots who abjectly copy the habits of those conventionally termed their betters, it is impossible to entertain anything but pity."

"But to the Ladies of England this appeal to abandon the present degrading, dangerous, and disgusting fashion, is made in the belief that they will show themselves the rational and decorous persons whom they are supposed to be.

"I have the honour to be,

"Ladies,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"C. R. PHIPPS."

THE REVOLUTION IN POLAND.

THE attention of MR. POPE HENNESSY, and other gentlemen who sympathise with insurgent Poles, but not with oppressed Romans, is invited to the following extract from *REUTER'S Express*, dated Breslau, July 25:—

"A decree of the Revolutionary Tribunal at Warsaw was published on the 21st instant, sentencing to death COLONEL LEUCHTE, the notorious inquisitor of the citadel in the reign of the Emperor NICHOLAS, who had recently resumed his functions on the inquisitorial committee. On the evening of the publication of this decree, COLONEL LEUCHTE was stabbed by an unknown hand."

Apologists of the Papal Government and enemies of the Italian Kingdom have been vehemently protesting that the Polish insurrection is quite a distinct thing from that more general Continental rising against constituted authority, which they call the Revolution. There exists, however, the same apparent resemblance between those two movements as that which is discernible between two peas, a big and a little one. Revolutions are not made with rose-water indeed, but neither are they made without effusion of a fluid in colour nearly similar to infusion of roses. If Revolution has shed the blood of COUNT ROSSI and others at Rome, has it not also assassinated COLONEL LEUCHTE, and a few more victims at Warsaw? Doubtless, COLONEL LEUCHTE ought to have been hanged, if there had been a law to hang him, and power to enforce it. How far the shortcoming of legal hemp may be justifiably supplied by the irregular knife, who shall say? But surely if we are to call a spade a spade, we must also call a dagger a dagger. But perhaps we shall be told that an excommunicated dagger is one weapon, and that a poniard consecrated by a benediction is another. Nevertheless, we conceive they come to the same thing in the end; that is, when their points respectively penetrate the heart of an adversary. In short, assassination, right or wrong, is assassination, whether practised by Roman patriots or patriotic Roman Catholic Poles, and Revolution in Poland is identical with Revolution elsewhere, with the Revolution, in fact; which Revolution is not merely an anti-christian confederacy arrayed against the Powers that be; but also, whatever the *papalini* British or foreign may say, considerably Catholic.

In the meantime it is to be hoped that the fate of COLONEL LEUCHTE will be a warning to GENERAL MOURAVIEFF.

Art.

A PICTURE was the other day presented to the Commissioners of the Bankruptcy Court. The principal figure in the foreground is an old soldier, a very old soldier; which in the distance, where all is blue, can be faintly discerned the outline of Branksea Island. The Work is intended as a companion to the *Blessings of Peace*, and is entitled the *Miseries of War*.

THE COMPANIES IN THEIR CUPS.

By a Party who has evidently not recovered the use of his Poetic Poor Feet.

Don't you wish you'd been at the Mansion House on Wednesday, when the Lord Mayor, Mr. ROSE, feasted the City Companies, and the old Wardens and old Masters came eager for the dinner and never heeding the gout that might get into their poor old lumpy knees?

But it was not merely Masters and Wardens, no, the LORD MAYOR didn't invite them on'y,

But LORD HARRIS of Trinidad in the West Indies, COLONEL STYKES of the East ditto, SIR CHARLES RICH of Shirley House, and the excellent SIR CUSACK RONLEY.

Likewise members of the Committee of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Lieutenancy; at their head MR. ORBARN,

A gentleman of most distinguished manners, though there's no other rhyme to his name but slobbered.

And didn't they all enjoy themselves, eating Mr. ROSE's turtle, venison, sweetbreads, sweetmeats, pines, and peaches,

And when their precious healths were drunk returning thanks in no end of facetious speeches.

How they all tried to make jokes on the name of their Conservative, Liberal, and hospitable host,

And a worse and worse pun succeeded its predecessor as the last man got up to answer the toast.

MR. LOVE, for the Great Late Eastern Railway said that LOVE's place was among the ROSES;

MR. UNDERWOOD, for the Fishmongers, said that fishes had ROES; whereas MR. ROWE and his elegant family turned up their noses.

MR. PRABOR, for the Haberdashers, said that those duffers always sold pins in ROWS.

MR. DOLLOID, for the Spectacle-makers, said there could be no greater Spectacles than Lord Mayor's Shows.

MR. BUGGIX, for the Bellows-makers, said that Bellowses like ROSES, were made to blow:

MR. BAILY, for the Ironmongers, put in his Ore, but how he ROWS I don't know.

MR. FOWLER, for the Wax-chandlers, complimented the MAYOR's natural kindness, but said artificial ROSES were made of wax.

MR. WHITTAKER, or witty cur, for the Lorriners, said he had heard that mares often had Saddles on their backs.

MR. GIBBONS, for the Salters, made some incomprehensible references to the salt sea and the Member for Southampton.

MR. GRAY, for the Goldsmiths, said the MAYOR was a man of as sterling metal as he or St. Dunstan either had ever stamped on.

MR. GRACE, for the Grocers, said Ten-ROSES were a very delightful species of floricultural production.

MR. WALKER, for the Fruiterers, drank MASTER ROSE and his pore, which showed that MR. WALKER has had French instruction.

MR. JONES, for the Coopers, said that he really ROSE quite cock-a-Hoop.

But nobody told him that the front of his shirt had got a splash of the very best turtle soup.

And if they had it wouldn't have been true: MR. JONES will consider himself sold.

And I don't think any more witticisms were uttered that are worth being told.

And then came the hour at which the aristocratic guests began to morris.

And away went ALDERMAN GIBBONS, SIR CHARLES BRIGHT, and MR. J. T. NORRIS.

And if you'd been there I make no doubt you'd have drank a great deal of the excellent wine of MR. ROSE's.

But you couldn't have made such excellent verses as these afterwards, I swear they're almost as good as my poor friend the POET CLOSE's.

Whirlpools in Mexico.

INTELLIGENCE from Vera Cruz, published by the New York papers, contains the two parallel announcements subjoined:—

"GENERAL FOREY has announced that all who do not lay down their arms will be punished."

"PRESIDENT JUAREZ has announced that all who join GENERAL FOREY will be declared traitors."

Having duly considered the foregoing statements, We hereby authorise the Mexicans, who must experience some difficulty in saving themselves between GENERAL FOREY and PRESIDENT JUAREZ, to call JUAREZ Seyla, and FOREY Charybdis.

LATEST NEWS (by Electric Telegraph).—Russian Intelligence. Very little just now.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ject, thereby affording occasion for a sporting jocularity about giving the salmon the butt, MR. BAGWELL was wise upon bag-nets, and even SIR ROBERT PEEL came out as a salmon-pee! The Bill is law, so the parties concerned, that is to say the fish, had better order copies and see what it is all about, for St. Punch has no intention of turning St. Anthony, and preaching to a scaly congregation. We presume that the measure is understood where The Trout and the Salmon They play at backgammon, in the pleasant waters of Castle Hyde. MR. M'MAHON chivalrously stood up for the Common-law rights of the Rod-fishers, who it seems are now to be ruled with a rod of iron, and LORD FERMOY humanely endeavoured to mitigate the tremendous severity with which poachers are to be punished, but the Commons were in a Preservative mood, and voted all the harshness. Heavy fines are to be inflicted, and boats are to be seized. The Salmon is the king of Fish, and he is going in hard for Prerogative, but King Salmon and King Prussia will come to grief in the end. This was the Antepenultimate day of the Session.

Monday. The Penultimate day of the Session. The last set debate. In the Lords the GREAT ELTCH signified his opinion that the riotous conduct of the Greeks was a reason for not handing over to them the Ionian Isles. EARL RUSSELL thought he had a neat answer. He said that when our GEORGE THE FIRST ascended the throne there were disturbances here. His Lordship was so pleased with this brilliant historical illustration, that he declined to re-open the Ionian question. LORD DERBY was unconvinced, and condemned a gratuitous cession of the protectorate, and called it an unfortunate and an imprudent step.

The evening papers of the following day, that of the prorogation, announced that the coronet of LORD NORMANBY had been, something suddenly, transmitted. We have frequently censured an unwise politician, and would add a word of regret for an amiable gentleman.

The Commons had miscellaneous talk. MR. STANSFELD explained some improvements which are to be made at the Greenwich nautical school, but they can be accepted only as a small instalment of the reforms needed at the Hospital. QUEEN VICTORIA will retain the sole power of making Ionian and English Knights of the order of St. Michael and St. George, and this is a great comfort. MR. MOSSELL "advisedly" charged MR. NEWDEGATE and his Exeter Hall friends with having "hounded" the late MR. TURNBULL to his grave, and SIR G. BOWTER confirmed the statement that MR. TURNBULL had died brokenhearted through unjust imputations on his honour. The death is to be deplored and the persecution to be condemned, which said, we may add that the phenomenon of a sensible man's losing, we

will not say his life, but a night's rest, by reason of an Exeter Hall "bray," as LORD MACAULAY said, is so singular as to be worthy record. A quadruped's bray might keep one awake. MR. COWPER will not open a road through the Park from Bayswater to Kensington, because foot-passengers might choose to stay in the Park all night. One likes to hear a good reason for things. A law was then hurried through Parliament for doing something awful to people who say they have got Exhibition Medals when they haven't. Imagine anybody boasting of such a thing! One would prefer being, like CASTLEREAGH, at Congress, "decorated by the absence of decorations." SIR G. BOWTER was dilating upon the injustice of Benchers, when a Count Out showed that only twenty-six Members were enjoying the recital of legal wickedness.

Tuesday. This was the Ultimate day of the Session. In the Commons MR. EWART mentioned that he should, next year, bring in a Permissive Bill in favour of the Metric System. That will not do. Give the British Blockhead three years, seven, or ten, if you like, to learn what the British Schoolboy would learn in three months, but make the law Obligatory at a definite date. Nobody learns lessons if he can help it.

Pontefract wants a new Member. The accomplished, independent, kindly MR. MONCKTON MILNES goes up to the Lords as BARON HOUGHTON, and Mr. Punch expresses his entire satisfaction with the arrangement, and inaugurates the coronet of LORD HOUGHTON by declaring him an hought-on-hout good nobleman. The beating of our own Palms is all the sound we heard in acknowledgment of this remarkable epigram.

MR. COWPER said that he intended to remove the Rails from all the London Statues, thinking that railing enough was supplied by public criticism.

An Irish Convict, who pleaded guilty to a charge of attempting murder, is stated to have since declared that he was innocent, but that the governor of the gaol kept him without food until he agreed to confess, when a good dinner was given him, and future provision was promised him. MR. O'HAGAN did not answer the statement in a way exactly calculated to induce a conviction that he believed the story, and Mr. Punch is free to confess that he himself is not one of those persons, Sir, who are inclined to repose implicit faith in an unverified allegation of an improbable character.

If HER MAJESTY had occasion to allude to the Black Rod, She would probably not do so in the celebrated line from the *Hunchback* :—

"I call him CLIFFORD, and he calls me Madam."

But without waiting to discuss this question, we may remark, that the QUEEN, through LORD WESTBURY, here called SIR AUGUSTUS, and bade him summon the Commons to the bar of the Lords. They went, the gallant veteran PALMERSTON leading the way.

"The Queen *Willis* it" having been said over a heap of new laws, (in fact the Royal Commissioners were received with a salute of 101 Bills) the LORD CHANCELLOR WESTBURY delivered himself to the following effect :—

Ire licet.

"I 'trust' that Russia will carry out the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna as to Poland. [But not a word about making her do it, LORD ELLENBOROUGH.]

Federals and Confederates are still unfortunately at war, to the detriment of neutrals, but I have seen no reason to depart from neutrality. [No, MR. BRIGHT; no, MR. ROEBUCK; no, Mr. Elected of the Millions.]

I am taking steps to unite the Ionian Islands to Greece, whose nice new King will shortly take steps thitherward. I am in communication with the parties to the treaty of 1815, and shall ask the Ionians what they have to say. [Nothing about your views, your Majesty ABDUL AZIZ.]

I have demanded reparation from Japan, and I hope not to be obliged to use force. [Daimios at a distance will please to accept this intimation.]

Brazil is angry with me because I did not comply with demands which I did not deem it possible to accede to. [What do you mean by possible, LORD JOHN? Is not this writing like a possum, who is decidedly up a Brazilian 'gum-tree?'] But I should be glad to see relations re-established. [JOHN must write to MOREIRA and say so.]

Thanks to the Commons for supplies, for Fortifications money [ha! PAM, ha! CORDEN] and for the provision for young MR. AND MRS. WALES. [Long may they enjoy it, and in Marlborough House.]

Things are rather better in the manufacturing districts. I recognise private generosity, and have gladly assented to the relief measures. [And, happily, a glorious harvest is coming.]

SIR CANNIBAL TARTOO is bumptious, but a mixture of conciliation

and cuffing will, it is hoped, smooth him down. [Mr. Punch insists on these New Zealanders being treated properly. Some of them are almost as handsome as himself.]

A Bill has been passed for improving small benefices. [We looked to see whether LORD WESTBURY would smile as he read this, but his face preserved its calm. Perhaps the Member who talked about Simony, in a Simple-Simony way, was not in the House.]

The Statutes have been revised. [Yes, your MAJESTY, and the learned and industrious gentlemen who have done it have been very badly paid for invaluable work.]

The Volunteers have been placed upon a well-defined footing. [Who wrote this slip-slop? He had better send his English to drill.]

An Act for carrying into effect the American anti-slave trade treaty has passed, and I hope that the honourable co-operation of the Government of the "United" States [this means the North] will materially assist

me in putting an end to the Perpetration of that Most Disgraceful Crime. [Words worthy the Queen of Freemen, your Majesty.]

Our General Prosperity is unimpaired, our financial resources have been fully maintained, and our general commerce with the world at large has not been materially impaired. [The information is more gratifying than the tautology.]

India, recovering from disasters, enters upon a course which holds out good promise for growing prosperity. [A course holds out a promise. On the end of a fork, or how? WOOD, WOOD, CHARLEY WOOD!]

On returning to your several Counties you will have important parts to perform. [We see that amateur theatricals are announced as in preparation at several aristocratic houses.]

The keeper of the QUEEN'S conscience added the usual devotional valediction, and mentioned the 14th of October as the day on which his audience would again hear that they were not wanted.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



TH thousand questions are being daily put to us at this season of the year, as to "when to go, how to go it, where to go to, and what to wear where you go; and we, drawing largely upon our own travelling experience, are now about satisfactorily to answer. The third point is the one to which we must first give our serious attention, and therefore let it be our cheerful task, before entering into the details of expense and so forth, to suggest a few pleasant routes for the consideration of the still dubitating tourist. Home circuits will not of course come under our present notice.

Let us suppose then that you want to be away for ever such a long time: very good; then we will commence by reducing that period to three weeks at the outside. This phrase "at the outside," will fairly exhaust the first part of our subject; while "at the inside" will relate merely to the pocket, and we shall soon exhaust that.

Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen, for our

GRAND PATENT THREE WEEKS TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

CONDUCTED ON THE MOST ECONOMICAL PRINCIPLES.

Let us begin at the beginning; alphabetical order of places by all means. Let us say you want to go to Antwerp? By the way you mustn't say you don't, or else we're done, and won't play any more.

Very good; then you do want to go to Antwerp. Now here is a nice little three weeks jaunt for you:

Antwerp.
Athens.
Berlin (where the wool is.)
Copenhagen.
Dresden (calling at China.)
Ems.
Florence.

Göttingen and back again, *via* Leipsic, Hong Kong (if time), Madeira, Paris and the Margin of Fair Zurich's Waters. *Tulliaty*, and so home.

This will suffice for the first journey. You can start from anywhere you like, say Brunswick Square by Moonlight.

While we feel inclined, permit us to make three observations:—

First. The Tourist's Best Pocket Companion is,—MONEY.

Secondly. Bank clerks and others (specially "others"), should not leave England without their employer's permission, lest they be caught tripping.

Thirdly. Don't be extravagant; but if you're going very far, it doesn't do to be "a little near."

If in the course of these directions any abbreviations are used, let it be understood, once for all, that *r* means rail, and that *s* doesn't; that *o* means nothing, *p* means something, and so on.

First, catch your Passport. This must be signed by all the Crowned Heads of Europe. On being asked your name, reply "N. or M. as the case may be."

Having procured this necessary document, packing up before packing off is the order of the day. So now we must consider—

What to take? The simple answer to this regular puzzle is, "Take time;" don't fluster yourself or "take on" if you find matters going unsatisfactorily, and take off your coat and waistcoat if filling a portmanteau be warm work; and finally end by taking yourself off altogether. If you take this idea, you'll commence excellently well.

Another important question is, "*What quantity of Luggage shall I require?*" We are prepared for this or any other emergency:—

Necessary Luggage. One portmanteau, full; another empty, in case you lose the first. A hat-box, with hat *inside*. A bag containing "Things." A large sandwich-box to hold muffins, strawberries, and slices of roast beef, which you can't get abroad. A packet of collars, silk neckties, and an Alpine stock, much worn among the mountaineers. Don't bother yourself about taking soap; if you were to spend much money in this article you'd soon be cleaned out. Carefully provide yourself with blankets, table napkins, sheets, candlesticks, snuffers, and panes of glass, in case any of the windows in your bedroom at the hotel are broken. A knife, fork, and spoon are indispensable. A barrel organ will amuse you on the road, but we scarcely recommend your carrying it, unless there's a donkey to take it about, which, by the way, there probably would be.

Glasses, &c. You can always obtain plenty of glasses on the journey at the various refreshment rooms; some people can, however, see better without them. Carry a telescope about the size of LORD ROSS's; or hire it for your tour. If you can get on fast with a walking-stick, take two, and then you'll get on faster. Umbrellas, belonging chiefly to other people, you will be able to pick up on the road. Perhaps, however, it is better to carry one, as when hungry you will always have a spread ready.

So far, so good. The next point is money. Procure this from a banker before four o'clock. The best time, however, is when he's not looking. If this is impracticable, ask him to sing a Round, and then catch some of his circular notes.

So much for the present; there remains quite as much for the future. We ourselves have not travelled for nothing; and, by the way, on referring to that admirable publication, "Our Banker's Book," we devoutly wish that we had.

The Value of Subscription.

A YOUNG MAN who had served several months behind the counter of MESSRS. SILKINS & CRAPER, unexpectedly succeeding to property, resigned his situation at the establishment of those gentlemen, and went to Oxford, where he graduated. On taking his degree, being required to testify his orthodoxy by the customary subscription, he promptly complied, and having signed the Thirty-nine Articles with a flourish, asked, in the most obliging manner, "And what is the next Article?"

HORTICULTURAL.

EVERY one knows that flowers possess a language of their own, and a literature, too, in their leaves. One species can also enjoy a joke and laugh heartily at it. London, a gardener informs us, is very fruitful in Laughing Stocks.

A VETERAN.—COLONEL WAUGH, at his late examination in the Bankruptcy Court, insisted much on the position that he was an "old soldier." Nobody doubted it.

LAST FEW DAYS OF ST. PAUL'S.



Now then, make haste, make haste, and pay a visit to Ludgate Hill, and behold, for nearly the last time you will have the opportunity, the vast and celebrated Cathedral of St. Paul, erected by that famous architect SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, in the reigns of their Majesties the last of the Stuarts. Be in time, be in time. In a very short time this remarkable edifice will become invisible, owing to the great improvements which the march of intellect and the progress of commerce, providentially force upon this Great Metropolis. Therefore, be in time before the view is shut out for ever and ever by the highly ornamented tank in preparation by the Railway Company. The architecture will well repay inspection, the *façade*, henceforth to be seen no more, is regarded as one of the finest things in the world, and the majestic appearance of the west front defies at once competition and description. There is no charge, so long as you keep out of the building, and in short this is an opportunity which can never occur again in the history of London. Be in time, be in time.

SERVANTGALISM.

The following letter from "MISS DRAKE" is a rich specimen of the fine-ladyism of the kitchen, and is printed *verbatim et literatim* :—

"SIR, 20 July, 1863.

"MISS DRAKE as ford you the a mount of her Bill and is very sory that she is not able to duth it before but she as been hill evre sent she as been up in London as not been able to go to her sutuhane that she was go in to but I ham gut much better now I ham very sory that I have give you so much Trubble it was not my intensh to rong you of a pen harfter be so kind to me and I thortht it was no use right letter with out send you the money I have send you a postoff order to day if you will be so kind to resest my bill and send it to me

"from your Humbler servant

"KATE DRAKE.

"Sir will you be kind enoft to resest my bill the same day as I ham order to go down by the seecside and I ham gone on Therday sen it to me."

Cricket.

DARK, the Cricketing Purveyor, complains that in his trade he suffers from imitators. There are, he says, during the summer months, so many bats after Dark, with whom he has no connection.

TIME MOST UNPROFITABLY SPENT.—Shopping.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Royal Geographical Society have at length given a satisfactory reason for the present position of the Equator. They say they must draw the line somewhere.

News of our two Theatrical Travellers.—"It is," says our Nautical Correspondent, "a touching sight, to see MR. CHARLES KEAN correctly attired as *Amphion*, sitting across the main-top-gallant-mast, lulling the dolphins to sleep with recitations from *Hamlet* and other plays. It is needless to add, that the passengers fall asleep almost as soon as it commences. The affability of the truly great actor is remarkable: he speaks to every one on board, including the Man at the Wheel, who, in his turn, does not reply.

Great alterations are to be made in our Railway Carriages. There is to be a bell attached to each seat, and if you want anything, you can ring it. If the bell is found to answer, as well as give the summons, nothing more will be needed for the present.

Several works will shortly be issued from the Great Hydraulic Press; we fear that they must be rather wishy-washy, and not worth poring over.

The Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, have at length decided the greatly vexed question, as to whether HOMER did or did not wear wooden legs. They now confidently assert, that he did not, as, though it may be painful to say it, they have come across the Poet's Feet in the *Iliad*; and, in the same work, a subject calling for peculiar remark, has been the constant use of his little *to*.

MR. KEAN IN ORDERS.

MR. CHARLES KEAN, now sailing on the seas in the *Champion* thereof, on his way to happy Melbourne, has given a touching proof of his devotion to what he called, in his playbills, "the Standard religion of the country." According to the theatrical papers, he has "undertaken to read the Church Service during the voyage, but has stipulated that he shall not be called upon to baptise, marry, or bury." We see no harm in an actor's reading prayers, but one would like to know how the responses are managed. Clearly MR. KEAN cannot be clerk as well as parson; for we have often, and with delight, heard him remark,

"I could dot say Abed."

and proceed, with exquisite emphasis,

"But wherefore could I dot prodounce Abed?
I had bust need of blessing, and Abed
Stuck in my throat."

We shall be curious to hear further particulars touching the Rev. MR. KEAN, who has thus taken Theatrical Orders.

A TRIVIAL ACCIDENT.

A TURNSTILE stood in FANNY's way;
She tried to pass it through:
A lot of boys, hard by at play,
Had FANNY in their view.
Her skirts she sought in vain to press
Those narrow bounds between;
When lo! the hoops escaped her dress
Of steel-ribbed Crinoline!

The little wretches raised a shout,
A loud and joyous noise;
They leapt aloft, and danced about,
And laughed—those horrid boys!
Police, that should have been ashamed,
Stood smiling on the scene,
While those rude boys "Ho ho!" exclaimed,
"Out pops the Crinoline!"

Paradox in the Jury-Box.

IN the great ROUFFEL case the jury agreed that the Will was forged, but differed as to whether the Deed was genuine. Those of them who credit the genuineness of the latter document are of course prepared to deny that the Will is as good as the Deed.

ANTIQUARIAN.—The Monks of old were famous for baking. Among the most celebrated of their productions is the Roll of Battle Abbey.

VOLUNTEER INTELLIGENCE.—The Metropolitan Pawnbrokers are about to organise a corps. They are to be armed with Pop-guns.

CONVIVIAL MOTTO FOR THE COMPANY OF SPECTACLE-MAKERS.—
"Glasses Round."

AMUSEMENT AT WINCHESTER.



"Corpora sanctorum sunt hic in pace sepulta,
Ex meritis quorum fulgent miracula multa."

"Sir, I wish the relics of the saints at Winchester would cure rheumatism, and replace some of those teeth the loss of which is so injurious to digestion and articulation. However, this I will say, that there is, around the place where those remains are said to be buried in peace, a sphere, or atmosphere of repose which is very soothing to the nervous system. It extends around the Cathedral to some distance, and especially along Kingsgate Street; a thoroughfare in which the passengers may be described as mostly invisible. You meet hardly anybody, but seem to feel that those whom you cannot see are passing you. So to speak, few but ghosts walk in Kingsgate Street. The houses look as if their present occupants had departed this life. Under these circumstances, anybody but a gross materialist is naturally or supernaturally, and humbug apart, disposed to inquire 'Are there any spirits present?' But the other day, when I found myself under their influence, the added condition of a high material temperature compelled me rather to ask 'Is there any beer?' A prompt answer to this invocation occasioned an immediate adjournment to the Crown, a hostelry which is one of those few in which the landlord now-a-days keeps good old ale. *Experto crade*; and, if ever you pass through Kingsgate Street, Winchester, and the echoes of your heels raise spirits that depress your own, to refresh your soul try Mr. Watts's tap. But, Sir, I went into his coffee-room, and there I not only enjoyed his ale, but also an advertisement, (so different from the London puffs which I detest,) the idea whereof may have been, if not inspired by the *genius loci*, carefully adapted to it. This was an illustrated prospectus of the 'Accidental Death Insurance Company.' It included an Almanack, surrounded by a series of oval borders corresponding to the twelve months of the year, and each containing an illustration of a fatal accident suitable to the month. For January was represented a skater slipping through the ice. For February, a shipwreck. For March, a cannon, during artillery-practice, bursting and killing a volunteer. For April, a collision between two steamers at sea. For May, a railway collision. For June, a boat containing a lady, and attendant gents, upset. For July a gig with a gent in it capsize by lightning. For August, a man gored by a bull. For September, a man thrown from his horse, and pitching on his head. For October, a Volunteer withdrawn from a Review, and swooning under surgical assistance against a tree; supposed to have been shot with a ramrod. For November, a woman run over in a fog. For December, a house on fire; female with child appearing at a window in the flames; fireman below, too late.

"Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now,"

as I heard a young lady sing, to my edification, the other evening, in a party, at a most unseasonable hour.

"Now, Sir, this illustrated prospectus of the Accidental Death Insurance Company amused me more than any caricatures I have seen for some time, except yours. The notion of enticing a man to insure his life by pictorial embellishments of the various casualties by which he may be killed, is genuine commercial humour. Think how highly

attractive it is—much more so than 'Sydenham 17s. 6d.' and all that style of thing. It is just the sort of fun I like. And it has a moral purpose. Every Paterfamilias should insure his life from loss by accident in these railway times. I should, if I had any relations that I care about. As it is I shall buy an annuity, instead of insuring my life at all; and I am,

"SMELFURUS."

"The Owl in the Ivy, August, 1863."

TRUTH ON TOMBSTONES.

MR. MONSELL accused Mr. NEWDEGATE of having hounded the late Mr. TURNBULL to death by insisting that, as a violent religious partisan, he was not to be trusted as Calendarer in the State Paper Office. SIR GEORGE BOWTER backed Mr. MONSELL's accusation by asserting that Mr. TURNBULL had died of a broken heart, as in fact he did, if rupture of the heart is the same thing with bronchitis, and if heretics can excite inflammation in the breast of a zealous Catholic by declaring their want of confidence in him under circumstances in which the interests of his Church are concerned. Can SIR GEORGE BOWTER demonstrate that this is so? In that case he has made a discovery in onomatology for which the College of Physicians ought to send him an honorary diploma.

MR. NEWDEGATE, however, in a letter to Mr. MONSELL, repels the imputation of having, like an East wind or a fog, affected poor Mr. TURNBULL with fatal pulmonary disease. Incidentally in this document, he makes, with reference to a certain Oratorian burying-ground at Sydenham, a statement which, if accurate, raises an interesting question. He says, referring to a speech in the House of Commons:—

"The facts I stated referred to the late Mr. WILLIAM HUTCHINSON, who was buried on the 16th of this month at Sydenham, except the misdescription of the deceased upon his tombstone, which applied to the late Mr. FREDERICK FORTESCUE WELLS, who is described on his tombstone as ALBANUS WELLS."

If, then, MR. NEWDEGATE, has been rightly informed, a man who was named FREDERICK FORTESCUE is on his tombstone called ALBANUS. How was his name registered? As ALBANUS too? If so, we should like to know what the law says about such a registration, and if it says nothing, what security it has provided against false entries on the register.

Of course, if JAMES BUGG may call himself NORFOLK HOWARD, a gentleman whose godfathers and godmothers gave him the names of FREDERICK FORTESCUE is, or should be, at liberty to renounce them for ALBANUS, or VITUS, or any other which his taste may prefer to them. But then the change should be duly advertised and recorded. To preclude mistake a reminiscence of the old names might be preserved by an *alias*. A misnomer on a tombstone may create a flaw in a pedigree. Heirs may be wronged by an epitaph whose "*Hic Jacet*" may be ambiguously translated "Here lies."

But perhaps we shall be reminded that the defunct who rest in the cemetery of the Oratorians at Sydenham cannot leave any posterity, and that if they could, unless in the case of a very tightly entailed estate, good care has been taken that no question touching the inheritance of their property shall ever arise to trouble any of their descendants.

PHILANTHROPY AT THE SEASIDE.

THE Royal National Lifeboat Institution met on Thursday last week at its house in John Street, Adelphi, MR. THOMAS CHAPMAN, F.R.S., Vice-President, in the Chair. Etymology suggests that the Adelphi is a fitting site for the offices of an Institution which is based on the principle of human brotherhood. It has been the means of saving in the course of the past year no less than 339 lives from the maw of the sea.

Out of the number above stated, the figures 123—a remarkable succession—represent the persons saved by the Society off their own bats, that is to say, with their own boats, of which they count 125; in proportion to the rescued, nearly a boat a man. To keep up these boats, however, they require subscriptions to be kept up by subscribers, of whom it may be said, "the more the merrier." What fun, then, it will be for all our opulent readers to contribute to the funds of the Lifeboat Institution, which surely deserves the support of all who are able to keep their own heads above water.

Fashion.

Dress for Ladies Visiting the Moors.—Powder and shot silk. Married ladies will of course get their husbands to see to the charge. Percussion Caps are only suitable for matrons. As a harmless initiation into the use of fire-arms, the prettiest girls should practise shooting glances through double-barrelled opera-glasses.



"QUIS SEPARABIT."—ON BOARD A P. & O. STEAMER.

The Company does not provide Superfluous Accommodation.

ORATORY—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

It is singular how words change their signification. Oratory in ancient times implied a remarkable display of intellectual power. To convince and persuade, not children, but men, was its proper function. Now it labours and often with success to convince a sickly girl that it is for her spiritual welfare to part with all her property for a Veil, and achieves a signal triumph when it has persuaded a stupid boy to run away from, and dishonour, his father.

Oratory, by a recent perversion, is a fine word suggestive of a low thing—kidnapping. Sweet names, however, cannot make that which is vile respectable, any more than an unsound ship can be rendered sea-worthy by a fresh coat of paint. Suppose an arc-sneak (were to repudiate his appellation of Thief and style himself a Kleptomaniac? Would it be competent for him when so ennobled to carry things with a high hand—to attach spoons and other unconsidered trifles at his own discretion? We opine not. Why then should the recognised professor of kidnapping be allowed to walk at large with a smirk beneath his Roman nose and a leer on either side of it? In common justice those who pick and choose their juvenile victims should be required for two or three months to pick a given quantity of oakum, and people who will not pursue a straight-forward course should be compelled to take reformatory steps in the county House of Correction.

A Case of Real Charity.

In the *Daily Telegraph* we learn from its Paris Correspondent that—

"The first detachment of Mexican prisoners has arrived at Evreux from Brest. On their entrance into the city the Mexican visitors seemed rather doubtful as to what would be their reception, but they were soon convinced of the hospitality and good feeling of the French. They were taken to the Golden Stag, where Punch was offered to them, 'at which,' to use the words of *Le Courrier de L'Est*, they showed themselves deeply touched."

Deeply touched! Yes, we should think so. We know when we have been imprisoned in a dull place like Evreux, nothing has cheered us half so much as getting hold of *Punch*.

THE SYBARITE CLUB.

MR. PUNCH announces that a number of gentlemen who have discovered that there are a great many disagreeable things in this not altogether disagreeable world, have formed themselves into an association which will probably take the above title. The SYBARITE CLUB is in course of formation, but as its details require a good deal of attention, and as it is against the nature of the members to bore themselves more than they can help, it will probably not open until about Christmas, when it will be constituted in time to save them from the active boredom of that so-called festive period.

The Principle of the Club is the AVOIDANCE OF ANYTHING THAT IS DISAGREEABLE.

Its Members must all be persons in easy circumstances, not that the Club sets any inordinate value on money (which is useful only as the means of preventing one's being bothered) but because if poor men come in, they may at some time or other ask for assistance, which it would be a bore to grant or deny.

Every luxury which civilisation has made a necessary will be supplied to the Members, but they will not have the trouble of directing or governing in any way. A highly paid staff of officials will be held responsible for all arrangements under a Manager who likes trouble. He will be the Medium between the Members and their servants, and he will be invested with absolute power. To avoid the possibility of discomfort, the first complaint, just or unjust, will involve the instant dismissal of the alleged culprit.

The existing Newspapers will not be taken in. They contain much that one wants to read, but it is so mixed with other matters as to make a journal a bore. A Sybarite Newspaper, which will probably be called *The Halcyon*, will therefore be edited for the Club. It will contain everything that is interesting, or sensational, inasmuch as one's own happiness is promoted by contrast with the discomforts of others. But all sentimentality, all appeals to one's patriotism, charity, morality, indignation, and the like will be excluded, and the aim of the editor will be to extract amusement from any subject upon which he may comment. No advertisements will be permitted to appear in the journal, except such as may offer additions to the comfort or enjoyment of the Members.

No person with a Purpose, or a Mission, or a Conviction of any kind (if he permits it to be known) will be eligible. The Club has no vulgar objection to the clergy, but as they are, or ought to be, somewhat a restraint upon conversation, it has been thought best to exclude them. The Army and Navy may come in, but not Volunteers, until they have learned to abstain from any demonstrative interest in their work. No Author, Actor, Member of Parliament, Betting Man, or other person who must talk shop, will be admitted under any circumstances. As a rule the Having Done Anything that People Talk About will be a ground of exclusion, as persons who have performed that feat are usually a nuisance.

Letters will not be received at the Club. Most letters are boring. But the Secretary will take directions from any Member who may wish a departure from the rule in his own case, as sometimes it is a bore not to get a particular letter, and a greater bore, if it goes to one's private residence.

The Site of the Club has received much consideration, and the Manager is in treaty for a noble house standing in its own grounds, in the centre of London. It is charmingly isolated, and the approaches are, fortunately, through streets of a high class, so that the sight of poverty, squalor, dirty industry, or anything else that is unpleasant, will be avoided. Porters, who have been Detectives, will effectually prevent visits from unwelcome persons of any kind. To complete the comfort of the Members, the Secretary, if furnished with a list of Poor Relations, or other people whose communications are a bore, will arrange for the private payment of any stipends to such persons, or will communicate with the police upon the subject.

It is thought that by a comprehensive and well-considered effort to avoid seeing, hearing, reading, or doing anything that is disagreeable, the Club may secure to itself as much freedom from Boredom as is compatible with mundane existence, and this is as near an approach to happiness as can reasonably be expected.

Gentlemen desirous of joining the Club can send their names and qualifications to the Secretary, under cover to *Mr. Punch*.

CLASSICAL.—It is a fact not mentioned in LEMPRIERE, that in ancient times "ploughing the ocean" produced Ce-crops.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



WORTHY of the gravest consideration to the tourist is the subject of Dress. The choice of costume, specially as regards the adoption of old clothes, must depend a great deal upon previous habits. Provide yourself, however with—

A Reversible Coat, black one side and white the other, with tails to hook on in case you want to go to an evening party.

Reversible Boots, so that you may be able to retrace your steps with ease. Let them be very neat, for it always is a point to turn out your toes well.

Travelling is dull work, sociably speaking, or, we should say, *not* sociably speaking. Take our advice, and break through any bashfulness and awkward reserve in opening a conversation with a chance companion.

Before we step into the train, a carriage must be selected. Choose one where the only available seat is filled with the boxes, rugs, sticks, &c., belonging to the occupants. Insist upon these being immediately removed. When this operation has been performed, and every one is more or less uncomfortable, say you've changed your mind, and shan't come in. Walk a little way from the door, then return to request them to keep the seat for you. Wait until three minutes before the train starts, when lose no time in shoving your fishing rod, desks with unpleasantly sharp corners, telescopes, sticks, umbrellas, and curiously impracticable hat boxes, under the seats. You must be very careful in looking after your luggage; therefore, at frequent intervals during the journey rummage about among the passengers' legs with your stick, in order to ascertain the safety of the various articles. If you miss anything, at once charge travelling companions, individually and collectively, with the theft. Even if they haven't stolen it, it will serve as a pleasant little *ruse* for breaking the ice and navigating a north-west passage to conversation point. If they won't second you in your laudable endeavours, whistle, hum, sing, eat oranges, and let the window perpetually up and down in order to dispose of the peel. Should you happen to be shut in with a solitary companion, say, for instance, an elderly gentleman inclined for sleep, (the following will be found an excellent

Scheme for a Railway Conversation with an entire stranger (elderly First Class):—

How do you do, Sir? I hope you are pretty well? It is a very fine day, a very wet day, a queer day, a tooral-li-day, &c., as the case may be. Seen the Duke's Motto?—(Here give a succinct account of the plot, finishing with, of course, an imitation of Mr. FECHTER.

Been to the Opera? Heard LUCCA and PATTI?—(Here give imitations of LUCCA and PATTI: this is the way to get on in the world and make yourself a pleasant companion.

Of course you've travelled by the Underground Railway? No? Dear me! well then, &c., &c. (Here give imitations of the Underground Railway: say sssssssssssss to imitate steam, and shriek when representing the passage through a Tunnel; these embellishments to your discourse will render the account graphic and life-like.

Seen PEPPER'S Ghost, I mean DIRCKS' and PEPPER'S Ghost? No! I have. Look here, this is the way it's done.—(Here show him the way it's done.

Been up in a Balloon? No! Dear me! What, never been up in a Balloon? Not with GLAISHER? Lor' GLAISHER goes up in a balloon with COXWELL, and when they've reached an altitude of 300,000,000,000 feet, their breath is taken away and, &c., &c.—(Here show him how COXWELL and GLAISHER reach an altitude of 300,000,000,000 feet, and take his breath away.

Ah! Stopping at a station? Hungry, eh? No—dear me. (Thirsty? No?—What are you going to stand?—(It will now be his turn to show you what he's going to stand; only, if he stands this sort of thing much longer, he will be a greater muf than we take him for.

Adapt yourself to your company; if your fellow traveller be a Bishop or Archdeacon, the following scheme will serve your turn:—

How are you, eh? Like wearing Gaiters, and Shovel Hats? I saw you at Ascot. You old doo, you!—(Here dig him in the ribs. I'll write to the Archbishop, you sly dog, I will. I say, did you see the last Fight for the Belt? You didn't—my eye!—well you must know that when JEM'S Novice drew the claret from the Dustman's smeller, &c.—(Here illustrate the action of drawing his claret, and so on through the several rounds.

Good Ballet at Her Majesty's this year! fine 'gals—rather. I say do you know that capital story about—(Here tell him that capital story about—

I'm told the BISHOP OF LONDON isn't going to shoot this year—eh, why?—because he was seen drawing his Charge—ha! ha! ha!—had you there, &c., *ad libitum*.

All this is very cheerful, sociable, and sprightly, and will carry you down to Dover, Newhaven, or S'thampton Water as pleasantly as possible.



BLANK PROSPECTS.

ANYBODY who has any money to throw away should put himself into communication with "A Barrister," who, in a letter to the *Post*, under the title of Foreign Lotteries, thus writes:—

"I have received by post a printed circular, but without the name of any printer, which informs me of a 'Grand Money Distribution of the Loan of the Grand Duchy of Baden,' and of the '245th Hamburg State Distribution.' The drawing of the prizes is to take place at Carlsruhe on the 31st of August instant, and at Hamburg on the 24th September next. Orders for shares will be strictly executed, provided they are accompanied with the necessary remittances to Mr. —, General Merchant, Guernsey, or to Mr. —, Proprietor of the official *Guernsey Gazette*. The names I have purposely left in blank."

Of course, "A Barrister" will be happy to give the names of the parties in question, to any gentleman labouring under a plethora of the purse, and desirous of lightening his pocket. An eminent operator in ophthalmic surgery remarks: "The Grand Money Distribution of the Loan of the Grand Duchy of Baden is, like an opacity on the cornea, a bad spec.; but if you call that a partial and morbid view of the thing, then I may venture to describe it as all my eye." In the City it is generally remarked, that the Hamburg speculation is as bad as the Baden, if it is not a worse 'un, and that the Baden as well as the Hamburg is all humbug. There is much significance in "A Barrister's" observation that he has left the names of the gentlemen who are open to receive remittances for the Hamburg and Baden lottery-shares, in blank. Anybody who may think it prudent to send them any money may safely calculate that the number of any lottery ticket which he may get in return will correspond exactly to their names as above stated.

Election Intelligence.

MAJOR WATERHOUSE has been returned for LORD HOUGHTON'S "abandoned cave" Pontefract (we use "abandoned" in its poetical sense) and SIR E. HEAD has not. WATERHOUSE, however, owes his election not to his Conservatism but to the hot weather. With the glass at 80, the name WATERHOUSE brought a cool, sluicy, refreshing idea. The Liberals were idiots not to re-christen their man SIR NEW RIVER HEAD.

THE BROMPTON BLOWFLIES.



of getting elected, in a few weeks, to a studentship of Christchurch, Oxford. He is now a postulant in the Oratory. His disappointed father is an expostulant out of it. He will expostulate with FABER and Co., about as effectually as MONTANA expostulated with the Pope. They will only laugh at him; while SIR GEORGE BOWYER and MR. MONSELL will perhaps complain seriously that he has cast obloquy on "the gentlemen of the Oratory" by publishing the personal grievance which he has sustained from the proselytism of those gentry.

What lengths would not such fellows as these Brompton Oratorians go to make converts? Simply the length of their tether in all directions. The expediency of keeping that tether short is manifest. However long it is they will keep it tight. It is well, however, that a generous toleration allows them a sufficiency of rope.

Brompton is a place whose name is rising. There are Brompton Boilers, and, if the Oratory were paramount, there would soon, no doubt, be Brompton Burners. The conversion of a lad under 19, between the hours of 1 and 9, is tolerably hot work. The Oratorians turned him in 8 hours. It was a short time to taint him in. They couldn't have done it sooner if they had been so many Bluebottles. Let them be called the Brompton Blowflies.

New Rendering of an Old Quotation!

MANY of our Public Conveyances are full of draughts, owing to broken panes of glass and bad-fitting windows. SIR RICHARD MAYNE it was, we believe, who said that this fact could not be denied, but that it was no good making a row about it, because *De gustis non disputandum*.

G. along, SIR RICHARD; or as we ought to say just to keep up our latinity, Sir, Dick age!

OUR Fathers of the Oratory at Brompton appear to be endowed with eloquence. They persuaded young MR. HARRISON, aged 18 years 6 months, to turn Roman Catholic in 8 hours. According to the account of MR. HARRISON's father in the *Times*, HARRISON JUNIOR was taken by a friend to see the Oratory: never having spoken to a Popish Priest before. He was introduced to BROTHER BOWDEN at about 1 A.M., and baptised by that ecclesiastic at 9 P.M. This, says MR. HARRISON, SENIOR, was "done with the knowledge and consent of MR. FABER, the Father Superior, for the express purpose of preventing any interposition of my parental authority." MR. FABER appears to be a Father Superior indeed; a Father who esteems his authority over a young gentleman immensely superior to that of that young gentleman's Papa.

Who is this FABER? MR. NEWDEGATE lately took occasion to state that the Brompton Oratorians were in the habit of burying their dead under other names than those which were given by their sponsors. That statement doubtless evinced great bigotry, intolerance, and bad taste on the part of MR. NEWDEGATE. It was very offensive to gentile sympathies. Nevertheless it appears to be quite true. We may venture to observe that the name of FABER is one very appropriate to the Chief of an Institution in which such fabrications occur. Its range of meaning, too, is so comprehensive, that we will not inquire if it is a mere Latinism for SMITH.

MASTER HARRISON had been Captain of Westminster School. He was in the way

ICED APARTMENTS WANTED.

"To MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"I AM an alderman, and therefore I of course love a good dinner. Moreover, when I get one, I like to make the most of it, and to eat as much as ever Nature will permit me. Now, to a man in my position it's easy to get good dinners, but it isn't quite so easy to get appetites to match; for somehow at my age one's relish soon wears out, and even turtle ain't so tempting after the third plateful. I believe I've tried all sorts of appetising fillips, and not a dinner-pill comes out but I'm the first to test its efficacy. But I know of no plan yet for making one feel hungry after seven courses, and the man who should by any means succeed in doing that would most deservedly be called a benefactor to his species.

"Well, Sir, I read the other day that at a charming dinner given at St. James's Hall, where conger soup was served and other novel delicacies, the temperature of the room was raised to a great heat, so that the guests while being treated to a tropical repast, might enjoy it all the more by feeling as though really they were dining in the tropics. This arrangement doubtless caused a great amount of thirst (and this is, after dinner, no uncomfortable thing), but I should fancy that the appetite was terribly impaired by it; and I would suggest for future banquets of this sort that the room should be well iced, instead of being heated. We all know that one gets hungrier in cold weather than hot, and were the temperature of dining-rooms brought down to freezing point, I have no doubt we should have a wintry relish for our dinners. Indeed, why not take a hint from what one hears of Arctic life, and, by lowering the temperature to somewhere below zero, endeavour to produce a really Arctic appetite. Eight pounds of solid meat is there an ordinary ration; and if, as we are told, an Esquimaux will eat ten pounds of salmon at a meal, what would an alderman not eat, were he equally refrigerated? A dozen plates of fish, and then a peck or so of whitebait, would merely serve to whet his appetite for more substantial viands; and after swallowing a duck or two, and some few scores of other *entrées*, he might devour a whole roast turkey and half a haunch of venison.

"Trusting my suggestion will be acted on ere long, and that, when I dine at Greenwich next, the room will be well iced for me,

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

"DANDO DANIEL LAMBERT SMITH."

"Gobbleton House, Friday."

DOING JERUSALEM.

THE *Star*, coruscant in an article on a projected steam-pilgrimage to the Holy Land, thus shines:—

"So the tourists will get eighty-four hours to do Jerusalem and return to Sidon; and we should like to know what MR. DISRAELI or MR. KINGLAKE would think of such a feat."

Probably MR. DISRAELI will be of opinion that the idea of doing Jerusalem in eight-and-forty hours is ridiculous, and MR. KINGLAKE will agree with him that Jerusalem is not so easily to be done. Both of those gentlemen will doubtless also unite in declaring their conviction that it is very difficult to do Jerusalem at all, and that the traveller, as well as people who stay at home, will have to get up very early to take Jerusalem in.

A PLEA FOR PRUSSIAN POLICY.—The best apology that can be made for the KING of PRUSSIA's conduct touching the Polish question is, that he must be puzzled how to act, because his position in respect to it is peculiarly Posen.

THE SCULLS OF THE SEA-URCHINS.

From a Sporting but Serious Contributor.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"I was always partial to athletic sports, and if I do not mingle in them now so much as I used to do, it is because I like to leave the course free to younger men. As this is the close of the season, and as any kind of sensational contribution must be acceptable, I beg briefly to describe an intensely interesting contest in which I took part on Wednesday last, and of which I may say *pars magna fui*, because Latin shows the gentleman.

"The match in which I took part was a sculling match by members of a distinguished rowing club which takes its name from the Sea-Urchin, and whose flag is a gay horse-cloth. I am one of the Sea-Urchins. At four o'clock, more or less, we went on board the *Don Juan*, river steamer, specially chartered, and except that there was nothing to eat or drink, the arrangements of the commissariat were unexceptionable. Nothing could exceed the eagerness of the public at the piers to get on board the private boat, except the intense ferocity of the pier-men, who pulled back the public with a savageness amounting to sublimity. I do not know the name of the Captain, nor is it material to the present narrative, but the man at the wheel had red hair, and seemed pensive. This may have been the result of a determination of periwinkles to the head, for he was consuming those fishes during a large part of the voyage. No accident occurred, except that embarking in a hurry I forgot my cigar-case, but this want was supplied in the most obliging manner by a gentleman to whom I tender my respectful thanks for the very worst weed I ever smoked in my life."

"In the centre of the steam-vessel were exposed two silver vessels, thus illustrating the proverb 'wheels within wheels.' One was a vase, the other a cup, both were elegant, and I should have liked one for my eldest boy whose birthday, by a curious coincidence, will be on the 13th of October next, and the other for my youngest boy, whose natal day will actually fall on the 20th of this present August, but my suggestion to that effect, made to the persons in charge of the vessels, was not so favourably received as to induce me to repeat it. I then generously recommended one of them to be given as a testimonial to our Captain for safely navigating the boat to Putney, and for his affable, manly, and sailorly behaviour, but I was requested, with some little acerbity, to shut up.

"On arriving at Putney, at the pier opposite the Gar and Starter, myself and another Sea-Urchin of similar tastes held council, and deciding that, in the event of any dispute arising as to the result of the match about to come off, it would be highly desirable that two of the party should be in that calm frame of mind requisite in an umpire, we selected a small, but pleasant private room overlooking the river, and ensconced ourselves therein. Both of us being men of high moral principle, and aware that it is wrong to waste any portion of the time which can never be regained, we ordered dinner, recommending similar economy of time to the menial who was to prepare the food.

"There were, I believe, three heats, but the other Sea-Urchin and myself, anxious not to be prejudiced by partiality, did not pay any attention to them, beyond noticing that in the first heat four exceedingly dirty little boys lying in four exceedingly dirty big barges, held the tails of the outriggers. We heard the thundering voice of the starter, and saw the sculls flash, but I cannot inform you of the order in which the competitors passed the Gar and Starter for two reasons, first because the *Don Juan* was between us and them, and secondly because at the moment the waiter entered with some fine flounders, fried and in *sauce*. Both were excellent, and the way the sun glanced upon the shifting weathercock of the BISHOP OF LONDON's church opposite, suggested thoughts of the mutability of human affairs, and the advantage of having an established religion in the country. From such thoughts the other Sea-Urchin and myself turned to a bottle of more than tolerable Champagne, but it had not been long enough upon the ice. It is well not to be defeated even in trifles, we therefore ordered in some lumps of Wenham lake ice, which nearly supplied the defective refrigeration.

"Soon afterwards the *Don Juan* returned, and a Sea Urchin, who has the command of the Deaf and Dumb alphabet, telegraphed to us that a gentleman whose initial is that of both Deaf and Dumb, but who is neither, had won the first heat. But as his most formidable competitor had the same initial, we obtained no very precise information, and the entry of some admirable cutlets of course precluded further inquiry. While we discussed these, and some other things, the second heat took place, and was won by a Sea-Urchin who bears the name of a very distinguished English novelist, who has depicted humble and aristocratic life in touching fictions, and who has been dead about a century.

"Myself and my companion then felt that the time had come for an active effort, and that if we were ever to make ourselves worthy of being called in as umpires in the event of a dispute, that was the moment for so doing. We, therefore, ordered some further liquid refreshment, and lit cigars, which the courteous lady of the hotel apprised us were celebrated and sixpence, an auricular if not a literary alliteration. They

were full, but good, and they occupied us until the third return of the *Don Juan* with the news that victory, of the most triumphant kind, had fallen to the winner of the first heat, who may be described in exactly the same terms as I have used in reference to the winner of the second heat, except that happily the last eight words must be omitted. It gave me pleasure to think that I had contributed to the success of a gentleman in whom all well regulated minds must take an interest, but I make, of course, no merit of my duty as a Sea-Urchin.

"No dispute arising, partly I presume from the circumstance of the winning boat having been a great many lengths a-head, the services which I and my friend had been prepared to offer were not required. We felt, therefore, that we had needlessly sacrificed pleasure to duty, and deprived ourselves of six voyages under a broiling sun, but we would not set the younger Sea-Urchins a bad example by repining, and therefore, concealing our mortification, and congratulating the victors, one of whom bore away the Vase and the other the Cup, we once more embarked on board the *Don Juan*, and smoked the celebrated and sixpence until landing at Hungerford.

"Space forbids me to dwell upon the extreme importance of athletic sports, and rowing in particular. It demands temperance, activity, and strength, makes a call upon the animal energies, but leaves a card also upon the morals. It is a matter of pride and pleasure to me to assist in such sports, as I did on Wednesday, and I only wish that the water-tournament of the Sea-Urchins had had an abler chronicler than

"Wandsworth, Aug. 11th."

"My dear Punch, yours truly,

"EPICUREUS ROTUNDUS."

FEDERAL GAROTTING.

No, no, English gentlemen of the Federal persuasion, emphatically No. MR. LINCOLN may, in the interest of liberty, put the American press in chains, but we do not stand that sort of thing here. The clergy and ministers of the Southern States have just as much right to be heard as the "dearly beloved" dittos who address us from the North. The former have sent over an Address, touching the matter of which no matter, it is a theological exposition of their views. And you, NEWMAN HALLS and Morning Stars and the rest of you, are clamouring because this address is inserted among the advertisements in that excellent *Good Words*, in the dignified *Quarterly*, and elsewhere. You want to gag the Southerners. You protest against their being even heard in "religious" families. No, gentlemen. We hate all slavery, and we object to enslaving anybody. Let everybody be heard. But this evidence of cowardice and this attempt at tyranny are admirably in keeping with the hypocrisy that makes war to emancipate the slaves — of the opponents of LINCOLN and SEWARD's cabinet.

TUPPER FOR THE MILLION.

TUPPER for the Million the HATCHARDS advertise,
Celebrated TUPPER, the witty and the wise,
TUPPER the original, TUPPER the profound,
TUPPER for proverbial philosophy renowned,
SOLOMON and PLATO melted into one,
Through from end to end read ever, once begun;
Charmingly didactic, and never dull or slow,
TUPPER for the Million, at three-and-sixpence, O!
TUPPER will be CIGARETUS in case the Million pay;
Here's success to TUPPER, with hip, hip, hip, hooray.

MORE MEN OF BUSINESS.

"Every man hath business . . . such as it is."—Hamlet.

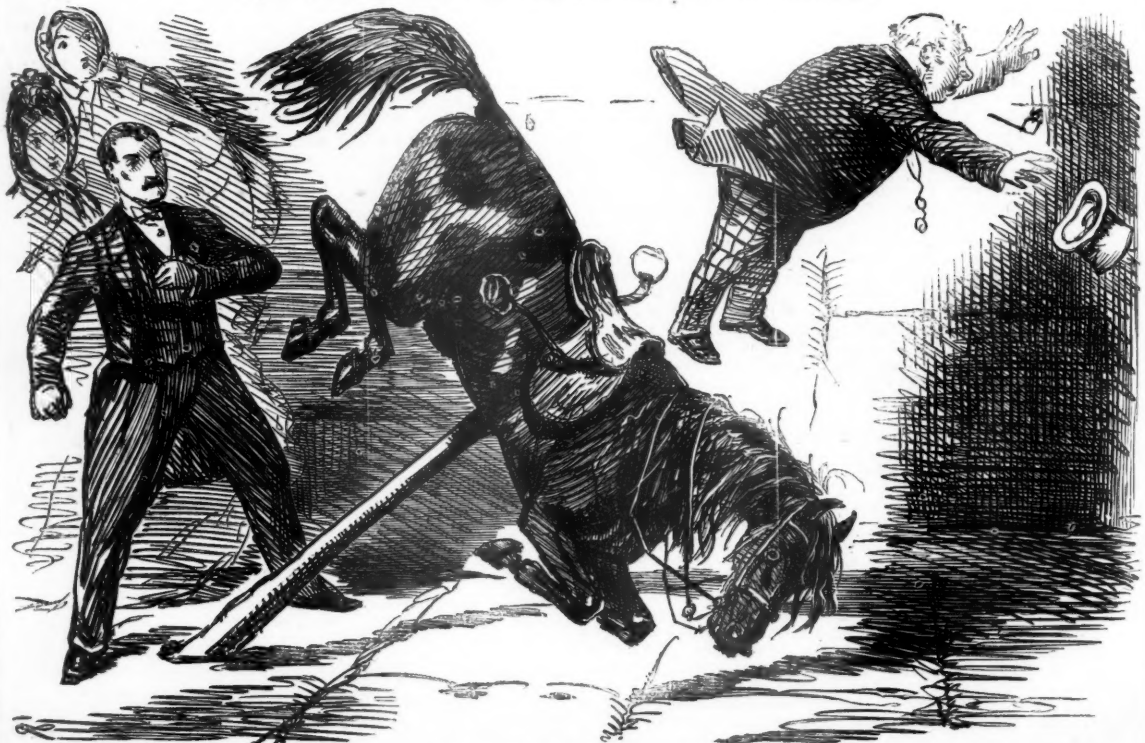
"I'm not a man of business, Punch, and I was afraid I never should be. I know pretty well what I earn, and I've a rough guess at what I owe, and if you add the two, there's my annual income, and about once in three years the governor settles with people who bother, so that the system works very well. But the dear old governor is always telling me to be a Man of Business, which he says is 'the only way to be prosperous and respected.' Do you know I think I shall try? It can't be such difficult work. Look at the Men of Business who direct Railways. There can't be greater business swells than those, can there, now? Well, at the Great Western meeting MR. ADAMS says that Company made an agreement with the Undergroundings to lay out £28,000 a-year with them. But the Men of Business forgot to sign the paper, though they began spending the tin. Then they found out that the affair wouldn't suit them, so the respected Men of Business repudiate the honourable agreement, and pitch over the Undergroundings. Upon my honour I'm quite equal to being a prosperous and respected Man of Business in this fashion, and I shall tell the Governor so. I like this free and easy way of going on.

"LIONEL RATTLECAH."



OUR FRIEND B. GOES WITH A PARTY TO SEE THE MECHANICAL HORSE.

HE, OF COURSE, TRIES ITS POWERS. FIRST, THE SLOW AND GENTLE MOVEMENT!—



AND THEN THE QUICK AND STRONG!



BRUTUS AND CÆSAR.

(From the American Edition of Shakspeare.)

The Tent of BRUTUS (LINCOLN). Night. Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

Brutus. Wall, now! Do tell! Who's you?

Cæsar. I am dy ebil genus, massa LINKING.
Dis child am awful Inimpressional.



WASHINGTON AND CORNELIUS

(From the American Edition of Shakespeare)

THE LIFE OF THE LATE GEORGE WASHINGTON
BY JAMES OSGOOD
LONDON: J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1804.

SPLITTING 'AIRS.



any one else's opinion of me, who am overwhelmed in music, covered with music from the top of my head to the sole of my foot, until I wonder that I do not break out in *Lucy Neals* and *Mary Blanes* all over. I will break out, though, and between the spaces of this Music (!) write a few lines. While *EVERELINA*, my daughter, Sir, an engaging child of tender years,—how tender by the way are my ears!—is taking her matutinal music lesson from *SIGNOR SOLVARIINI*, there comes a set of Niggers, who in the middle of *La ci darem* or some other beautiful melody, suddenly strike up *I would I were in Ole Virginny*. How devoutly I would that they were. A struggle commences between the piano and the serenaders. What is one against so many! The piano grows fainter and fainter and at length yields. I go out on my door-step and address the sooty *troupe*. What do they? Sir, their villain leader, who, I regret to say, impudently assumes an imitation of your own honoured attire, but 'no more like to *Punch* than I to *Hercules*,' waves his *bâton*, and the demons in the Air commence *Out of the way, Ole Dan Tucker*, doubtlessly alluding to myself as *DAN TUCKER*, and unwilling to be the Volunteer Butt of some fifty Tag, Rag, and Bobtail (say twenty-five of each sort), I do at length feebly imitate the venerable *DANIEL*, and get out ob de way accordingly.

"Sir, I am preparing a work on the Differential Calculus. No sooner do I sit down and attempt the solution of a stiff Problem, than two hulking (I'd 'Hulk' them if it was a Judge and Jury) fellows in the garb of Highlandmen stop to play on the bagpipes. One of these idiots dances. Why do these men do real, instead of reel, work? Why do they not become the *Busy Bees* instead of the Abominable Drones of Society! At my feeding time they allow me no peace. The donkey and woman with the organ—I mean the two donkeys with the organ, take up position in front of my window. 'Enough is as good as a feast,' and is it not sufficient to have one good dinner on the table without having another horrid dinner in the street? Ay, and more than enough. Let me go out as *Don Quixote* against the wind instruments, those brazen bands and organised destroyers of my happiness. Let me reduce them to powder and scatter their organic remains to the wind. Apologising for taking up so many lines with one note,

"I remain, Yours Distractedly,
"ARCHIMEDES SCREWSTER."

"P.S. I ask as a Mathematician why, or rather *y*, does not Police-man *x* interfere and put these Male-Factors into vincles or brackets? Why? Because, Sir, I believe he's *x*², that is *x* squared."

Cockney Sport Extraordinary.

A WELL-KNOWN Sporting character, residing at Putney, being unable to reach the Moors this Season, and having lost his gun, has lately amused himself by bringing down several brace of grouse by means of the Brompton omnibus.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

WANTED.—A Travelling Companion, to be in perpetual good spirits, and warranted to defray all the expenses of the longest journey. The Advertiser proposes adopting the plans of Tours, suggested by the *How, When, and Where* Guide. The Companion must be amiable, only five feet four in height, and physically weak in case of a quarrel. The advertiser is fond of Change, and the Companion therefore must have plenty of it in his pockets.

BRUTUS AND CÆSAR.

(From the American Edition of Shakespeare.)

The Tent of BRUTUS (LINCOLN). Night. Enter an Ethiopian Serenader with a Banjo.

Serenader. You sent for me, my lord? Jerusalem!

Brutus. I calculate, Siree, I did that same. Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thine instrument a strain or two?

Serenader. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Brutus. It does, my b'hoys. I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing. Sing me a soothing song, yet sensible.

SERENADER Sings.

Bold MASSA LEE, him coming after we,
Whack, jack, crack, jibble obble lack,
Brave MASSA MEADE, him berry strong indeed,
Whack, jack, crack, jibble obble lack.
&c. &c. &c.

[SERENADER falls asleep.]

Brutus. 'Tis a sweet tune, yet sleepy. He is fast, I will not do him so much wrong to wake him. I'll rather read. Where is the noble work Whence I cull anecdotes and jocund jests Wherewith to ornament my statesmanship, Making smooth SEWARD smile, stiff STANTON scowl? O, JOSEPH MILLER, thou art mighty yet. Where was I? Ha! "A lawyer met a clown Driving a pig to market, and observed, 'Why, thereby hangs a tail,' to which,"—By goah, This darned eternal moderator burns As badly as—

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

Wall, now! Do tell! Who's you?

Cæsar. I am dy ebil genus, massa LINCOLN. Dis child am awful (unimpressional), As massa did obserb.

Brutus. I never did. My word was Irrepressible, base nigger.

Cæsar. All de same, massa, in one hundred year.

Brutus. Be off, black spectre. How I hate thy looks! Thou art the cause of all my allfire bother: Would every Black were deep in the Black Sea, Or every son of HAM were cut so thin That I could eat him up in anngwedges.

Cæsar. More bother yet for massa, for dis child Stick close to him like wax, eh, golly, iss.

Brutus. Begone, I say.

Cæsar. Massa am not polite: Him call him up, him call him man and brudder, Him give him Maucipation, and a gun To shoot at massa DAVY.

Brutus. DAVIS, fool. DAVIS's Straits are not as great as mine. But DAVY—would thou wert in Davy's Locker.

Cæsar. Him 'lick to massa.

Brutus. Tick. Thou may'st say that. How's massa to get tick? (That's none so bad.)

Cæsar. Dat massa's business. For one little time Dis child be off, but soon him come again, And play de Debbit looking over LINCOLN.

Brutus. Vamoose! Go! Slope to him whom thou hast named, And whom I've raised in this here blessed war. Away, black cuss!

[CÆSAR vanishes.]

SERENADER Awakes, and Sings.

MASSA BENNETT GORDON 'fraid to stick a sword on,
Whack, jack, crack, jibble obble lack,
MASSA HORACE GREELEY look a little menly,
Whack, jack, crack, jibble obble lack,—

[BRUTUS gives him a violent kick, which sends him flying out of the tent.]

Brutus. Darn thy brute jargon! (laughs.) HOOKER fled not quicker. Rebellion 's dead, or ought to be. Let's liquor. [Exit.]

Horticultural.

WHAT at this Season of the year is a more soothing position to the lover of luscious juices than to lie under the shade of a boot-tree from whence depend bunches of the choicest keys!



THE CHIMNEY POT, OR, EASE BEFORE ELEGANCE.

COURAGEOUS PARTY (to shocked acquaintance.) "But they carried 'em so in the Middle Ages, my dear fellow.—See Cotton MSS., Titus, W. 25. And the comfort—I assure you I shouldn't know I'd got it about me!"

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

MANY have told of the Monks of Old all sorts of things more or less true according to the bias of the narrator. If they did send a few heretics to the stake, they were at least impartial in their prosecutions: for it is an acknowledged fact, that, in the Refectory Festivities, with which they invariably celebrated these Triumphs of Religion, they toasted one another, and often roasted a brother on his weak points. The above information may be gathered from M. MONTALEMBERT's *Monks of the West*.

In a Rare old codex may be found the information that there are *tot libri Africani*, probably full of black letter, in the now almost inaccessible Libraries of Abyssinia. We recommend MR. HOTTEN to look after these as quickly as possible, and bring them out among his other Antiquarian productions as the *Hotten-tot libri*.

The London Traffic Managers have ordered that when the Fulham Omnibus has its compliment of passengers, it shall be invariably known as the Quite-Fulham Omnibus. Nobody has made any objection to this.

The other morning the celebrated MR. SMITH received the amount of a debt from a well-known talented individual. We are authorised to say that the name of the gentleman who paid SMITH was not Owen.

DR. NATHAN DAVIS, F.R.G.S., the celebrated Traveller for the Ruined Houses of Carthage, has lately returned from somewhere or other in Africa: he has not only found out the Source of the Nile, but has made another discovery beside this. He has discovered that MESSRS. SPEKE and GRANT have discovered it before him.

There is to be a new Company started with the object of assisting the poor to as much money as possible. Their name is excellent security; they call themselves, The Mendacity Society, Limited Liability.

The Russian Innocent.

POOR GORTSCHAKOFF! How hard to be,
Misconstrued by the Great Powers Three,
His plain-spoken diplomacy
To have set down for irony,
His straightforward simplicity
For tortuous, crawling trickery!
A humbug much miscalled is he:
PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF *homme incompris*!

UNREVEALED MYSTERIES.

CHAPTER II. AND LAST.

MISS NAYLOR—THE SECOND UNREVEALED MYSTERY.

MISS NAYLOR—Her Birth—Absence of Specific Data—Her Theological Views—Philosophical—JOAN OF ARC—Omission by Historians—Her Opinion of CHARLES THE FIRST—JAMES THE SECOND—Probable acquaintance with HOMER—No Information regarding the Pre-Adamite Jaw at Abbeville—Discussion regarding her Hair—Awful Disappearance of a Lady's Maid—Curious Question as to her final Departure—Testimony of credible Witnesses—Who was She?—Mystery—Conclusion.

To give the date of MISS NAYLOR's birth would be, at the very commencement, to set at rest for ever the much vexed question as to this lady's age. If the fact of Being is any certain proof of Birth, then we might adopt the formula, that, "Because MISS NAYLOR existed, therefore she was born." Than this we can go no further; nor can any number of mathematicians, even by the nicest of nice approximations, arrive at anything like a guess as to the probable, we do not require the exact, year of this mysterious lady's first appearance on the mundane stage. Our parents and the parents of our contemporaries had seen her in their childhood, and they testified that she had always been the same as we had known her. Everybody agreed that she was a superior woman. She subscribed to many libraries, mastered the daily newspapers, read every modern book of note as it came out, and took a warm interest in the Theological controversies of the day, inclining to the High Church side for the sake of elegance, at the same time professing Broad tenets, so as to give her natural feminine reverence a tinge of masculine philosophy. She always spoke in terms of the highest praise of JOAN OF ARC, and from occasional hints not a few of her more intimate friends were of opinion, that LA PUCELLE and MISS NAYLOR were at school together, and that the former picked

up some of her very original notions from her English companion. That all historians mention JOAN and none MISS NAYLOR, in no way militates against the above-mentioned hypothesis. She expressed her opinion of that "poor dear CHARLES THE FIRST," or that "unhappy vacillating JAMES," alluding to the second monarch of that name, with all the confident familiarity of personal knowledge. Everyone was agog to catch the slightest clue to the antiquity of this extraordinary woman. There are those who have heard her say that she "knew HOMER pretty well:" at another time, "that her acquaintance with him was slight." She appeared pained if the question was pressed. Could it be that, in days of yore, MISS N. had kindled a Greek fire in the Poet's breast? Her outline when we knew her, was not strictly classical, but HOMER, like Love himself, was blind. Of her ears we can say nothing positively, never having seen them. Perhaps these respected organs had loved to listen to the thunder-murmurs of the Pre-adamite swain, whose jaw was so lately found at Abbeville; and, on the other hand, perhaps not. The greatest mystery about MISS NAYLOR was her hair. Were those bandolined and daintily-plastered-down raven locks, the gift of nature or the marvellous work of art? It was reported that a waiting-woman had somehow or another become possessed of the secret. Whether this was so or not, the maid vanished; and her strangely sudden disappearance warned all others against any intrusion beyond the veil. Whether she ultimately departed this life, or not, is still a controverted point; her friends can only speak to one certain fact; namely, that they buried her. It is a curious thing that though the so-called MISS NAYLOR was evidently a person of great consequence, and though it was clearly a matter of the deepest importance to keep her age a secret from the world, yet there was not a single person of high birth, no Queen, Princess, or Duchess, missing from her place in the entire Noble lists of the four quarters of the habitable Globe. The wife of the GREAT CHAM OF TARTARY did, it is true, die somewhere about this time; but we do not attribute much to the coincidence. The individuality and age of MISS NAYLOR must remain, as far as we are concerned, a profound mystery until the end of time.



"WATER! WATER! EVERYWHERE!"

WE REALLY THINK OUR PIONEERS MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL NEXT YEAR AT WIMBLEDON.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS SHOWMEN.

NEXT year, we all know, will be the SHAKSPEARE Tercentenary; and the Stratford-upon-Avonites of course will be desirous to attract as many visitors as may be to their town. What interesting objects are there treasured for inspection may be imagined from a statement in the *Stratford Chronicle*, wherein it is alleged, concerning SHAKSPEARE'S house and birthplace, that—

"This national property has recently undergone considerable improvement, both in the house and the garden that surrounds it. The garden in which the house stands is laid out, and planted with trees and shrubs, all of which have a Shakspearean Association, by being selected from those mentioned by the dramatist in his works."

Of course the flowers and herbs and fruit-bushes have been similarly selected. What a delightful treat it would be come into the garden, MAUD, with somebody or other who was fond of quoting SHAKSPEARE, and to hear him cite the passages where each tree and flower is named! "Here's rue for you," he would remark upon discovering that herb, and "There's pippins," though no cheese, and look here is "a bar whereon the wild thyme grows." To make the thing complete, the garden walks ought to be made of stones with sermons in them, as at the bottom of the garden there runs the Avon, in which the poet's eye, when rolling in its frenzy, possibly discovered a whole library of books.

Among the "curious and invaluable relics of the immortal," which are carefully preserved and exhibited at Stratford, the statement which we quote calls especial attention to "a plaster representation in relief of the Battle between DAVID and GOLIATH," which must be well worth journeying from Jericho to see. This is shown by the proprietor (on payment of a fee?) "together with the First Visitors' Book, including autographs of GEORGE THE FOURTH, * * * and other eminent individuals," including *Mr. Punch*. A still higher treat, however, awaits the Shakspeare pilgrim at the Shakspeare Hall in Chapel Street, where, according to the writer who has been instructing us,—

"May be seen an admirable full-length painting by WILSON, of SHAKSPEARE in the attitude of inspiration; and one by GAINSBOROUGH, of GARRICK reclining gracefully upon a pedestal, idolising the poet's bust."

The old figure of "BRITANNIA sitting on her trident" is recalled to us by this of GARRICK gracefully reclining on a pedestal. Had it been a sofa, the posture would be natural; but to recline upon a pedestal must be rather a hard feat.

Seeing relics, even SHAKSPEARE'S, is somewhat tiring work; and after being dragged round to the "Lions" we have mentioned, the visitor will doubtless be glad to sit down somewhere and get something to drink. So the writer we have quoted calls attention very properly to the Falcon Tavern, which he says is "mentioned by DR. DRAKE in his *Noontide Leisures*, as having been kept in SHAKSPEARE'S time by one JUDAS SHAW," and where the ale of the present is of excellent quality. As a still stronger inducement to patronise this hostelry, it is stated further that—

"In the smoke-room, where there is no doubt the immortal Bard has oft been heard to say, 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn,' is the wainscoting from New Place."

This idea of SHAKSPEARE going about his native town, and quoting his own plays, is one that hardly tends to elevate the reverence we feel for the "immortal bard." We suppose we shall hear next that he used to chaff the grave-diggers at work in the churchyard, and say, "Alas! poor Yorick!" when they turned up an old skull. No, no; if you please, gents, let SHAKSPEARE rest in peace, and don't disturb his memory by putting words into his mouth, and pretending to a knowledge of what he said and did, or might or would or could or should have said and done the while he lived in the small town which chanced to be his birthplace. Make a show of Stratford as much as ever you please; but do not vulgarise our SHAKSPEARE by your own absurd conceits, nor pretend to know much more of him than does the world at large.

Yachting.

"Is it more expensive to keep oneself on board ship than on land?" asks a would-be Nautical Correspondent. Our answer will put the matter in a nautilus' shell. If you want to be economical, stop on shore; for it is a matter of great difficulty even to keep your legs for a moment at sea.

STATUTES AT LARGE CALLED IN.

A REVIEW of the Statutes at Large is about to take place in order that such as from age or infirmity, are unfit for service, may be dismissed. Pending this inspection an indignation Meeting was yesterday convened at King's Cross of those distinguished personages, whose commission the old Statutes bore, and under whose authority they acted. QUEEN ELIZABETH on her arrival immediately took the chair, and spoke with her characteristic vigor.

"By our halidom!" said ELIZABETH, who was evidently ruffled, "things have come to a pretty pass, prying into every one of our Acts forsooth! MRS. COMMONS had better look to her steps first, and make them decent if she wishes respectable people to get into the House without being shocked. Why there's scarcely a seat in it that isn't soiled, and how many of her new measures when carefully examined will be found capable of holding water? And what a quantity of soap is used every week in the House! and the money that's wasted on powder that won't wash, and notwithstanding MRS. COMMONS is always in a bustle, did one ever see such spoons! and then the idea of a warming-pan being provided for a young nobleman, who is at present at College, but who will require it when he comes of age. It's positively shocking. When we kept the British Lion," continued ELIZABETH, emphatically, "the House was a credit to the neighbourhood; now what is it but a House of call for servants out of place and poor disappointed Cabinet-makers?"

JAMES (No. 1) observed that he attended this Meeting at much personal inconvenience, being busily engaged in preparing a second edition of his celebrated counterblast against the Stygian habit of smoking. He did not know that any Act of his could justly be found fault with. "In our time," said JAMES, "witchcraft had a pungent odour, and smacked of birch brooms, so that we were glad to burn it out. It has now an aromatic scent, and is gratefully inhaled by persons moving in select circles. Mediums used to cast their spells over the cream of the dairy, now, *mirabile dictu*, they confine their charms to the cream of society."

CHARLES (No. 2) begged to say that he did not hold himself responsible for his Acts; in fact, having imbibed a little too much good Rhein wine, he had a very confused notion, what really were his Acts during his glorious reign. As for that little affair of Louisd'ors—Oddsfish! Kings like other men must bow to the *res angusta domi*. "Our larder," quoth CHARLES, "was empty; to replenish it we took a French roll."

ELIZABETH. You were a light sovereign, weighed and found wanting.

CHARLES. Gadszooks! Nobody has any pity for our order. If we are out of commission which of our royal cousins will lend us a crown?

JAMES (No. 2) would answer that question. Not one! He thought it very desirable that a "Royal Co-operative Benefit Society" should be established on the Birmingham principle, with special powers to assist Members on their trials.

CHARLES. Rules of course to be certified by TIDD PRATT.

JAMES concurred.

RICHARD (No. 3), who appeared in deep mourning, complained that his Acts had been grossly misrepresented. MR. SHAKESPEARE, of Stratford, his literary executor, had strained his authority to get in the effects. No monarch's character had been so horribly murdered as his had been, and he felt it KEAN-ly.

ANNE, who spoke in a sweet subdued tone, said "she had no cause for self-reproach. She had always upheld Protestantism, notwithstanding that she could not help occasionally smiling on the great Pope and all his works."

At this moment MR. OLIVER CROMWELL presented himself, and asked if he might be admitted.

JAMES (No. 1) starting up, and turning pale, "Don't let that Brewer in: depend on it he's brewing something that will bring us all to a bitter bile."

WILLIAM AND MARY (WILLIAM speaking and MARY, by her action, confessing that those were her sentiments) thought there would be no harm in admitting MR. CROMWELL, and hearing what apology he had to make for his Acts. If not a polished speaker it must be remembered that he had a large spoke in the common wheel.

On a show of hands, MR. CROMWELL's application was rejected, whereupon he retired, taking with him his Statutes at large and his Statue in situ.

GEORGE (No. 3) who was cordially received, looking at his watch, remarked, "that it was nearly time to think about dinner. Talking of Acts reminded him that some years ago Comedies could never be squeezed into less than five, now he understood that by some ingenious process they were able to get them into three, and without being crushed either, for they came out as lively as eels; how it was done he defied the LORD CHAMBERLAIN himself to explain, indeed it was a mystery as unfathomable as that wonderful trick by which an apple can be conveyed into a dumpling, and not a crevice shall be detected on its surface. The dumpling was a marvellous creation, and owed its existence he had heard to a little flour by the water side. Of course," added GEORGE, "all present knew that BILLY PITT was answerable for

his Acts, and he would pit BILLY against the best dog in the Westminster Pit."

Here GEORGE was interrupted by the voice of bluff KING HAT, who was heard without inquiring his way to the Matrimonial and Divorce Court.

CHARLES, laughing, supposed there was another Harrying Case on. ELIZABETH indignantly denied it, and would box any puppy's ears who dared to speak disrespectfully of her Papa, even if it were one of KING CHARLES's breed—her papa was merely suing for a judicial separation on the ground of cruelty. His seventh marriage had proved very unhappy. He had recently united himself to an Irish widow of humble extraction, and during the late sultry weather she compelled him to sit up till one in the morning, and fan her drooping eyelids with a couple of newspapers.

CHARLES having apologised, and the thermometer standing at 86 in the shade, the Meeting, after the usual formalities, was dissolved.

A STREET DIALOGUE.

BROWN and JONES meeting.

Brown. How are you? Precious hot, isn't it?

Jones. I like it. One feels alive.

Brown. Anything new?

Jones. Well—no. Yes, that's a shocking affair in Marylebone.

Brown. Yes, very shocking. I don't know when I have felt so much. Jones. These things make us look askance at what we call civilization.

Brown. They ought to set us all thinking.

Jones. Yes, indeed. By the way there's been an earthquake in Manilla.

Brown. Has there? And where's Manilla?

Jones. Somewhere out by China—thousands killed, they say.

Brown. Earthquakes don't do things by halves, but will cheroots be dearer?

Jones. Ha! ha! Come up to-night and try mine.

Brown. Well, I will, if I can. Good bye. I can't get that horrid thing out of my head.

Jones. Manilla?

Brown. No, no, Marylebone. Manilla's a long way off.

Jones. I suppose that's it. Good bye.

[Exeunt.]

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SMIZZLELAND.—The only beverage for a chess-player during the game is brandy-pawnee.

WHITE WASH.—The prettiest and sharpest game on record was played by a gentleman of doubtful reputation against a celebrated sheriff's officer. The former began by quietly moving from one Square near Regent's Park to another at Brompton. This took the Night. His antagonist followed him up closely to Queen's Square; but having been taken to a neighbouring hostelry, and treated to a drink made of port wine, strong and hot, was speedily overcome by the Bishop. There were several other moves before the first-mentioned player withdrew from the contest.

BET-HOVEN.—A bets B that King's Bishop can't sing "We won't go Home till Morning" without assistance, and B bets A that he's an idiot. Which wins? Consult a solicitor.

MUDDLE.—Your last problem was all wrong, as usual.

Ingenuous Opening.

White.	Black.
P. to K.	Kt. to R. Kt.'s 2nd.
(Or anywhere else).	(This is a beautiful movement, originally intended for two violins and a kettle drum.)
B to Q.	K. B. takes S. T. D.
(Very good idea this, and the B. probably walks in Q. gardens.)	(S. T. D. are new initials in this game, signifying Something to Drink, which changes to Draughts.)
Kt. takes Q. B.'s B.	
(When nobody's looking).	
And the other wins.	

A Black Business.

We have succeeded in abolishing the Suttlee practice by which Indian widows are burnt, but not in putting down that by which climbing chimney-sweeps are stifled.

NO SOONER ASKED THAN TOLD.—What type ought the Act abolishing the Metropolitan Turnpikes to have been published in?—Pica.



Testy Old Gent. (to Butler). "CLARET! YES! YES! PUT IT DOWN; AND PRAY, SIMPSON, DON'T BLOW UPON MY HEAD SO!"

A KAFFIR'S COMMENTARIES

ON THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

THE intelligent Kaffir by whose dialectics COLenso was astonished and put to flight, having triumphantly despatched a Bishop, is now pointing his critical arrow at a Chancellor, we sincerely hope, not with similar swift and fatal consequences. Our first intimation of this fact was derived from a Letter in Zulu caligraphy addressed to "my LORD WESTBURY," which by some unaccountable blunder found its way into our courier's box. Of course we sent it on, under cover, to its destination, but it was returned to us marked "not known as directed." On availing ourselves of our right of search, however, we learnt that this disowned epistle was not intended simply for private circulation. We have no delicacy, therefore, in extracting from it such portions as will meet with universal assent, passing over contemptuously those ungenerous comments upon our jurisprudence, which BLACKSTONE in Elysium could not peruse without becoming paler by a shade.

Extracts from Letter of intelligent Kaffir to the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of Great Britain.

"If I am rightly informed, your Lordship is the Keeper of the Royal conscience. Now all Metaphysicians and Polemical writers from DESCARTES to PROFESSOR PUNCH have held that man can have but one conscience. If then you are the responsible custodian of the Royal conscience, what becomes of your own? Is it deposited *pro tem.* with the Clerk of the Hanapers, or is no Lawyer ever raised to the Sack of Wool until his *mens conscia recta* has, by rough usage, become threadbare?"

"When your Royal Master feels his conscience becoming troublesome, I understand he delivers to you a stupendous Seal, which you carry with you wherever you go, and which is supposed to invest the bearer with unlimited power and learning. This mystic Seal is also an emblem of discretion, by which your Lordship's lips are impressed, as all inquisitive people find, when by pumping you they endeavour to get at the King's secrets."

"Your laws, it appears to me, must very much resemble plays, as they are comprised within a certain number of Acts. Many of those old Acts are, I am assured, exceedingly mournful, while some very modern

ORDINARY PRECAUTIONS.

NEVER on a journey be without something in your pockets, even if it's only your hands.

Before you imperil yourself consider—

1st. If a family man, what your wife would say? This would almost necessitate taking a cab and going home at once to see her upon the subject.

2nd. Whether assisting the sufferers may not result in personal inconvenience to yourself; as, for instance, being at some future time called in as a witness.

3rd. That your motives might be misconstrued by any policeman who might chance to see you.

4th. The influence of natural modesty. Consider that there are so many people in London much better qualified to be of service in such an accident than yourself.

5th. That you are not a medical man: or if you are, that there are a great number of the same profession far more experienced in these cases than yourself.

6th. That if the subject of the accident be a stranger to you, he or she might look upon your interference in the light of a "confounded liberty." Never push yourself forward.

7th. If the person is insensible and cannot speak, how do you know that he or she doesn't like the position?

8th. That it's just dinner time and you must go home, or else you'd have been most happy, &c. &c.

9th. That it's no business of yours.

There are many other considerations, but these are certainly among the chief. Avoid sentimentalism.

When the weather threatens rain, walk into a club and select an umbrella.

Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day, except in the case of a hole in your coat. If you tell your tailor that it must be done to-day, it's very evident that you'll have to put it off till to-morrow.

Always have a good dinner and plenty of money.

Notes and Queries.

WHERE were the ancient Assyrian infants kept? asks our intelligent Correspondent 'NIXNY V.' On consulting MR. LAYARD's work, we find that the above-mentioned Babbies had a nursery at Babby-lon.

ones can scarcely be distinguished from Farces. When I began to study your legislative system, I desired my erudite Tutor Counsellor FOXEY to recommend me a compendious Text-book, whereupon he referred me to a Work in several hundred volumes entitled 'Statutes at Large.' Now, why should these statutes be at large? Don't you think it highly dangerous? From their violent language, a great number ought certainly to be placed under some kind of restraint. For example, there is a statute still at large, which prohibits any Philosopher, if so inclined, from crying 'Dust' in public, when we know that all flesh is dust, and that it is a charitable and necessary duty occasionally to remind our superiors of it. Very often when a sour misanthrope desires to curtail human enjoyment, he gets a statute at large manufactured to order, beneath which he hides his malevolence, securely effects his nefarious purpose, and robs a poor man of his beer.

"If I mistake not, all your legislative transactions are carried on by Bills. A vast number of Bills every year are drawn by PREMIER & Co. on and accepted by Peers and Commons, and discounted by BULL—the great National Bill-discounter. Sometimes Bills are drawn by a party for its own accommodation. This species of kite-flying is not respectable. When one of PREMIER's Bills are dishonoured by not being drawn on a good House, the Firm generally, but not always, retire from business in disgust. Public censure is very severe upon a party who, notoriously insolvent, refuses to shut up.

"So far as I can judge, your Government is quite paternal. A medical officer named GLADSTONE, who keeps the cheques, is constantly feeling the pulse of the people, and regularly once a quarter sends a Cupper to bleed them. If the Patient kicks, a soothing powder is sometimes administered, and when he is sound asleep, the Medical Officer claps on a blister, and taxes his ingenuity to prevent its being taken off. Persons of a full habit must find GLADSTONE's cupping extremely refreshing.

"Awe-inspiring as is your Lordship's judicial presence, it is well known that infants are frequently placed under your official protection, and over whom you watch with maternal anxiety, locking them up if in danger of being kidnapped, for which purpose you have a peculiar key with several wards. Nor does your equitable tenderness rest here. A host of very small persons who find it difficult to get a comfortable living, dine free at your Lordship's table. There is some talk, now, though, of your Lordship abolishing this charitable ordinary, and

charging so much a plate, and if you think it will not be repugnant to clerical digestions, I see no reason why some demand should not be made on those who are anxious to put their legs beneath your Lordship's mahogany.

"My learned friend Counsellor FOXBY informs me, and I don't think he would impose upon my ignorance, that you have two kinds of Parliament—White Parliament, which is very nice and adapted to aristocratic tastes, and Common Brown Parliament, which is sometimes composed of very raw ingredients. Brown Parliament, free from adulteration, is exceedingly rare, and its natural impurities are said to be greatly aggravated by some parties using too much sugar. Parliament, however, in any form, seldom does much harm to the constitution; when positively injurious, to neutralise its noxious properties, it should be dissolved.

"Whatever may be thought of your nobles' exclusiveness, all must admire their exemplary industry. Their House, I am assured by visitors, is a model workshop of tailoring. Enter it when you may, and you will see young Lords cutting out, while certain venerable Barons (to whom I can appeal for evidence of my assertion) are busily engaged in mending old suits. Marquises are so fond of botany that they carry strawberry-leaves on their heads, while a popular horticultural Duke, who takes his title from Beds (raspberry beds most probably) is dependent to some extent upon his business as a market gardener.

"In reference to Court etiquette, I find that your practice and ours exactly coincide. With us, as with you, Ladies only of great powers of resistance are presented at our royal Drawing-rooms. Our Court beauties are very rarely crushed to death. Yours perhaps are not so fortunate. No lady with us is presentable until she has been examined on the correlation of forces, and satisfied the chamberlain that she knows as much about the *vis inertia* as a Civil Engineer.

"Speaking of Ladies reminds me that a process is silently and stealthily going on, by which in course of time all the landed property within your jurisdiction will belong exclusively to the soft sex. Already they can boast of a numerical balance in their favour of half-a-million, and sooner or later, by means of that wonderful invention Crinoline, there will be no standing-room on your enchanted Isle for the nominal Lords of the Creation, who will be proudly swept into the sea. Then Woman smiling will reign in her glory alone over the territory which, to all appearance, it has long been her ambition entirely to encompass and secure."

Here we must take leave of our intelligent Kaffir. In parting with that enlightened commentator we can only regret (and some of our Metropolitan Constituencies may share our sorrow) that one whose name stands out in such bold relief among Modern Politicians is not legally qualified to write M.P. after it.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.



E notice every day that the shadows are lengthening, and the substances are all going out of town. Too, too solid cockney flesh cannot bear the present tropical season much longer. The Organmen, we devoutly believe, are beginning to emigrate to Ramsgate, Margate, and other favoured watering-places for change of air. The poor Italian with the "nobby head of hair," who plays, sings, and whistles *Di Pescatore*, will go play to the Fish of the Sea, or, if he be an angler, may play the Fish himself. This mention of fish reminds us that a beautiful Catch will shortly appear; the subject is the River fisherman's address to his Bait, and the words are a development of SHAKESPEARE's beautiful soliloquy. "Sleep, Gentle, Sleep!"

Our immensely popular PRINCE OF WALES is already beginning to show the good effects of a thoroughly sound Classical Education. His Royal Highness, we are informed on the best possible authority, made an excellent Latin jest the other day, which we are in a position to make public. The PRINCE had just quitted the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, and was on the point of stepping into his carriage in order to

pay a visit to his Royal Mother, when GENERAL KNOLLYS ventured to inquire whether His Royal Highness was about to return to the Princess. "No, GENERAL KNOLLYS, I am not," was the gracious reply, and then, as if struck by a sudden idea, H. R. H. added, "And yet at the same time I am." The distinguished Hero being somewhat puzzled by the paradox, begged the Prince to explain. "Why," returned H. R. H. with the utmost condescension, "I've just left the Princess, and now I'm going to *Re-jine* her." The Prince disappeared in a Cloud of Dust, and the General retired to borrow a Latin dictionary, in which after some labour, he discovered the word *Regina*. He immediately borrowed another dictionary (English), and wrote a pleasant letter to the REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A Continental correspondent informs us, that among the numerous Parisian improvements is a "New Prison which will have the form of a Trapéze." We have not yet heard whether the Governorship is to be offered to M. LETARD; but it is whispered that if the next guol is built in the shape of a Tight Rope, the control will be placed in M. BLONDIN's hands, on account of his great feat.

Insensibly are we drawn towards our next little piece of information. The Worshipful Company of Rope-makers a few nights since, held their Annual Dinner, and, considering the quantity they eat, it is a matter of wonder how they did

manage to hold it; after the Banquet, which we need hardly say was very well served by all parties concerned, the usual toasts were proposed and, when more than the usual number of bottles had been consumed, the Chairman proposed that their Title should be changed to the "Tight-Ropemakers' Company." No one being in a state to object to anything, the Chairman, in spite of his resolution, was carried away *non coa* by the waiters.

"Conviviality breeds contempt" is an ancient and truthful proverb, though we don't think somehow or another that we have got it quite right. But no matter, our meaning is all the same, and the moral from the above anecdote is evident.

Civilisation, we are glad to say, is making its inroads upon the Chinese. A Limited Liability Company are already projecting Hotels in the principal thoroughfares, and the new Broad Way from Pekin to Shanghai will be one of the finest Inn-roads that civilisation has yet made.

The poet CLOSE has lately been suffering from cold, and having taken medical advice, sits nightly with his very poor poetical feet in hot water. He has been visited by MR. MARTIN TUPPER, who, inspired by the occasion, burst forth into the following impassioned rhapsody:—

"Poet CLOSE,
Tallow your nose."

These words will probably be set to music. We shall have a word to say on the Poet's behalf next week.

The Chancery Bar and Common Law Bar are now taking their vacations, but Temple Bar, having no luxury of this sort, will not leave town. The ceremony of washing this venerable structure will soon take place: previous to this function, it will appear in all its ancient grandeur and dirty state.

Talking of grandeur, the Fireman's Brigade will have a festival and parade London with a great deal of soft water pomp. Bands will perform *One Pumper at paring*, after which the Crystal Palace Fountains will play several selections from the most popular Water Works of modern composers; *Lurline*, for instance.

Turkish Justice.

THE language of the Stock Exchange is sometimes puzzling to those who are not conversant with it; but the following statement in the City News of the *Post* relative to the Constantinople Money Market, looks at any rate like plain English:—

"Coupled with reported Ministerial resignations a fall in Consolidated, hastened by some forced executions, took place."

Forced executions! What! has the SULTAN sent a troop of soldiers to the Bourse and caused some of the principal Stock-jobbers to be summarily hanged?

A CATCH.

A few evenings ago a man came into our office with a very tame joke that he had taken in the street. We saw it ourselves and can vouch for the fact.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



NOTICE.—Since the first publication of this useful work, we have received numerous applications from Pedestrians, asking for any little hints and advice to go upon when travelling. We therefore obligingly inform—

Pedestrians that they should not go upon our hints, but follow our advice, and go upon their own Legs.

Another Correspondent writes to say that he hopes we won't talk any more about "skeleton" tours, as he's very nervous and has been in bed ever since he read our first paper. He adds that he's shaking all day and night. Is he? If he shakes well enough, Mr. Gyz will give him an engagement next season.

In answer to "THOUGHTFUL TOMMY," we reply that the first projector of Skeleton Tours was the Original Bones.

Before proceeding any further, we must advise the reader as to more abbreviations and certain signs to be used in this work, which are rendered necessary in order to save repetition, and to increase the already generally acknowledged usefulness of the only really successful competition with MURRAY and BLACK. Therefore let it be remembered, that you mustn't be frightened when you see a Dark Line thus, ; for it doesn't mean anything like what it does in a transpentine playbill, where you read—

AWFUL DÉNOUEMENT!

THE DYING VILLAIN—REMORSE—THE COMPACT—FEARFUL APPEARANCE OF THE WHO COMES TO CLAIM HIS PREY!

Which he does with a lot of red and blue fire that makes you sneeze for at least five minutes after his disappearance. If you ask what the line means when it occurs in our type, suffice it to say that we don't mean any harm, but we're not going to answer any impertinent questions.

Y and N will mean yes and no; that is to say, if you like, but we don't insist upon it.

In all ground plans of towns, cities, and public buildings, R H will mean right hand, R standing for right, and H for hand, and H.R.H. means the PRINCE OF WALES, who knows all about travelling by this time: L H means left hand: O L H means over the left, and in every instance the reader is supposed to be on the stage or diligence, as the case may be, facing the audience. In paying a bill, where the R and L hands are used, the reader of the little account will merely have to face the landlord.

Once more, if X occurs suddenly in the middle of a sentence, you will be as much astonished as we shall.

Now for our second Skeleton Route. This series provides you with a skeleton key to the Continent, so look out for the Police. Now Away! Away!

Amsterdam.

Boulogne, of course.

Strasbourg, stopping to see PATTY.

LE MANS, where the celebrated City biscuits are made. O L H.

Lyons, stop to see the Lady.

Montargis, one day to see the Performing Dog.

Up the Rhine to the Tyrol.

Bacharach, Balancez, Hands across and back to your places.

Now then, adopting this scheme, let us say you land at Amsterdam.

The Language.—On disembarking at any Foreign quay you will first of all be struck by the language, which is, generally, BAD. Do not therefore attempt to learn it. And at this point it will be as well to draw your attention (what a subject for an artist by the way!) to

Foreign Tongues.—There's the Russian tongue, the R {o} indeer's tongue, the Ox tongue, and so forth. But this is not exactly what you want, is it? No. Very good; then as a beginning let us remark that *je suis* means "I ham," which is the French tongue, and that's as much as you can swallow for the present.

Now let us see where are we, Boulogne or Amsterdam? Wherever you like, my little dear, so we'll make a few more general observations.

There are a certain number of objects of interest in every Foreign town. The first being—

The Banker's or Change-the-money Office, where you'll cash a circular note in order to square matters. The generic name for the clerk at these places is BILLY de Bank; so be careful to address him by his Christian, which, in this case, is his proper name. If you want to get full change, don't go to the nearest banker; the nearest is invariably the dearest. The Clerk (BILLY) will ask you "How will you have it?" Don't be bullied, square up and say, "Now, where'll you have it?" BILLY will subside, and probably alter his question to "What'll you take?" When immediately choose the light wine of the country. Their light wine is better than their light money. If BILLY further inquire, *Dans quelle sorte de maison désireriez vous recevoir la somme?* which means, "What'll you take it in?" say "A glass, of course, and a good large one too," whereupon you'll receive your draught in due form.

The next, and when you are expecting a remittance, or to hear from Her (ahem!) the first object of interest is in every town—

The Post Office.—Doors R H L H. Window in flat; and if you happen to look out, flat in window. If you've any brains now's the time to get a head; you're certain to require one. If you don't know how to ask for it in the language of the country or of the town, adopt a system of expressive pantomime, thus:—Take an envelope, wet a corner, put your own head on it, and stamp your foot; you will get what you want, unless you are at once taken to a *Maison de santé*, where you'll get a great deal more than you want.

We shall continue this interesting subject in our next paper.



"NICE PIRCE O' BILED MUTTON, SIR!"

THE SHIP OF THE HOLY SEE.

ACCORDING to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*:—

"Advices from Toulon mention the arrival there of the Papal corvette, the *Immaculate Conception*, to go into dock for repairs, which the French Government has offered to have gratuitously executed for His Holiness."

The Immaculate Conception thus appears to be, on the one hand an article of faith which the POPE has added to the Roman Catholic Religion, and, on the other, an addition to the Papal navy. A very nice correspondence. The Immaculate Conception is a dogma and also a corvette. The corvette wants mending; and the dogma may be considered to require amendment too; but, whilst a corvette is manageable under steam or canvas, a dogma is too stubborn to go into dock. Certain it is that the former will at least hold water, whereas the latter won't. We wonder what does the POPE want a corvette for? Perhaps, as a man-of-war, to convoy the Bark of PETER.

So We are Told.

It is not generally known that to every Turnpike there is a staff of Pike-keepers. They are all ugly men, and hence the well-known simile, "As plain as a Pike Staff."



THINGS THAT WE WANT TO KNOW.—No. 1.

WE WANT TO KNOW WHY A COUPLE OF CONCEITED FANATICS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO DISTURB THE REPOSE OF A SUNDAY AFTERNOON BY THE SEA-SIDE?

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.

(Quite as interesting intelligence as much which has been lately announced in the Court Circular.

MR. YOUSTON SQUARE and family have left town for the autumn, which they will spend at various places, including Bangor, Baden-Baden, Lowestoft and the Lakes.

CAPTAIN BLACKLEGGE has left town for Homburg, whence he will travel to the other continental baths (and gambling tables) in order to recruit the shattered state of his finances.

MR. and MRS. SMITH last Monday went to Brighton, for the purpose of enjoying eight hours at the sea-side.

MR. MONTMORENCY MUGGINS, with his wife and seven children, are on a visit to his uncle, MR. BLUGGINS, of Southend.

The MISSES WIRLEYGIGG left home one afternoon last week to bowl their hoops for half-an-hour in the Square.

MR. SKYNFLYNT, having promised to take his wife to the sea-side, has done so, as he says, by taking lodgings at Gravesend.

The Dishonourable MR. FLYTHER has left his London residence for his Château en Espagne, for the purpose of enjoying there the money he has made by his late skilful act of bankruptcy.

MR. TOOTSICUMS and wife have left town to spend a portion of their honeymoon at Highgate.

MR. and MRS. SNOBBE have left town, that is, their front parlour, with the view of spending a few weeks in their back one, and so appearing to their neighbours to have gone to the sea-side.

The MASTERS ROLEY POLEY left their family mansion last Friday after breakfast to have a game of rounders at the corner of their court.

Upwards of five thousand street-musicians of all kinds, grinders, growlers, thumpers, tootlers, squeakers, shriekers, howlers, squallers, black-faced banjoers and bawlers, have left town to plague the visitors at what are called our "quiet" watering-places, which, till stopped by Act of Parliament, they will every autumn do.

MRS. EISS's Baby, attended by its nurse, left its London residence

every day last week to take perambulator exercise in the Regent's Park.

MR. and MRS. HAWK and family have left town on a visit to their country friends the SPARROWS, upon whom they intend living as long as they are able.

MR. CRACKSMAN has left town for ten years' penal servitude, which by his good conduct and attentions to the chaplain he hopes to get commuted to a couple of years at most.

MR. GUTTLER has left town for a course of German baths, which he trusts will renovate his powers of digestion.

MRS. ANCLES with her daughters left town on Thursday last, to join a croquet party at her friend MRS. HIGHEEL's.

MR. SHARPER SKITTLES left town suddenly last week. It is believed that his departure was in order to prevent a threatened interview with one of the police.

MESSEURS BROWN and GREEN are off to Margate for a week. They will probably be joined by MESSEURS JONES and ROBINSON.

MR. TWEEDLES yesterday left his London residence, and took a walk in the Green Park.

The MISSES SCAMPER left for Hampstead yesterday, attended by their nurse, and took equestrian exercise (on donkeys) on the heath.

MR. HUNTATURT has left town for the Isle of Wight, where he hopes to get in company with his "friend" (as he persists in calling him) LORD YACHTSBOROUGH.

MR. SCRIBBLETON has quitted his town residence in Grub Street for the purpose of picking up small paragraphs about the Weather and the Crops.

MR. SWIZZLER has left town to try the cold-water cure, having had another warning of the gout.

MASTER BOBBLES last week started for Hyde Park, to fish for newts and tittlebats and other small fry in the Serpentine.

MR. WIGGINS yesterday visited his wig-maker for a change of hair.

GREAT PROVOCATION.—A joke must indeed be a bad one that can provoke such a good humoured thing as a smile.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 23, 1863.



THE BRITISH LION'S HOLIDAY.

THE LONDON CHAMPION—JUNE 5, 1863

THE BRITISH FLORENTINE



A POKE AT PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



THE *New York Herald* gives Mr. PRESIDENT LINCOLN a piece of advice which may be serious, but appears intended for a joke. It exhorts him "to enlist the sympathy of all men, North and South, by declaring an intention to drive the English from Canada and the French from Mexico." Of course it means to insinuate that Mr. LINCOLN is capable of believing that the only effect of such a declaration on France and England would be that of inducing them to wait until the sympathy of all men in both the Federal and Confederate States had been enlisted under the banner of the Monroe doctrine. To impute to Mr. LINCOLN the capability of supposing that the consequence of threatening to drive France and England out of Canada and Mexico would be that they would stay to be driven, instead of instantly recognising the South, making common cause with it, and breaking the blockade, is a neat way of calling him a fool. The suggestion that the sympathies of the North and South should be enlisted by an expedient which would manifestly enlist France and England on the Southern side, is just a humorous way of putting the fact that the United States Government have got to an end of Enlistment, and are therefore obliged to have recourse to Conscription.

SHAM COMMISSIONNAIRES.

THE soldiers who fight our battles on terms which anybody who values his life and limbs must consider to be ridiculously low, are apt occasionally to lose the latter as well as the former. In the event of losing his life, a soldier is all right; he is provided for with a shovel; but if he has the worse luck to lose his limbs, then a grateful but economical country leaves him to get his living how he can; that is, with more or less difficulty according to the degree of mutilation which he has sustained.

These considerations induced some benevolent persons, shortly after the end of the Crimean War, to establish a body of errand-men, whom they called "Commissionnaires," consisting of meritorious soldiers, disabled from following any other employment than that of carrying messages, and having, beyond that, no resource but the choice between mendicity and pauperism.

The founder of this Society of maimed but industrious heroes has addressed, through the *Times*, a Caution to the Public against certain untrustworthy rascals, drunken vagabonds, and dishonest blackguards, who counterfeit the genuine Commissionnaires; having "assumed a uniform so like the real one as to deceive casual observers." He remarks that "at present there is nothing to prevent the greatest thief in London assuming the dress of a Commissionnaire, and plundering the public." There is nothing, reader, to prevent you, if you look no deeper than the surface of a Commissionnaire, from intrusting a parcel to a scamp who will open it as soon as he has turned a corner, and appropriate its contents if of any value to anybody but their rightful owner.

Note, therefore, that, as the hood does not always make the monk, so neither does the uniform constitute the Commissionnaire; and attend to the subjoined notification from the Founder and Commanding Officer of the Commissionnaires, hailing, under the initials E.W., from the Barracks of the Corps, Exchange Court, 419 A, Strand, W. C.

"The men belonging to the corps have the word 'Commissionnaire' on their caps, a new collar badge in bronze, with the number of each man, a belt and pouch, and a ticket-book 'signed by CHARLES HANDFORD,' for the purpose of establishing their identity and giving the tariff."

The "ticket-book," designed to establish the identity of the bearer, should be a check-book, which would enable him to give his employer

CRINOLINE FOR GENTLEMEN.

"MR. PUNCH,

"WALKING some distance in the last shower of rain, I got wet in the legs. When the rain descends perpendicularly, and I am out in it, my legs, thanks to my size round at the waist, remain quite dry. But when the wind blows it aslant, my lower extremities catch it. They did so the other day, even in spite of the macintosh I wore, which protected me only down to the knees. My calves consequently got wet. I mention these circumstances to you, because I hope they may stimulate some one of your ingenious readers to make a fortune by inventing a Waterproof Crinoline for gentlemen, which, when expanded, shall answer all the purposes of an umbrella.

"Fireproof Crinolines might easily be made; but there is no demand for them, owing to the general thoughtlessness and folly of those who might wear them. If, however, waterproof Crinolines were to be had, there would be a great sale for them amongst persons of the rational sex, such as your constant reader,

"*Marlborough Place, Aug., 1863.*"

"ROTUNDUS."

Snag Berth.

Now then, here's a chance for somebody:—

WANTED, a SLEEPING PARTNER, or Otherwise, who can advance £400 or £500, to join in an old-established Pickle and Italian Warehouse. Address, &c.

Delightful idea this! especially for hot weather. Sleeping in a pickle warehouse. Delicious notion! By the way, in July, a Chili pickle shop sounds very much like an ice-house to sleep in. Sleeping partners, we imagine, in spite of the comfortable dreamy kind of name, must at all times be very wide awake.

ARCHERY.

THE Members of several St. James's Street Clubs who are unable to go out of Town and enjoy the summer sports of the Field, will find their reading-rooms admirably adapted for archery. From what place could arrows be better discharged than a bow-window?

an acknowledgment of the message that he had received. This, produced, in a case of doubt, at head-quarters, would assure the holder that he had engaged the right man. In palming off a fictitious ticket, a sham Commissionnaire would surely be punishable for obtaining money under false pretences; if not, let an Act be passed early next Session awarding to any scoundrel convicted of that imposture a larger measure of imprisonment and hard labour than the utmost that can be inflicted on a common rogue and vagabond.

HAWBUCK ON THE HARVEST.

A CYCLE of wet seasons has past, the learned say;
The cycle to the sickle, I think, is given way.
We're 'customed arter dinner to drinkin' "Speed the Plough,"
We've had some smartish labour to speed the rip-hook now.

On finer wheats and barley I never yet set eye;
The wuts is as abundant; so likewise is the rye.
As touchan of the turnmuts there's nothin to complain,
No doubt but in due season what we shall have some rain.

I'm happy to inform you the 'taters be all right;
At last I han't heerd nothin about the 'tater blight.
There wun't be much occasion for scarcity to grieve,
Except the Cotton Famine, and that we must relieve.

Consider'n of the sheaves I see piled over many a phin,
Thinks I, there's fields heaped up too wi' wounded and wi' slain;
How happy in old England it is in peace to be,
Instead of Poland yonder, or that ere Amerikey!

Afore the QUEEN departed in Germany to bide,
I spose as she left word to set a day o' thanks aside;
Well 'tis the finest harvest I've seen for many a year;
So now then, neighbours, light your pipes, and push about the beer.

NOT TO BE TRUSTED ON OATH—Any American news which is headed *Per-Juro*.



PROFESSIONAL RECIPROCITY.

COUNTRY PARSON. "Robins, I'm sorry I don't see you at Church more regularly."
CONSCIENTIOUS BUTCHER. "Well, Sir, I know as I did ought to come to Church oftener than I does—the lots o' meat you has o' me."

MISTAKES BY MEN OF LETTERS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"LET me beg you to direct persons who send Money Orders, and Postmasters who take them, to attend to orthography and pronunciation.

"I lately received a Post-Office Order, wherein I was misnamed a man of three letters. Suppose, for instance, my name to have been spelt *FUN*, whereas it is *FURGH*. I dared not sign it with the wrong signature, and the right would not do. The mistake had to await rectification, and I my money.

"In this case, the Post-Office may not have been to blame. The person who sent me the order could not spell. But I suppose that my name was taken from his mouth, and booked phonetically without question.

"A few weeks before, I had to wait about a quarter-of-an-hour in a Post-Office whilst the head clerk there was engaged in hunting up a blunder in regard to a Money Order, which turned out to hinge upon an omitted aspirate. In this case the name, correctly written, had been handed in, and had got corrupted in its passage out of the mouth, or through the pen, of some snob in the office.

"I should be sorry to see any Government situations engrossed by the aristocracy, and yet there might be expediency in giving Post-Office Clerkships to a class of men who, being particular about their own names, might be expected to be exact in spelling those of others. A better plan would perhaps be to constitute those berths the prizes of success in a competitive examination on orthography. I will here adopt the signature of

"WALKER."

News from Vine Street.

GOOD strong Porter will soon become the daily beverage of the Rhinelanders. We have heard of more than one flourishing Vineyard Proprietor, who had hitherto given all his attention to growing Wine, now drawing everybody else's attention to the fact of his growing Stout.

HISTORICAL.

WHY was the time of QUEEN ELIZABETH a rude, boisterous age?

Because one met with nothing but *Ruffs*.

A MIDDLE-AGED WIFE WANTED.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES,

LET me call your attention to the following advertisement, which appeared in a penny paper not long since:—

MATRIMONY.—A Lady earnestly desires that a very dear young—handsome, amiable, and elegant relative, of undeniable position, may contract an alliance with a lady of mature age, and having received *carte blanche*, after convincing him domestic happiness is seldom attainable with a youthful or frivolous wife, she will be happy to receive propositions from and to introduce into her family circle an eligible lady, or to negotiate with trustees, solicitors, medical practitioners, or others, able to assist her. This is quite genuine, and idle curiosity will be disagreeably frustrated.

"Young, handsome, amiable, and elegant!" Here is a chance, my dear Madam, for some of our fair friends. What "lady of mature age" but would positively jump (were it but thought genteel to do so) at the prospect of contracting so delightful an alliance! Just consider for one moment the weight of the four adjectives—*young! handsome!! amiable!!! and elegant!!!!* What a delightful "relative" must this be to possess! And besides his youth and elegance, good looks and amiability, there is the further charm of his excellent good sense; shown clearly by his preference of a wife advanced in years, and therefore fit to be his helpmate, to the frivolous companionship of a young and giddy girl.

But, my dear MRS. JONES, before we recommend our friends Miss — and Miss — to answer this advertisement, we may advise them to reflect that though the offer is "quite genuine," curiosity about it may not be quite so "idle" as it is alleged. It is as rare for ladies to advertise for wives as it is for gentlemen to let another person be more active than themselves in effecting their "alliance," for such it is the fashion now for marriage to be termed. One fears then there is something rather fishy in this notice (if you are puzzled by this adjective, your girls will tell you what it means); and the allusion to the "medical practitioners" I rather think encourages one's faith in this idea. The "position" of the gentleman may be "undeniable," but, as not a word is said about his state of mind or body, it may be that his relative

is tired of the care of him, and is desirous to entrust him to the hands of some mature-aged person, who though asked to be his wife will find herself in real truth his keeper or his nurse.

People who stand trembling upon the brink of matrimony would do well to look before they leap into the gulf, and by those who may be tempted into marriage by advertisement ought this rule especially, I think, to be observed. Maturity of age is not attended always by maturity of wisdom, and ladies who are gifted with a big bump of Affection have generally speaking a small one of Caution, at any rate so far as husbands are concerned. It is for this cause I have written a few timely words of warning; for I am always, my dear Madam, your and your delightful sex's very faithful and devoted slave and safeguard,

PUNCH.

A WORD FOR A WEED.

WHAT has the reduction of the tobacco duty done for the smoker? Where is the man who has experienced any diminution in the price, or improvement in the quality of cigars? These questions are designed to suggest a subscription for the purpose of offering a Prize Medal to be competed for by Tobaccoists, and awarded to the candidate who, of all the competitors, shall best establish his claim to be regarded as the producer of a good and cheap Cigar. The thing at present is not to be had. Yet a fortune might be made by any Tobaccoist who would supply it; and besides he might win the Prize Medal by a safe speculation, which would pay whilst ending in smoke.

La Danse.

AMONGST other fashionable announcements we read that:—

"COUNT M. G. DE WEELE has left Eaton Square for Norfolk."

Pop goes DE WEELE.

DEFINITION.—A Spare Rib. A Thin Wife.

FAUST, A COMIC SONG.

(To be Sung at Music Halls.)



OWE, listen to a tale
Of woe,
"Twill set your eyes
a running,
Faust, set to music
by GOTTSCHE,
An Opera I call
stunning.

As in course any
uproar must be, you
know. Eh? But to
proceed:—

Plain *Faust* most
folks this story
name,
Though some have
thought it meeter,
More fully to de-
scribe the same
As *Faust* and *Margherita*.

Or *Marguerite*.
That's French, you
know; the other's
Italian; *Margaret* in
plain English. *Faust*
is *Dr. Faustus*, but

different from the play by MARLOW, a good deal more than I am from
Billy Barlow, because in that ere car-acter I ave sometimes sung
"Raggedy oh!" But, however:—

Great *Faust*, a scollard and a sage,
The wonder of his College,
In learning did his mind engage,
He was so fond of knowledge.
But he grew old, as who does not
Whose life's of long duration?
And found he little good had got
By all his information.

And then e was infirm too, and obbled like this ere. (*Lamps*.)

So in his study, where he sat,
Among his books and bottles,
AGRIPPA's works a workin at,
And studyin HARISTOTLE's,
He was about his mind to ease
By means of deadly pison,
When straightway *Mephistopheles*
A flash of fire did rise on.

Sitch a Guy! Ancient NICHOLAS without orns and tail. A very near
relation of the Old Gentleman's, if not the Old Gentleman his self.
Dressed in red and black like a Swell of the period, with a cock's tail
feather in is at. An errin-stummicked cove, with an ook nose and oller
cheeks—just so. (*Makes faces*.) A regular rum 'un.

A vision of fair *Marguerite*
He did to *Faust* discover,
Who instantly on her got sweet,
And, for to be her lover!
Did, for a dose of physic sell
His precious soul to Bogey
And stood transformed to a young Swell!
Just now a poor old Fogey.

So now, says *Mephistopheles* to *Faust*, "Come, Guv'nor, now let's set
out on our travels."

Then *Mephistopheles* through the air
Did *Faust* directly carry,
And took im to a German Fair!
Where *Meph.* he played Old ARMY.
Whilst tipsy students stood around,
He tapped a barrel handy:
The wine, when spilt upon the ground,
Flared up and burnt like brandy.

And weren't they frightened rather! And warn't there a jolly row!

Now *Marguerite* the market crossed,
Returned from her devotions,

Her sight inflamed the art of *Faust*
With hammerous emotions.
He stopped and spoke to her, the maid
A Lady fair invoking:
"I ain't a Lady, Sir," she said,
"Nor fair; and you are joking."

With that remark she cut her stick,
But *Faust* he would pursue her,
And *Mephistopheles*, the trick
To win her, taught her wooer.
He set a casket in her way,
Of jewels, and they caught her:
Trust pearls and diamonds to betray
The art of Heve's true daughter.

Now *Faust*, a waitin in the street,
Discovered by her brother,
Slew im, and got poor *Marguerite*
To ocus er old mother.
Likewise accused of babbycide,
Done whilst she was distracted,
In quod they put her, to be tried
For what she ad transacted.

Then *Faust*, with *Mephistopheles*
To help him liberate her,
Unlocked her prison, without keys,
Ere you could peel a tater.
But she'd gone crazy, so that they
To stir her were unable,
More than to get an oss away
Out of a burnin stable.

Faust begged and prayed, said all he could;
Poor thing! she quite mistook it;
All his entreaties were no good,
He couldn't make her hook it.
On her straw couch she tumbled dead!
Where all good niggers go, Sirs,
I calculate her spirit fled:
And is'n went below, Sirs.

And now to conclude, I ope you don't suppose I'm so insensible of
the importance of my mission as to forget to remind you that the
affectin little istory which I've ad the onour of relatin to yer, as a
purpose and a

MORAL.

Now you old gents, don't dye yer air,
To go a lady-killin,
And all young females you beware
Of every smooth-faced villain.
And young and old, whate'er you do,
Be proof agin temptation;
Give ook-nosed fiends yer I.Q.U.
On no consideration.

DELUSIVE METEORS.

AUGUST is known to be the month of meteors—and here is one of
them:—

"To the Editor of the Times.

"Sir,—The 'large meteor' seen by Mr. CROMPTON on Monday evening at 8-27,
three times as brilliant as Venus, and moving from west to east, was a fire balloon
sent up shortly after eight o'clock, from the Eton and Middlesex Cricket ground,
Primrose Hill, as a finale to some athletic sports which had taken place during the
afternoon.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"St. John's Wood, Aug. 12."

"B. C. G."

Too much caution cannot be exercised, just at present, in letting off
sky-rockets, which, besides being more than likely enough to tumble
through skylights, are contrived to burst, and emit clusters of stars and
trains of fire, necessarily apt to be mistaken by observers of nature for
the meteoric phenomena which occur at this time of the year. When
we consider the facility of imitating these appearances, in connection
with the illusory propensities of school-boys, we feel compelled, in the
interests of Science, to rejoice that the holidays are over.

To Let.

A Pook invalid gentleman, very much reduced, lately read in a
medical paper something about "letting blood." The unhappy weakly
creature writes to us to know if we can inform him "who lets it," and
whether he can on moderate terms hire some for a few years. We refer
him to the *Lancet*.



BRIGHTON.

Georgina. "DO YOU KNOW, DEAR, I'M SO UNHAPPY NOW DEAR CHARLES HAS GONE TO TOWN!"

Gertrude. "AND I MISS DEAR PERCY DREADFULLY—I DO HOPE THEY'LL GET HOME SAFELY!"

[We wonder what dear CHARLES and dear PERCY would say, if they saw you eating Turtle at Mutton's, you little humbugs!]

A CHARMING SENTENCE ON SCOUNDRELS.

How is it that here in England, the home of honest JOHN BULL, we cannot venture to rely on trade-marks, so commonly are they falsified? Because we want an institution like the Tribunal of Correctional Police at Rheims. This Court is calculated to have a really correctional effect on all rogues who get themselves within its jurisdiction. It is likely effectually to correct the practices which have rendered them amenable thereto. Just lately, the Paris correspondent of the *Times* informs us, three humbugs, to wit, two wine merchants and a cooper, were convicted before that truly reformatory Tribunal of having forged the Clicquot brand on certain corks inserted in the pecks of divers bottles of a species of Champagne, of which a quantity had been seized here in the Victoria Docks. Their fraudulent ingenuity was adjudged to undergo the following varieties of correction:—

"The Rheims tribunal has sentenced the three offenders to pay £1,200 damages; also to replace, by unmarked corks, those in the bottles now in the docks, to bear all the charges the complainants can prove that they have incurred in the prosecution."

Which were very heavy—

—"And finally to advertise the sentence in the *Times*, the *Moniteur*, the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, and four other French papers. Moreover, for fraud under the penal code, two of the offenders are sentenced to fine and to eighteen months' imprisonment, and the third to four months of prison; and the wines bearing the false marks are ordered to be destroyed."

The last particular of the foregoing sentence is the only one that seems capable of amendment. The knaves who would falsify a trade-mark would also fabricate a wine; and these fellows would have been rightly served if, besides having been fined and imprisoned, and compelled to advertise their own infamy, they had, in addition, been condemned to drink their own sham Champagne. But this punishment

ARBITRARY FLUNKYISM AT WOOLWICH.

INDELICATE and obtrusive loyalty is only less disgusting than disloyalty which is coarse and brutal. People, whose interest in their Sovereign is not restrained by their manners so as to withhold them from staring the QUEEN out of countenance, ought to be compelled to keep themselves at a respectful distance from her. Farther than that, however, from the sight of HER MAJESTY there can be no necessity for keeping any of HER MAJESTY's subjects. The following order, promulgated on the QUEEN's embarkation from Woolwich, contains a clause which certainly does seem calculated to enforce a remoteness from the Royal person extending somewhat beyond the bounds of reason:—

"The route to be taken to-day by HER MAJESTY through the Arsenal, as well as the wharf, is to be kept clear from 4 p.m. until the steamer leaves the arsenal. Any person attempting to loiter on the route, or on the wharf, or pier, or any one seen at the windows, is to be immediately removed from the arsenal. No visitors are to be admitted within the gates.

"(Signed) R. M. BOXER, Lieutenant-Colonel."

To prohibit any one from appearing at a window happening to command a possible view of the QUEEN, was surely to do what no authority would have done with any considerate eye to the adage which declares that a cat may look at a king. As if HER MAJESTY had been *Lady Godiva* going through Coventry! Is COLONEL BOXER so superstitious as to believe in the "evil eye," and does he suppose it to strike at so long a range as from the other side of a window? Perhaps, however, the foregoing order was not dictated by BOXER, but by some superior officer, though it is worthy only of an inferior official, namely, a Beadle, actuated by excessive and servile exclusiveness, and swollen with the niggardly imperiousness of a consequential flunkey and Jack-in-Office. No; surely it was not BOXER's doing, but that of some Cerberus, or other cur. We rejoice in being able to add, in words borrowed from a popular ballad, that "Ven as HER MAJESTY comed for to hear on't she werry much disapproved of what the contemptible creature had done."

Ornithological.

A CELEBRATED Bird-tamer, having succeeded in making a Canary (who was by the way bred up with a perch in his cage) clean his master's boots, and even when he was dismally moulting, sing *molto vivace*, has dismissed his footmen and taught his fowls to supply their places. Two Fowls, called a Hem or Hen, as the case may be, have given up laying eggs, and are now of great service in laying cloths for dinner, luncheon, and other meals.

might be objected to as brutal, like that, which would have been equally appropriate, of treating the impostors as they treated the corks, and branding them with their own false brand. The correction, however, which they will have endured under the sentence of the Correctional Tribunal at Rheims, will no doubt suffice to teach them to counterfeit no more trade-marks, and may deter some other rogues from the like dishonesty. It is to be wished that there were in England a Tribunal as able and willing as that of Rheims to bring brand-forgers, and all other swindling imitators, to reason.

Awful Situation!

A NAUTICAL Correspondent gives us a graphic account of his position in a recent storm; he says, "The breeze was blowing gale at first, but soon became furious. The little craft, which required all our cunning to manage, had been well pitch'd before leaving shore, and was now well tossed about at sea. Few of us knew what to do. The head winds blew fearfully; we sat speechless with terror, seeing wind and tide against us, for, alas! we were *tongue-tied in a head wind!* A terrible night!"

HINT TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

A GENTLEMAN who lives in the country, but holds a badly-built house in town on a repairing lease, cannot of course continue for any length of time away from his Metropolitan residence, as he must be always repairing there.

POLICE!—An offender having been brought up before the sitting Magistrate at Bow Street, applied a low epithet to his Worship. He was committed for a Term.



CRICKET—THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE

"GOOD MATCH, OLD FELLOW!"

"OH, YES; AWFULLY JOLLY!"

"WHAT DID YOU DO?"

"I 'AD A HOVER OF JACKSON; THE FIRST BALL 'IT ME ON THE 'AND, THE SECOND 'AD ME ON THE KNEE; THE THIRD WAS IN MY EYE; AND THE FOURTH BOWLED ME OUT!"

[Jolly Game.]

TITBITS FOR TRAVELLERS.

THE Acclimatisation Society have been at it again, and we find at a late banquet the bill of fare comprised such dainties as the following:—

"White soup of the Channel Islands (made of conger eel), *lucio-perca*, *grenouilles* or edible frogs, pepperpot, Chinese lamb, roasted whole, with pilaff and *luscouscos*, *poulets à l'émancipation des nègres*, and ostrich eggs."

This entertainment is described as "elegant and *recherché*," and as the latter epithet means properly "far fetched," it is certainly in this instance by no means ill-applied. We cannot say ourselves that we should have much appetite for frogs and conger eels, or should look on *lucio-perca* (whatever that may be) as an "elegant" refection. We never tasted *luscouscos*, but judging by its name it must be something rather formidable; and as for ostrich eggs, we doubt if, had we ever such an appetite, we could anyhow contrive to eat more than a couple of them. Pilaff may be very nice indeed to those who like it, but as we never tasted it, we can't say that we do; and as for pepperpot, without inquiring what it is, we will wager we should much prefer a pot of porter.

But we really ought to thank the men who eat these messes for their bravery in trying to discover a new dainty for us. Of course if conger soup were nice the price of turtle might be lowered by it; and if pepperpot and *luscouscos* were edible and cheap, we should be saved from much expense in more extravagant made-dishes. We therefore highly praise and thank these pioneers of progress in the culinary art, and we really think their bravery in tasting unknown dishes ought to be rewarded by some ribbon of distinction, something in the fashion of a Cook's Victoria Cross. Were this new Order of Valour established to encourage them, other heroes might perhaps be tempted to compete for it; and other societies might follow the laudable example of dining

MEXICO AND MONROE.

An Emperor of Mexico!

Jerusalem! Now here's a go.

Oh, oh! NAPOLEON's toe,

Darned if he han't kicked down MONROE.

An Emperor, &c.

With mouths of fire, whilst, North and South,

We stands a blazin, mouth to mouth,

That Cuss out there, he bones the prey;

Takes Mexico right sliet away.

An Emperor, &c.

Now what on airth we air to du

In this here fix, I wish I knew.

'Cause why, we're dealing with a hand

That won't no sort of nonsense stand.

An Emperor, &c.

Them French, as fights for an idee,

Ain't got much scruples more than we

Of pluggin into all-fired strife;

Don't much more valley human life.

An Emperor, &c.

Bloodshed they no ways don't abhor;

You han't to kick them into war.

But shake your fist, that will suffice;

They won't let you insult 'em twice.

An Emperor, &c.

JOHN BULL he'll stand 'most any sarse;

You can't pervoke his dander, scarce:

Old fool, so bent on actin right,

Till you quite kick him he won't fight.

An Emperor, &c.

So then, as Mexico's gone goose,

And wakin snakes it ain't no use,

Agin old BULL let's vengeance vow,

And take no action else jest now.

An Emperor, &c.

Friendly Conundrum.

WHY is a French Steam vessel on her passage from Calais to Dover a sign of the amicable relations of the Two Great Powers?

Because it shows the existence of a French-ship between France and England.

annually on dishes which but few people have heard of, and nobody quite likes. The Geological Society might, for instance, give an earth feast, and taste the various sorts of earth which the earth-eaters are fond of: while of course the Entomologists might have a feed of insects, whereat the *men* might begin with snail soup and fried earwigs, then proceed, by way of *entrées*, with roast cockroach and grilled grasshoppers, and conclude with a boiled butterfly and some caterpillar cheese.

So too the Geographical Society might direct their various travellers, while examining strange countries, to examine strange *cuisines*; and, when they have been feasting at some foreign Star and Garter, to send home the recipes for the dishes which most pleased them. They might also be requested in certain special cases to forward home a sample of the dishes they most relished, as the condiments for making them might possibly in England not be easy to obtain. Pelican patties would for instance be difficult to get here, and so would tiger cutlets and alligator chops. Moreover there of course would be insuperable obstacles to our serving up a dinner here from cannibal recipes; and our only chance of tasting missionary pie would be to have that dainty sent home ready-made for us. Only fancy what excitement there would be at Exeter Hall, were it announced that SIR R. MURCHISON had received for his next banquet a large slice of baked bishop, which the King of the Cannibal Islands had sent him, packed in ice!

Black Bands and Bones.

THE *New York Herald* says that—

"GENERAL GRANT has some dozen skeleton regiments of coloured troops organising at Vicksburg."

This means, we suppose, that GENERAL GRANT is organising 80 many regiments of coloured troops to become skeletons.

THE SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.



Ye hear that the Astronomer in Richmond Park, who kindly permits visitors to look at the moon for a penny, has discovered a star. He does not say that it is a new one, so we rather imagine that it is one of those that have twinkled in the heavens since the time of the Great Dr. WATTS, or perhaps even before that period.

Talking of this reminds us that the North and South Poles have drawn up a protest on behalf of their oppressed brethren. It is to be presented to the Great Bear in the course of a few days.

It is not generally known that the Sun-dial was invented by a gentleman of that name, after whom it was called.

The Archimandrite NIKOLAS has offered to fight the BISHOP OF LONDON for twenty pound aside, catch weight. The story of this sporting challenge is of a somewhat romantic character, and in it figures the name of more than one Lady of quality; in fact, there are so many that in the matter quantity and quality are combined.

The Theatrical Shadows are few just now.

MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY

has opened the Princess's Theatre, and, by way of novelty, we are to hear SHAKESPEARE in English.

A Correspondent from the Moors says that it's very difficult to see the Scotch birds, on account of their national costume. On inquiry we find that he alludes to their being nearly all kilt.

POLICE AND BANDITTI.

EUREKAMEN! We have found out what is the reason why the authorities of Scotland Yard allow artists, authors, students, and musicians to be driven mad by organ-grinders. The subjoined communication from a young friend is essentially true:—

"MR. PUNCH,

"PLEASE, Sir, the Police here have a band, which meets to practise twice a week in the old Godolphin Schoolroom. They kick up such a jolly row. The tunes they play mostly are the *Dead March in Saul*, *Adagio Fideles*, *Martin Luther's Hymn*, and such like, a bar or whatever you call it at a time, over and over again. One whole day they were trying just about so much of *My Lodging is on the Cold Ground*, and another, a bit of *The British Grenadier*, which they did so slowly that I mistook it for a psalm for ever so long. They are a Brass Band, and at first people said they were the Pore's playing in the Nunnery opposite; but this is not correct: and no doubt they disturb the poor nuns at their prayers and put them preciously out. You never heard such howls, and growls, and bangs, and clashes. And sometimes a fellow misses his note, and blows his trombone askew like, my eye what a scrounch!

"I live with my Uncle. He is writing a book about Astronomy, I think, and Mathematics. They make him so jolly wild. Their noise has such an effect on him that he dances about the room like mad, wringing his hands, and shrieking, and tearing his hair. Very often also the dog next door begins to howl, which makes it worse; but my Uncle calls that an improvement on the Policemen's playing. He says it is useless for him to attempt to read or write during their beastly din. And don't he use strong language neither! Such fun.

"I say, I wish you'd draw a Policeman on his Beat beating a Drum. By so doing you will greatly amuse your diligent and ever attentive reader,

"Hammersmith, Church Lane, Aug., 1863." "JOHNSON, JUN."

So now then you see how it is that the Police obstinately refuse to suppress street-noises. They themselves are included amongst the

SPIES AND SABBATH-BREAKERS.

THE other day MR. JOHN DAVEY, Landlord of the Sluice House Tavern, a Clarendon of the working classes, in the valley of the New River, between Highbury and Hornsey, was summoned before MR. D'EYNGHOUT for entertaining guests during unlawful hours on Sunday. The information was laid by Policemen, who, disguised in plain clothes, had got illegal admission into the house. They were employed by whom?

Can it be under orders from Scotland Yard, and the sanction of the Home Office, that the Police are commissioned to enforce Sabbatarian legislation by breaking the law themselves, and, in that breach of the law, telling a lie, by representing themselves to be what they are not, honest men in need of refreshment?

We cannot, we will not, impute "the capability of such infamous treachery to SIR GEORGE GAY and SIR RICHARD MAYNE. We conjecture that the Policemen are employed to do the work of spies on Sundays by Sabbatarian hypocrites, who, as wolves that are accustomed to masquerade in sheep's clothing themselves for their own purposes, see nothing but sanctity in hiring constables to disguise themselves in order to betray respectable innkeepers. But then, how can the Home Secretary and the Chief Commissioner of Police allow Policemen to accept the base office in which they are engaged by sanctioning impostors?

We should also like to know what MR. D'EYNGHOUT means by saying that pleasure-seekers are not travellers. Is a man who scales the Matterhorn not a traveller, because he climbs a mountain for amusement? Are Members of Parliament on the way to the Moors not travellers? Was LORD BATHURST when he embarked, "some foreign country for to see," with no other end in view than pleasure, not a traveller? The Sunday law is arbitrary enough as it is; why should a Magistrate put an arbitrary interpretation on it?

Theatrical Phenomenon.

THERE was such a crowd at the Olympic Theatre the other night to see *The Ticket of Leave Man* that MR. EMERY, one of the Managers, who was standing outside on one occasion was actually seen to turn his own head away from the doors. No favouritism here.

offenders against our ears. The so-called guardians of the Peace are in league and make common cause with its disturbers. *Quis custodiet ipsos Custodes*; and who will take the noisy Police into custody?

What do Policemen in particular want with a Band? Is music in any way auxiliary to their employment? To what end do they cultivate it? Perhaps, for example, when they collar a thief and walk him off, with a view to playing the *Rogues' March*. It is, however, to be apprehended that the musical acquirements of the Police will not be at all conducive to the apprehension of thieves. The Policeman who has learned to perform upon an instrument will probably be apt to apply his skill in music chiefly to the private and personal purpose of serenading cookmaids. With his mind intent on some movement in a symphony, he will forget to enforce a movement of more consequence to the harmony of the public, omitting to bid creators of obstructions to move on. Instead of "Move on!" he will be likely enough to cry *Allagro Vivace*, and only incite grinning Italian organ-grinders to grind the faster. His acquaintance with a HANDEL may even have the effect of inducing him occasionally himself to give the grinding organ a turn.

Harmonious Policemen, however, are no more objectionable than Harmonious Blacksmiths, or any other sons of harmony, and might, indeed, be encouraged to practise a humanising art in a proper place; that is in a cellar, or inside a theatre or music-hall, where they can only split one another's ears, and not within walls penetrable by sound, which allow their dissonance to escape, to the distraction of the neighbourhood.

Sporting Beggars.

MR. PUNCH reads in the *Kelso Chronicle's* paragraphs of sport,—

"THE HON. MR. BROWN, CAPTAIN JONES, and MR. ROBINSON (or some such names) on the first day of grouse shooting bagged seventy brace."

Well, no shame in begging if you can't get what you want in any other way. And it is better than meanly buying of a game-keeper, or including what the keepers kill, in your own calculation. But we should like to know of whom these gentlemen begged, as the donors to these beggars must be generous sportsmen, whom we should like to know.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.

We should advise the Tourist to go straight to Boulogne. This is a capital starting point, because from Boulogne you can go anywhere, as of course you can from any other place. And again, from anywhere you can go to Boulogne; this is another point in its favour, though on second thought the advantage is equally shared by Ramsgate, Scarborough, and other spots on the English coast. We must here caution the reader, that whenever in the course of this work the word "spots" is used, we do not mean that the place so indicated is any blemish to its particular situation. Do we make ourselves understood? Clearly so; then on we go, which is a rhyme, but it can't be helped and so let us not say another word about it.

FRANCE.

In France the French language is chiefly spoken; and this, on consideration, is not surprising. At first you will be astonished to hear the smallest ditiest little boys in the gutter addressing one another in French gutturals; and the thoughtful traveller will immediately note down in his pocket-book that the education of the lower classes on the Continent is very much superior to that in England. The traveller, however, on becoming more thoughtful, will probably erase the note soon after it has been made. Now, we must at once ask you *Parlez-vous Français?* Your answer may be "What's that to you?" But that's rude; so you will politely reply to the interrogator, "I can read and write it, but don't understand a word of it." If a Frenchman makes the inquiry, be ready to say "*Bang goe may john tong*," which means, "I don't speak it much, but I know what you are talking about," and after having thus delivered yourself walk off quickly in the opposite direction. Let us here pause to make one remark about—

Comfort.—Always make yourself quite at home, remembering, that, by pursuing this course, you have the advantage of the poor ignorant foreigners, who are always "abroad."

Choice of Hotels.—At Boulogne there is very little choice. They are mostly kept by an English proprietor of the name of *Bains*; at least, we so gather from having seen *Hôtel de Bains* inscribed over the doors of several large houses. The best hotel is the *Hôtel de Ville*. To be taken in here, however, requires a certain amount of personal interest with the native police. They will sometimes show you the inside of this building for nothing. On the occasion of our visit, in company with a gendarme, we were obliged to make several complaints, to which no attention was paid; and we cannot, therefore, recommend the place to our friends.

While upon the subject of complaints, it would be as well to mention that any communication about faults in the *cuisine*, must be made by letter to the Minister of the Interior. This General Regulation applies to every part of France.

Walks.—Your first Walk at Boulogne will be from the steambot to the Custom House, and during these few steps you will have great opportunities of noticing the physiology of the Lower French Classes, who speak a very different language to the youth of both sexes who are ranked under the same title in our English schools. The voyage will probably have improved neither your personal appearance nor your temper. As you may not understand the observations that are made as you pass between the two lines of the mob thus assembled to welcome you, we will translate them for the traveller's benefit; who is supposed to be walking along feebly and wretchedly as after a bad passage.

Our cheery lively neighbours are assembled to greet you:—

First Lively Neighbour (addressing himself generally to lots of lively neighbours). "Oh! look there! There's a white roastbeef!" (This means you, you know.)

All (laughing). He! he! he! he! he! (Ad lib. till they think of something else to say.)

More Lively Neighbour. "I say, Mister, ain't yer well?"

All (laughing at you again, you know). "He, he, he, he!" (Ad lib.)

Small Neighbour (nicelier than ever, pointing distinctly at you, with a very dirty finger). "He wants some portare beer."

All (immensely tickled by this witty homethrust). "He! he! he! he! he! he!" &c. &c. (Ad lib.)

Somebody in the Crowd (who has a slight acquaintance with our language, says in French-English). "He's a grrrrrr long strrrrrong." (The mother tongue attracts your attention, and you turn round, and the speaker arrives at the end of his limited vocabulary with) "Oh, ye-ees!"

All (highly relishing the joke which the traveller cannot of course be at first expected to see). "Oh, ye-ees! Oh, ye-ees! He! he! he! he!" &c. &c. Which will be continued until the last voyageur has disappeared within the doors of the Douane.

The Custom House.—You will be asked if you've anything to declare. Now 's the time for the traveller to assert himself. If it is a lady, let her say "Well, I declare!" and then refuse to utter another syllable. If a gentleman, let him declare that he'll write to the *Times*. Don't

give up your keys. They've no right to ask you, at least they would not dare do it if they were in England, the cowards! Mind you say all this, adding the line about what your native country is in the habit of expecting, the conduct of every one to be with regard to Duty. They will want to inspect your hat-box—always make a difficulty about your hat-box, and then take good care that there is nothing inside when you open it. A hat-box lined with red has a deep political signification; so has black, and white; blue and yellow are also the signs in constant use among the *carbonari*; so take care. The punishments still in vogue in France are hanging, drawing, quartering, whipping, scourging with fish-hooks, branding on the nose, hot-ironing, and mangleing is still done here. For a minor offence, say for instance, a smaller hat-box with a less deep lining, you will render yourself liable to be loaded with chains and blown up by a magistrate. Do not tremble, be sweetly polite, address each of the *Douaniers* as "Mi lor," and all will be well.

Precautions.—To save all the above-mentioned trouble (and any further annoyance), write over to Boulogne generally some days before, and say you're coming. If you can't write, get somebody to go over instead of you, or Don't Go. The observance of this last precaution will, at some future time in this invaluable Guide, lead us to give some advice as to what is to be done by the Traveller who stays at home. At present we are on the Continent.

Geographical position of the Continent.—The Continent is a neck of land divided from every other place by something or other which is not surrounded on all sides by water. To bring the definition nearer home is impossible, as it would involve moving France, Russia, Spain, Austria, &c. &c.; however, the reader may be sure that whenever there is a movement in any one of these places, we will take advantage of it.

The Continent then is not simply Boulogne, howbeit, many to this day are of that opinion. What then is the Continent? It is a Tract of Land; and being a Tract, is imagined by a few to belong to some proselytising society. This idea has no foundation in fact. After these few but useful remarks we will proceed.



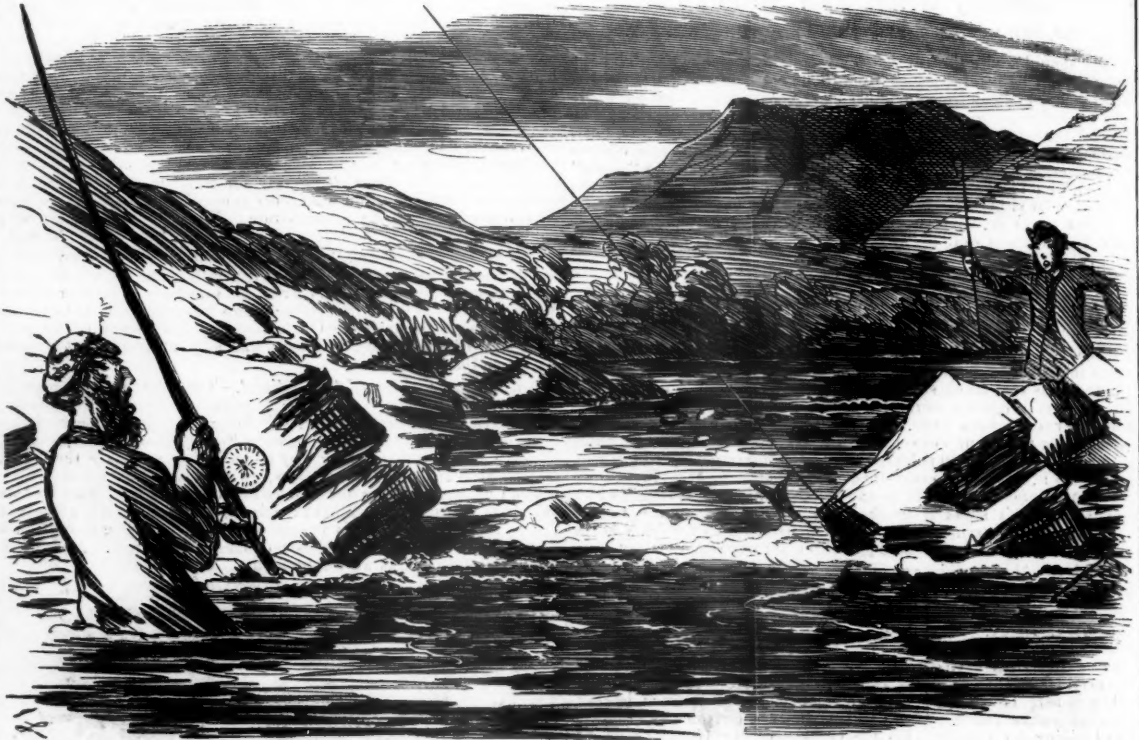
PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.—A SKETCH AT MILAN.

[FRANCIS JOSEPH AT FRANKFORT.

THAT rising young Monarch the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, who is taking the lead in the affairs of Germany, and has wiped the dense old KING OF PRUSSIA'S eye, and put his pipe out, has been figuring in the Congress of German Sovereigns at Frankfort like the great German sausage in the window at the corner of Bow Street amongst the small Germans by which it is surrounded. According to the correspondent of a contemporary, writing on Monday week last:—

"Last night the EMPEROR gave a grand banquet to his august colleagues, and went afterwards to the Zoological Gardens, where a large crowd was assembled, by whom he was warmly greeted."

Our own correspondent informs us that at the Frankfort Zoological Gardens, FRANCIS JOSEPH made a jocosé remark. As the bear was climbing up his pole the EMPEROR observed that he wished all Bears could get on as well with their Poles. Whereupon the bear roared, and so did the illustrious circle of which his IMPERIAL MAJESTY was the centre, joining in a roar which was louder than that of all the lions and tigers.



SALMON FISHING.

Piscator. "FOLLOW HIM UP! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY FOLLOW HIM UP!"

COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE.

DIED, FRIDAY, AUGUST 14,
BURIED, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

ANOTHER great, grey-headed, chieftain gone
To join his brethren on the silent shore!
Another link with a proud past undone!
Another stress of life-long warfare o'er!

Few months have passed since that grey head we saw
Bending above the vault where OUTRAM slept;
Lingering as if reluctant to withdraw
From that grave-side, where sun-bronzed soldiers wept.

The thought filled many minds, is *he* the next
To take his place within the Abbey walls?
A gnarled trunk, by many tempests vexed,
That bears its honours high, even as it falls.

He *is* the next! the name that was a fear
To England's swarthy foes, all India through,
Is now a memory! No more fields will hear
His voice of stern command, that rang so true.

The tartaned ranks he led and loved no more
Will spring, like hounds unleashed, at his behest;
No more that eye will watch his soldiers o'er,
As mothers o'er their babes, awake, at rest.

A life of roughest duty, from the day
When with the boy's down soft upon his chin,
He marched to fight, as others run to play,
Like a young squire his knightly spurs to win.

And well he won them; in the fever-swamp,
In foughten field, by trench and leaguered wall,

In the blank rounds of dull routine, that damp |
Spirits of common temper more than all,

He trod slow steps but sure; poor, without friends,
Winning no way, save by his sweat and blood;
Heart-sick too often, when from earned amends
He saw himself swept back by the cold flood,

Against which all must strive, who strive like him
By merit's patient strength to win the goal,
Till many a swimmer's eye grows glazed and dim,
And closes, ere the tide doth shoreward roll.

Stout heart, strong arm, and constant soul to aid,
He sickened not nor slackened, but swam on;
Though o'er his head thick spread the chilling shade,
And oft, twixt seas, both shore and stars seemed gone.

Till the tide turned, and on the top of flood
The nigh-spent swimmer bore triumphant in;
And honours rained upon him, bought with blood,
And long deferred, but sweeter so to win.

And fame and name and wealth and rank were heaped
On the grey head that once had held them high;
But weak the arm which that late harvest reaped,
And all a knight's work left him was to die.

Dead! with his honours still in newest gloss,
Their gold in sorry contrast with *his* grey:
But by his life, not *them*, we rate his loss,
And for sweet peace to his brave spirit pray.

No nobler soldier's heart was ever laid
Into the silence of a trophied tomb;
There let him sl-ep—true gold and thrice assayed
By sword and fire and suffering—till the doom!



MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

Scene—An Apartment in Cambridge House.

MR. PUNCH. "YOU GO AND ENJOY YOURSELF, MY DEAR OLD BOY—I'LL LOOK AFTER THE BUSINESS OF THE COUNTRY FOR YOU."



MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

Fence—An Apartment in Cambridge House.

Mr. Fence: "YOU GO AND ENJOY YOURSELF, MY DEAR OLD BOY—I'LL LOOK AFTER THE BUSINESS OF THE COUNTRY FOR YOU."

"CAVE CANEM."

THERE are certain petty social nuisances which we can only hypocritically smile upon, and cheerfully, hypocritically again of course, make up our minds to endure. One of these nuisances is the Man of Many Dogs. Dear as his own children, if he has any, and dearer if he hasn't, to their owner, they are equally troublesome to the casual visitor. Let us say, for instance, that JONES keeps six or seven dogs of different sorts and sizes. JONES ruralises within an easy distance of town, and you, whose work is in London, obtain half a day's respite from labour, and run down by train to enjoy a pleasant talk and a good walk through the fresh air and over the green fields that surround the house that JONES has built. You, whose heart yearns towards your friend, are received by large dog number one at the front gate, as if you were a prowling thief, a rogue, and a vagabond. He is no respecter of persons, and were he more free you would be even less welcome than you are. Scylla is passed, but there is a Charybdis to be passed in the shape of an enormous Blood Hound who, unable, in consequence of the restraints of civilised life, to indulge his natural inclinations, stands on the top of his kennel and yowls at you in savage disappointment. JONES will tell you afterwards that the creature is of an affectionate disposition and will "readily attach himself to you, when he knows you"; you cannot help inwardly feeling that, if loose, he would attach himself to you with equal readiness, even when he hadn't the pleasure of your acquaintance. Then there is the medium sized black shaggy dog of uncertain breed and dangerous eye, who lies on the mat before the front door and at your approach growls suspiciously. You stop and say feebly "Poo-dog, Poo-old fellow, then," and comfort yourself with the assurance that he won't bite if you're not afraid of him; but as you can't help feeling considerably afraid of him the odds are that he will. So then you stand hesitatingly with this ferocious nuisance "twixt you and the bell. A servant accidentally coming to the door lets you out of the difficulty and in to the house. We say nothing of the King Charles of whom you make a mortal enemy by nervously sitting upon him when asleep in an arm-chair. We pass over the wretched little toy terrier, who being allowed on the table at luncheon time, pushes his nose into your plate of pigeon pie, and with a tip of his tail spills your sherry over your light summer wear. Let that go: you can only say "Oh, never mind, never mind, it doesn't matter in the least," and look as if you rather preferred being damp and uncomfortable than otherwise; professing great joy of course on hearing that "Sherry doesn't stain" upon which you can say: "Oh, that's all right," albeit you have a misgiving upon the subject which no assurance can overcome. No; it is in the afternoon walk, when every dog becomes a bore. You want to keep up with the pedestrian exercise an entertaining two hours converse with JONES. JONES says at starting, "You don't mind bringing the dogs with us, do you, just for a run?" If you are strong-minded you will object; if not, you won't. Off you both start with a pack of six or seven. At the finish of the first half-mile you are warming into a mutual exchange of thought and useful experiences. You ask JONES why he advises you against a certain speculation which to you seemed highly advantageous. He begins his answer thus:—"Well you see there are a great many reasons: first"—here he suddenly stops and looks about quickly, then addresses you with some anxiety—"Are all the dogs here?"

You pretend to count and say "yes," at hazard. "No," says he, "Spot's not here" (*whistles*). "Spot! Spot! Spot!" (*calls ad libitum*). "Confound that dog! do you mind going back a little way?" Of course you say you don't, and you both retrace your steps down the lane. After going about a hundred yards, during which JONES does nothing but whistle and call, Spot breaks out of the hedge at the point you'd just left, and comes at full gallop towards you. He is rebuked and off you start again.

"You were saying—" you commence, anxious for the important information.

"Ah, yes!" returns JONES, evidently having forgotten all about it. "Ah! oh yes—I remember—well—one of the chief things against that Mining Company is this—(stops). Mop's gone now—(calls) Mop! Mop! Mop! (*whistles*). Would you mind just getting over that paling and seeing if the little brute's got into the field after the hares. Mop! Mop! Mop! (*Then to another dog that's running away*). Ah! come here, Sir!—Would you!" After getting very hot and tearing your clothes in hunting after Mop for some considerable time, JONES arrives at the conclusion that "the little beggar has gone home," which ultimately turns out to be the case.

"Well," begins JONES, after your walk has been resumed for some minutes. "The chief reason against this entering into the speculation is, that, in the first place, all the Directors"—here you come in sight of a pond, and he breaks off—"Just see Nep go in the water: lend me your stick: He in, Nep; good dog, then; He in, Sir." But there being no response to this order of the bath, you look round and discover the Newfoundland sportively engaged in hunting a calf round a neighbouring field. When at length he does condescend to fetch your stick he is sure to trot away with it, and being after some time tired of

his prize he drops it in some out-of-the-way spot of which only the sagacious brute himself has any knowledge. The conversation is never resumed, as you are fretting about this valuable walking-stick; and it is highly probable that on your return to town you make an unfortunate venture in the very speculation against which your friend would have seriously cautioned you had he not happened to be a Man of Many Dogs.

COURT CIRCULAR DURING THE REGENCY OF MR. PUNCH.

AFTER Breakfast Mr. Punch exercised the Royal Clothes-horses in the drive. The HON. BADEN POWELL was the Equerry in waiting. On his return Mr. Punch kicked Toby off the Royal Drawing-room Sofa, and then proceeded in state to open the Royal Dining-room Windows.

AT twelve o'clock Mr. Punch graciously gave an audience to the Royal Housemaids on the subject of Sweeping Reforms, and appointed the Royal Chimney Sweep to attend with his broom on the following morning.

The Royal Party at Luncheon consisted of Mr. Punch, Brown Holland covers were laid for the Royal Furniture.

AT half-past three Mr. Punch, driven out by canal, took the Royal Lanes for an airing in the park.

Several of the Noble Pier-glasses still remaining in Town were honoured with an invitation to dinner.

The circle at the Royal Table consisted of a Round of Beef. During dinner Mr. Punch's Private Band, Drums and Pandemon Pipes, attended and played the following selection:—

Overture to the "Railway Guide"	BRADSHAW.
Fantasia on "Jim along Jose" (Spanish Air)	M. F. TWISS.
"Long Live the Emperor" (Mexican National Melody)	LOUIS NAPOLEON.
Number 46 in the Books	PAT GAMER.
Volunteer March (from "Wimbledon")	WALKER.

AT half-past ten, p.m., Mr. Punch, attended by LORD PALMERSTON, took a cup of coffee.

AT eleven o'clock Mr. Punch received LORD PALMERSTON, who presented himself on his departure for Broadlands.

AT half-past eleven Mr. Punch attended by Toby, went to sleep on the royal sofa.

AT one o'clock, a.m., Mr. Punch rang the drawing-room bell. He was attended by nobody.

A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.

THE wisdom of the law of course is undeniable, but the wisdom of a jury is sometimes problematical. The other day for instance at the Liverpool Assizes, a Spanish sailor was indicted for stabbing in the street two men who chanced to jostle against him (one of whom died afterwards of the wounds which he inflicted), and the jury finding him guilty, recommended him to mercy "on account of his being a foreigner and not understanding the English language." Upon this the Judge remarked, feeling doubtless, like ourselves, a little puzzled by such logic:—

"Do I understand you to mean, gentlemen, that although you do not think these grounds sufficient to justify you in saying that it mitigated the offence from murder to manslaughter, yet it is a matter which somewhat palliates the offence?"

"THE FOREMAN. That is so, my Lord."

Whipping out a dagger and stabbing a man who happens to run against you in the street is not a thing to be excused in an English Court of Justice, because, forsooth, the perpetrator happens not to be an Englishman. If Spaniards choose to live in England, they should remember where they are, and must take the legal consequences if they happen to forget themselves. Stabbing people in the street may possibly with certain foreigners be a custom of their country, but happily it is not yet one of ours, and we hope it never will be. If we allow such customs to be naturalised among us (and if we pardon them in foreigners we shall gradually do so), there really is no telling what outrages may shock us. Were the delightful KIRE or DAKOMER for instance, to reside here, and to amuse himself one day by cutting a few scores of throats, or chopping half a hundred of his servants' heads off, we suppose a Liverpool jury would recommend him to mercy, on the ground that, poor dear man! he chanced to be a foreigner and happened not to understand the English language.

Change for the Better.

WHEN the organ nuisance shall have been swept away from our streets, that fearful instrument of ear-piercing torture called the hurdy-gurdy will then (thank Parliament!) be known as the Un-hurdy-gurdy.



THE WALKING TOUR.

ASTONISHED PEDESTRIAN (He with the Knapsack). "What the deuce, George! I thought we were going to walk! How d'you mean to carry all that Furniture; and what's the Coffin for!"

GEORGE (A Swell). "Coffin! My dear fellow. Most admirable contrivance; carries your Dress Coat, without creasing it! Fellow must have a dress—"

[At the first mention of the "Dress Coat," Pedestrian declares the engagement "off" and retires in dudgeon.]

A NEW NAME FOR A MAID-SERVANT.

WHEN will people learn to call a spade a spade? For instance, only look at this:—

WANTED, a GOVERNESS, "competent," and to take entire charge of the Wardrobe of six Children.—Apply, &c.

She who takes "entire charge of the wardrobe" of half-a-dozen children, should be called a clothes-keeper rather than a governess. But a governess is often hired for less pay than a maid-servant; and so, when ladies want a mistress of the robes worn in the nursery, instead of asking for a nursemaid or a wardrobe-woman, they add a smack of education to their other requisitions, and in their advertisements say they want a governess.

PADDYWHACKS AND PIKES.

O YE Irish peasantry!
Is it blood ye'd like to spill?
List the playful peasantry
Of FINNETT, KICKHAM, and GILL.
Down with the aristocracy,
The landlords and all their likes,
Mow them with scythes, ochlocracy,
Spit them, all hands, on pikes.

KICKHAM, GILL, and FINNETT,
Treason may spout and spit;
Neither will get his skin hurt, he
Has a deal too much wit.
They'll egg on to assassination
A bog-trotting humbugged wretch,
And leave him to strangulation,
Whilst themselves they bilk Jack Ketch.

PREVENTION OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

WE are informed by an interesting Parliamentary return, that, during the year ending December 31, 1862, there were 216 persons killed and 600 injured in consequence of railway accidents, whereas, during 1861, the number of lives lost through them was 234, and the number of persons injured 883. Since, in 1862, there were many more miles of railway open than in 1861, the preceding figures indicate a relative decrease considerably greater than the absolute diminution of the list of the railway killed and wounded. What an encouragement this is to juries to go on giving heavy damages to persons who have sustained injuries or lost relations by any railway accident which human forethought could possibly have prevented.

A SAD BLOW FOR THE SPIRIT-RAPPERS.

IN an article upon "Modern Spiritualism" in the last *Quarterly Review*, it is stated among other things concerning MR. HOME, the Medium, that he has been rather variously inclined in his religious phases of belief, having first been a member of the Kirk of Scotland, after that a Wesleyan, after that a Congregationalist, next a catechumen in Swedenborgianism, and finally a convert to the Roman Catholic church. The writer adds in a foot-note—

"We are told that Mr. HOME's last conversion has given great scandal to some of the Protestant organs of spiritualism in the press, who however console themselves with the thought that he may perhaps be destined to convert the Pope to a belief in rapping."

If MR. HOME be a good Catholic he cannot have much faith himself that this will be his destiny: for the *Quarterly* informs us that when he was converted "he was assured by his Confessor that, as he was now a member of the Catholic Church, his power [as a spiritualist] would not return to him." Whether this be so or not, it is certain that MR. HOME has done nothing in the rapping way of late, that the world at large has heard of: and if his conversion has knocked the rapping out of him, we beg leave to congratulate him as well as his Confessor, and to give whatever praise is due unto them both. We know the old saying about "two of a trade," and a church that has its own old superstitions to support is not likely to look favourably upon new ones that may rival them. The gullibility of man, although immense, may be exhausted: and while the Romish priests have their own little peepshows to look after, such as their Yearly Bleeding Saint and Winking Picture of the Virgin, they are not likely to encourage spirit-rapping exhibitions, which may also have a tendency towards exhaustion of credulity.

Punch has never been accused of having used his pen too freely to advocate the doctrines of the Romish Church; but he must candidly

confess that he respects the Papal faith far more highly than he does the humbug of the Spirit-rappers. So *Punch* is not displeased to learn that MR. HOME has left the latter for the former: and so far from expecting him to make the POPE a Medium, or to cause St. Peter's chair to jump about the Vatican by any spirit-moving art, *Punch* looks forward ere long to find that MR. HOME has been induced by his Confessor to make a full confession of all the artful dodges by which he gulled the dupes who were so weak as to put faith in his spirit-rapping tricks.

Fashionable Announcements.

The Lord High Admiral of Switzerland has arrived at the Clarendon Hotel.

The Bishop of Dahomey has landed at Southampton.

The Duke of New York is expected at the American Embassy. Apartments have been provided for His Grace at Windsor Castle.

Cardinal Camminatore, the Papal Nuncio, has left Leicester Square for Peterborough. His Eminence is charged by the POPE with a box of Italian confectionery, and the apostolical benediction of his Holiness for MR. WHALLEY.

Bogie and the Bottle.

SAYS GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, in a letter to the *Athenaeum* on the subject of Ghosts:—

"In fact I may say that, for more than half a century, I have been from time to time holding up ghosts to ridicule and contempt."

We did not know that our friend GEORGE had been so long engaged in quizzing ghosts, though we were aware that of late years he had been making terrible fun of spirits.

VOLUNTEERS! ATTENTION!



OHO! Gentlemen Volunteers, no more sugarplums and bouillons for you. No more bland regular officers to put you through your manoeuvres with an indulgent eye, and then to assure you, with smiling faces, that they have often seen soldiers, but never in their lives saw such skilful, manly, smart, adroit, intelligent, efficient soldiers as the Eleventh Fleabittenshire Volunteer Rifles, or, as the case may be. As we, the nation, pay you now, we propose to look after you a little more sharply, and see that our money is not thrown away. You are going to be told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help yourselves as best you may. Would you like a specimen of what you are going to catch, when you deserve it? See what a corps formed, it seems, of Foresters, and called the Fourth City of London, has caught. These respectable Foresters were inspected the other evening by COLONEL MORRIS, on behalf of Government, and if you think that he drew it particularly mild, we are not precisely of your opinion. *Disit MORRIS:—*

"I am sorry I cannot congratulate you on any great improvement in your drill since I inspected you in the Regent's Park last year. Indeed, the only one thing I see in the shape of improvement is a little advantage with respect to your uniforms."

"I must say that, in my experience, I have never seen any corps of volunteers so backward, either this or last year, as this one. If it is worth a man's while to enter the service as a volunteer, it is worth his while to learn the duty and the drill efficiently, and do it well. The whole of your movements have been done in a careless and unsoldierlike way, and I feel it my duty to tell you so. * * * One captain of company, the gentleman who was called out and put you through your manual and platoon, seemed to know his work, but with regard to the other officers, there were no words of command given, and no effort made to check men going wrong, and therefore we heard the voice of the paid instructor bellowing all over the place. All I can say is, that it has been very bad, and I hope another year to find your drill a little better."

There, Gentlemen Volunteers, we think that may be called speaking out, and when the gallant and uncomplimentary colonel had done, he informed the unfortunate Foresters that he should certainly tell the WAR SECRETARY what a set of pumps they were. *Mr. Punch*, who may be said to have made the Volunteers, inasmuch as he loyally encouraged and petted them, instead of scrunching out the movement, as he could have done in three numbers, is sorry that any corps should have deserved such a wiggling, but is glad that such a wiggling, being deserved, has been administered. He certainly was beginning to think that inspecting officers were rather lavish of stereotype commendation, and as the force is quite strong enough now to need no bolstering up, it is well that Volunteers should comprehend that there is to be no more nonsense. They must stick to company drill, or we would rather have their room than their company in our Household Guard. No more playing at soldiers.

OUR DUTY TOWARDS OUR NIGGER.

The different Clergy of the Confederate States have addressed a manifesto to their "Christian Brethren" throughout the world against the Yankees. As against the Yankees, there is perfect truth in this protest; but there is one part of it which asserts Slavery to be a providential institution. This winds up with a quotation from the First of Paul to Timothy on the very different matter of servitude as it was in Timothy's diocese, prescribing rules for the conduct of servants, denouncing any man who should teach otherwise, and ending with the words "from such withdraw thyself." Whereupon these evangelical gentlemen subjoin the following observation:—

"That is what we teach; and obedient to the last verse of the text, from men that 'teach otherwise'—hoping for peace—we 'withdraw' ourselves."

The inverted commas with which these reverend divines accentuate their extracts from the apostolic text in taking them to themselves, appear to give their profession of preaching and practising just what the Apostle tells them a rather sarcastic significance. The pretence of obedience to St. Paul in upholding Slavery and resorting to Secession, certainly does sound something too much like the combination of a snuffle and a sneer.

MEDICAL.—Aina has been vaccinated for an Eruption. The mountain is getting on as well as can be expected.

A POSER FOR THE PEACE PARTY.

INSTINCTIVELY as we recoil from controversial ink-shed, our columns being neutral ground, we cannot warn off all epistolary duellists. There is something very terrible, however, in two professors of peace principles, brandishing their paper knives and lunging for a deadly intellectual thrust. To this spectacle our readers are now invited. For our own part, we remain with folded arms, aiding and comforting neither combatant. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands, and we have no desire to heighten its charms.

OLIVER SUCKLE to JOHN BRIGHT.

"Friend JOHN,

"Living down in the Fens surrounded by mist, I seldom see that guiding star which you suppose to be Jupiter, but which I rather think is in the milky way. You will not wonder therefore at my ignorance of many things, especially Federalism, over whose convulsed form it appears you are now passionately weeping, while administering strong stimulants with a view to her recovery. * * * Now, when I was solicited to, and did become a subscriber to, the Peace Society, I clearly understood that the Bill bore your indorsement. If it was not indorsed by you, then my money was obtained by false pretences. If contrariwise it was so indorsed, then I ask how can you consistently side with those whose cry is 'War, War,' and (at any price) nothing but War. A simple answer to this simple question will oblige

"Your well-wisher, OLIVER SUCKLE."

JOHN BRIGHT to OLIVER SUCKLE.

"Friend OLIVER,

"You need not have told me that you were a political dunce.

"Your mind enlightened by no dandling star.
In gloom Cimmerian, of course you are.

"My simple answer to your simple question is this,—those with whom I consistently side are fighting for the liberty of others—nothing more; that secured, hostilities cease. And between fighting for selfish and fighting for charitable purposes, I think even your Boeotian intellect will perceive a wonderful difference.

"Yours ever in haste, JOHN BRIGHT."

OLIVER SUCKLE to JOHN BRIGHT.

"Friend JOHN,

"Certainly, between fighting for selfish and fighting for charitable purposes, there is a wonderful difference. But why fight at all. Now, the Peace Society was formed to urge Governments to substitute Arbitration for War. Now if Arbitration is desirable and practicable in any quarrel, why not in this? A simple answer to this my second simple question will be esteemed by

"Yours always serene, OLIVER SUCKLE."

JOHN BRIGHT to OLIVER SUCKLE.

"MR. SUCKLE,

"I always deprecate discussions that can have no useful result. Arbitration I still contend is the best steersman, but I reserve to myself the right and power to throw Arbitration overboard when he becomes like yourself, a troublesome fellow and won't obey my signals. Strongly recommending you to attend to your farm and not perplex your head with things which you evidently cannot understand, any further communication from you will remain unanswered.

"Yours, &c., J. BRIGHT."

OLIVER SUCKLE to JOHN BRIGHT.

"My very dear Friend,

"So dearly do I love Peace, that not another word shall escape from my pen tending to a breach of it. You will, however, not be offended by my simply observing, that its warmest advocates are its coolest friends, and having parted with my money under an erroneous impression, and seeing no prospect of any adequate return, I feel that like a well-dressed goose, I am done brown on both sides.

"Yours sincerely, more in sorrow than in rage,

"OLIVER SUCKLE."

"P.S. Would there be any harm in your trying to bring about an amicable adjustment? I ask this, not to cause irritation, but in justice to a Society which has overset itself. It is now time that it should get up and go to work. As one of its guardians, will you be kind enough to knock at the door?"

Fearful Tragedy.

THE other day an eccentric gentleman was standing on the top of the Monument with a friend, with whom he had promised subsequently to dine. Wishing, however, to go to the theatre, he determined to throw his friend over, and slip out quietly. He effected his cruel purpose, and we regret to say, has not since been seen.



"MAN NEVER IS, BUT ALWAYS TO BE BLEST."

PATERFAMILIAS. "Ah! Julia, married life need have some pleasure, for it has its anxieties. Look at ourselves! Here have we been anxiously considering for this last hour what we shall have for Dinner to-morrow."

A BILL OF HEALTH.

MR. LEIGH MURRAY is one of the very best of our few good actors, and the stage is a loser by the unfrequency of his appearance. His health has not been good, and we are doubly glad, for his own sake and for that of his art, to see that he has resumed his engagements. He dresses, walks, and speaks like a gentleman, and acts with a full comprehension of his author, and an earnest intention of making his author comprehended. And in the more elevated drama, MR. LEIGH MURRAY shows that he has loftier gifts. *Mr. Punch* is happy to have an opportunity of saying this. Having said it, he begs to remark upon a novelty which MR. MURRAY's manager has introduced into the play-bills. These interesting documents announce that MR. LEIGH MURRAY will appear "having recovered from an attack of Rheumatic Gout." It is all matter of taste, and some persons may enjoy a comedy the more from knowing exactly what has been the matter with a leading performer, but on the whole we almost think that "indisposition," or "illness," would have been enough, without such very decided realism. Suppose this fashion of letting the audience into the entire confidence of the performers were to prevail, what a cheerful play-bill we might have, especially in an influenza season. We should read that—

THIS EVENING WILL BE PERFORMED

OTHELLO,

OR THE STRAWBERRY SPOTTED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY W. SHAKESPEARE.

OTHELLO (who has obligingly recovered from the chicken-pox).
 IAGO (being his first appearance since he was operated upon for his corns).
 CASSIO (having been cured of a bleeding at the nose).
 RODRIGO (second time since his vaccination).
 BRABANTIO (his re-appearance after the excision of his warts and the stoppage of his wisdom tooth).
 MONTANO (consultant after neuralgia in the calves of his legs).
 DESDEMONA (a great deal better than could be expected. N.B. Baby perfectly well).
 JULIA (who has kindly consented to appear, though a martyr to catarrhs and hysterics).

MR. BELLOWBONE.

MR. GROWLEY.

MR. SPOONS.

MR. WOPSHOTT.

MR. BONASAU.

MR. OWLER.

MRS. RABBIT.

MRS. QUICKFIDGET.

This sort of thing would certainly give the audience a personal interest in the performer, and the latter would be curiously watched to see whether any signs of the late indisposition could be detected. So far, that sympathy would be created which aids the electric effect of art; but, on the whole, we think that the afflictions of our favourite artists had better continue to be vested in the graceful indefiniteness of a doctor's certificate, and we beg to add that we should not have taken any notice of the little eccentricity on the part of the Strand management, if it had not enabled *Mr. Punch* to apprise LEIGH MURRAY that he, P., is exceedingly glad to see him, L. M., again at his work: Good actors are not so plentiful in these days that we can spare a very good one.

A GORILLA AT RAMSGATE.

MR. PUNCH regrets to observe that while MADAME DU CHAILLU, wife of the brave traveller and Gorilla-slayer, was bathing the other day at Ramsgate, she was assaulted by a loathsome creature which the Magistrate fined £20, believing that it was a man, called JOHN BENSON, a bag-man, with a wife and children. Magistrates are not celebrated for wisdom, and these Ramsgate beaks may be excused for not perceiving that the beast was a gorilla; wishing to avenge its slain friends. Brave M. DU CHAILLU has departed on another exploring tour, and though when he hears the news he will feel, as a husband should, in regard to the annoyance to his wife, he will be pleased that the Ramsgate Magistrate, though in a blundering manner, sought to avenge the inhospitable assault. He will laugh to see that they fined the brutal gorilla, instead of tying it up to a post and flogging it soundly. It must be watched, however, and at the first demonstration of inclination to renew such an outrage, it had better be sent to PROFESSOR OWEN, and for safety's sake, the skin, which can easily be removed with a good horsewhip, had better go by separate conveyance.

NATURAL HISTORY at *la Française*.—LE PROFESSEUR POLICHINELLE's opinion is that the Cat is the first animal in creation. He bases his conviction upon the fact that Puss is decidedly "Tout ce qu'il y a de moi."



RATHER A KITCHENY WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Housemaid. "OH—BUT IT COULDN'T A BIN 'ER!"
Cook. "I TELL YER IT WERE—SHE CALLED UPON MISSUS THIS MORNING, AND SHE 'AD ON A PORK PIE 'AT, AND HALF A PHEASANT STUCK IN IT!"

MRS. NIGHTSHADE ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNUTTERABLE.

"IT is rite that them wot rede these Memoirs shoold no that i ham a Nuss (privit not ospitl)—konsequehtle speke from xperiens wich in coorse is bettr than cerasy. Ov hall purfeshuns a Nuss's most onerable (privit not ospitl)—i don't mean too insinuate that Her Blessed Magesti's prim ministur mi LORD PUMICESTONE isn't onerabl—but is plase and mine is verry difrent—trew, he, like me, sits up rayther late o' nites, and as A deel o' oposishun too Kontend against, and he's werreted a Good deel, and ates harf and harf meshures Butt wen he takes a litt thing in hend, he hasn't neer the trubl a Nuss has, in Karryin hitt threw the Ouse.

"Sum pepl tel u that thay don't bleeve In the wisitashun ov sperets—i don't miself giv Kredens too hall the goot storees i eer, but i doo bleeve in sperets Ginerally—i bleeve that many things wot disapeer most hunacountably ar spereted away—4 xampl T hand shugar—it orfen wexes me to eer Ladis (so kawld) wunderin about the T goin so fast, wen they 've mislade the kee ov the eady—in coorse if I where to lay it too the sperets, I Wood b sett down has superstishus tho' sperets in Ginerall i bleeve r foud ov hison dust—hatt hall events has my Frend Mrs. GINGHAM sais 'sperets Mum and T mixes unkimonly well 2-g-ther."

"jest to show that there his sich a feenomenon as dubble Sife i will state wot kame under mi hown Obserwashun. me and Mrs. GINGHAM (wot is halloo a Nuss, privit not ospitl) was settin hup one nite with A halderman wot had taken Hill on kumin home from A wite bate diar Att Grinish—there was too kandles on the tabl and The halderman took his davy that he seed fore!!!

"now as 2 sofers cheers and uther Firmiter goin upp in the Hare (widy M. HOWIT's revelashuns)—i remember l kase in pertikler—i was takin kare ov a Willow in Sinjin Wood for a famile wot had gone out ov town for the seeson (itt was in hawgost) i was hall alone in the drawin room (it was about a quarter to 11)—i hadd made miself a kumfurtabl

A DEAR YOUNG LADY.

A YOUNG lady has said
 That she no man will wed
 Who's worth less than six hundred a year,
 One would fancy, to keep,
 A white elephant cheap,
 If compared to a damsel so dear.

Full one hundred; no less,
 She must spend upon dress,
 Every year of her conjugal life;
 Only somebody who
 Is as rich as a Jew,
 Could afford to-maintain such a wife.

Oh, how lovely must she,
 To expect so much, be!
 But who prizes mere beauty's a goose.
 Like the plum's bloomy rime,
 'Tis brushed off in no time,
 And how then if your wife's of no use?

What can this girl, then, do?
 Can she bake? Can she brew?
 Can she wash? Can she cook? Can she mend?
 Or is she nothing worth
 Than the fruits of the earth
 To consume, and a fortune expend?

Job at the Foreign Office.

AND SO SIR JAMES HUDSON is choked off to be superseded by an ELLIOT! It is a wonder that EARL RUSSELL is not tired of finding places for the ELLIOTS, of whom there are so many. He must be very patient. The continual task of placing out those ELLIOTS is enough to tire the patience of JOB.

Health of the Metropolis.

A GENTLEMAN who lately took a house near the Marble Arch, in order that his health might be benefited by the breezes blowing across Hyde Park, now complains of the want of fresh air, alleging as his reason that the park is so close. This must be looked to.

jugg ov Eg-hot and was dozin On the sofer (i hadn't taken abuv a Pint or so) wen hall ov a sudn i felt the sofer rise with me rite Upp in the Hare!!!—then it came down—then itt rose upp so itt kontineved for several ours Til i woke and found A peliseman standing over me with a bull's i Lantern who sed 'i beg pardon M. butt you've forgotn to klose the strete dore and its A mersy as the Primises hasn't bin robd.' on anuther okashun wen i'd been Takin sum port whine Negress i Felt the ole room go round and round jest has it his hapt to do wen There's a mediem in itt.

"a sillybrated mediem In a wurk wot has latley kum out spekes of a lace-borderd kap bein presented By a speret—my Frend Mrs. GINGHAM mett with a similar hinstance of speretual ginerosite—it was at a manshun nott Far from'the brumton bilers were she was in waitin purfeshunly—she was a dozin in a eesy Cheer before the fire wen she fanserd she heerd a Wisperin in the hadjinia haypartment—skordine she putt her I to the kee-ole, and there she sor a Helegant young ladi in wite muslin with a bowket sitin down wile a andsum yung hoisier in millintery huniform nelt before her and kisd her alleybaster and—my Frend Mrs. G. gave a slite m. att which the yung ladi started and became as pale as Deth!! Mrs. G. then returnd to her cheer and fell asleep—wen she woke wot was her sirprise to find a bootiful lace kap on her nec—she menshund the sirkumstans to the young ladi who Told Mrs. G. in konfidens, that it was a kap b-longin to her gramamaw wot had bin Ded neer upon alevin Yeers, and Begd her not to tel any l wich (septin me) she never did. on turnin the kap over in their minds neethur Mrs. G. nor the young ladi hadd ani dout but that a tsharitable speret had putt it were it was found.

"heverybode wot knows hanthyatt at hall about sperets is Awair how b—e—a—utifull they Play the hacordium—y sperets shoold prefer That hinsturment to hall uthers i karn't himagn—I wood have thort sperets had rayther have Taken lesons on the Fidl, konsiderin (as M^r. HOWIT must hadmit) how eesy it is to draw the Long Bow.

"(note—badded bi Mrs. GINGHAM), in l wrespect sperets is like black Beadles—there I-site is wery sensitiv, hand much has they injoy thereselves in the Dark, they always wanish wen Lite is kast upon 'em."

WYE AND WAYFARE.



Y AND Wherefore, my dear *Punch*, you have not seen me lately, I will explain as well as this bad pen will let me; and did you ever, let me ask, get at a country house a good one?

"The fact is, then, that having nothing to do in town, and there being nobody now left in town to do it with, I thought I could not well do better than go into the country; and wishing to enjoy the most absolute tranquillity, I have been staying at a house where there were half-a-dozen children. I lately read a paper in a cereal magazine, treating of the Probable Extinction of Blue Eyes; and if I saw any cause before to doubt that probability, my visit to this country house must certainly have strengthened it. Brighter blue I never saw than were the eyes of the

half-dozen, from the SAMSON of eleven to the GOLIATH of scarce two, whom I would freely back to win the first prize at a baby-show, both for beauty and for bigness.

"Of course you know a house cannot be otherwise than quiet with a leash of grown-up girls and half-a-dozen healthy boys in it; and as their parents may at times feel rather bored by their tranquillity, I proposed a couple of days' excursion down the Wye, which, it chanced, was not far distant. In your aquatic explorations have you ever seen this river? If not, take my advice and a cab at once and do so. You will, besides the cab, have to take a trip by railway to the town of Ross, where you will please touch up your memory and recollect JOHN KEAT, the famous 'Man of Ross,' and the (to my mind) not so famous bit of poetry POPE wrote of him. The LORD CARLISLE forgave my speaking lightly of his favourite, but I wonder in what dictionary the poet found the verb 'repose' described as having the meaning which he gives to it hereunder:—

"Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose spats the weary traveller reposes?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
[Who filled the butchers' shops with large blue files?]
The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies."

"I beg your pardon, MR. POPE. If the babies lisped, they'd say, 'The Man of Roth.'

"The ordinary tourist may have heard the name of POPE, if he have not that of KYBLE; and it is possible he likewise may have heard the name of NEWTON. The recollection of this name may be of use to him at Ross, for he will find a MR. NEWTON there of whom to hire a pleasure-boat, or, if he prefer it, he may get one at the Post Office. What connection there can be between the Post Office and boating I leave your clever readers at full liberty to guess; but it is certain that at Ross I was directed to the Post Office when I asked the civil station-master where I could get a boat. Thirty shillings is the charge for a 'one man' boat to Chepstow, but we, being heavy swells, of course required a 'two men' boat, and so paid twenty shillings more for it, together with a *pour-boire* of five shillings to the men. To a cockney who is used to penny river steam-boats, such a fare for forty miles or so may seem a little high; but the cockney should remember that the boatmen have to row their craft back against stream for every fare they take; and as there are no locks, the current runs in some spots at a toughish pace to tug against.

"The Thames is a pretty enough river to pull down, and about Cliefden especially its scenery is lovely. But there is no view on the Thames that the Wye does not eclipse, and its beauties are not merely varied but continuous. You may travel down the Rhine and not see bolder cliffs than on the Wye at Symon's Yat, where you will be told to land and climb up to the top, or in other words to the mast-head of the Yat. Who this SYMON was, and why he called this cliff his Yat, I have not the slightest notion; but he was not a SIMPLE SYMON if he pic-nicked on his Yat, for a lovelier view to look at through a bumper of champagne I have rarely been delighted by. I don't myself much relish peeping over precipices, but if I had not felt an objection to the risk of breaking my neck, I might have looked down perpendicularly some six hundred feet or so, and seen the river flowing close on either

side of me. *Gutta cavat lapidem*, and perhaps some day the Wye may run straight through the Yat, instead of going out of its course some distance to get round it, as a glib barrierer does sometimes to get round a point of law. A remarkably good echo lives just opposite the Yat, and when I asked it 'How's your mother?' and 'Where are you going on Sunday?' which two romantic questions were inspired by the romantic nature of the place, I had the satisfaction of eliciting some local information on the subject from an ingenious young clodhopper who was in the fields beneath.

"Our yating expedition over, we resumed our boating one, but though we passed a lot of rapids our pace was not a fast one. You see, good scenery prevents one from pulling a good oar, and when one is rowing on a fine day down a river like the Wye one feels inclined to *laissez faire* like the Naples *lazroni*. Besides, to see our Paterfamilias serenely lolling on the stern cushions, and like the Jolly Young Waterman, 'rowed along thinking of nothing at all,' (except keeping his pipe alight), was quite enough to paralyse the muscles of his oarsmen, one of whom especially seemed glad of any excuse for imitating his tranquillity. But we reached Chepstow at length, and then of course went up to Wyndcliff, of which no doubt you've heard, and know is well worth going to. The point from which to see the view being on the DUKE OF BEAUFORT's property, the Duke 'expects' a sixpence from you (which you pay quite willingly), as a largess to his servants who keep the paths in order for you. But when you have panted to the top, you have your remaining breath taken away from you by finding the Duke's tenant 'expects' an extra three-pence, for doing nothing save abstaining from doing something that might stop you from enjoyment of the view. To find Nature made a peepshow of is not the pleasantest discovery; but when you've had your grumble, you will, I think, allow that your nine-pennyworth of landscape is really worth the money. Close in the foreground and, as my guide-book finely phrases it, 'clapsed in the winding river's arms,' is the 'peninsula of Llancaut,' which is noticeable chiefly for the fact that at its parish church the service is performed once only in three weeks. To compensate perhaps for this infrequency of preaching, the rocks projecting opposite are called the Twelve Apostles (we counted up fourteen of them, and so named two Paul and Barnabas), while a pinnacle near Tintern has been termed the Devil's Pulpit. If one could have the Wyndcliff view to look at while one shaves, one would not so much abhor that painful operation. As for trying to describe it, I leave that to the writer of the guide-book I have quoted, and I hope you will admire the profanity and snobbishness with which his sketch concludes:—

"The spectator stands upon the edge of a precipice, the depth of which is most awful (!), and the river winds at his feet. The right side screen is Pliorefield ridge, richly wooded; the left is a belt of rocks, over which appear the Severn, and the fine shores between Thornbury and Bristol, rising behind each other in admirable swells (!) which unite in most graceful curves. The first foreground is to the eye a view from the clouds upon earth (!), and the rich contrast of green meadows to wild forest scenery. The farm of Llancaut clasped in the arms of the winding river, backed by hanging wood and rock. Thus there is a bay of verdure, walled in by Nature's colossal fences (!) wood, hill, and rock. * * On the undergrounds herds of cattle, browsing in silent melancholy (!), some laying in the water, others retiring to sheltered banks. * * The further horn of the Crescent tapers off into a craggy informal mole, over which the eye passes to the second bay. This terminates in Chepstow Castle, the town and the rocks beyond all mellowed down by distance into that fine hazy indistinctness which makes even deformities combine in harmony with the picture (!). In the middle distance the widening sea spreads itself, and from it the shores of Somerset and Monmouthshire steal away into the horizon. Lastly, all this union of large and bold objects, from being comprised within a circumference of a very few miles, unites the landscape and the prospect, together with the forest and the park character, of unimpeded expanse; for the enclosures are few in any part, and by distance are almost diminished into imperceptible streaks. Thus the reproach of mappishness does not attach to this exalted exhibition of the divine taste (! !)."

"I am not a sentimental journeyer, and so, despite the elegant prediction of the guide-book, the Wyndcliff view did not excite in me 'an involuntary start of astonishment,' nor did it 'elevate my mind into instantaneous rapture.' Enough to feel it is a fitting climax to the beauties of the Wye, and I hope that my mind's eye may long find pleasure in a look at it. Another view we had, however, which, I rather think, will live still longer in my memory, and this was Tintern Abbey as seen by a cigar-light! Who'er would Tintern view aright must visit it by pale moonlight; but unluckily it happened that the moon was not shining on the night when we were there, so as we couldn't get the moonlight, we tried the substitute of match-light, and admired the fine old ruin by the aid of a fusee. You can fancy how the grandeur of the venerable Abbey was enhanced by this ingenious device in pyrotechnics, and what sublime emotions were evoked by the effect.

"Some people say that England has no scenery worth seeing, while others when they travel only travel for excitement in the way of risking life by scaling breakneck precipices, or scrambling over ice chasms where a slip is certain death. Now, were a cockney tourist, not being a good boatman, to try a passage down the Wye in a wagger-boat or coracle, he would see much pleasant scenery without much fear of drowning, and yet with quite sufficient danger just to stimulate his nerves. So recommending this excursion to all those who feel inclined for it, believe me, my dear *Punch*,

"Yours, ever so much,

"WYE-ATOR."

ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY.

A Parliamentary Debate, with Notes, by a Confederate Reporter.

ALL ye who with credulity the whispers hear of fancy,
Or yet pursue with eagerness hope's wild extravagancy,
Who dream that England soon will drop her long mis-called Neutrality,
And give us with a hearty shake the hands of nationality;

Read, while we give, with little fault of statement or omission,
The next debate in Parliament on Southern Recognition;
They're all so much alike, indeed, that one can write it off, I see,
As truly as the *Times* Report without the gift of prophecy.

Not yet, not yet to interfere does England see occasion,
But treats our good Commissioner with coolness and evasion,
Such coolness in the premises that really 'tis refrigerant
To think that two long years ago she called us a belligerent.

But further Downing Street is dumb, the PREMIER deaf to reason,
As deaf as is the *Morning Post*, both in and out of season;
The working men of Lancashire are all reduced to beggary,
And yet they will not listen unto ROEBUCK or to GREGORY:

"Or any other man" to-day who counsels interfering,
While all who speak on t'other side obtain a ready hearing;
As, *par exemple*, MR. BRIGHT, that pink of all propriety,
That meek and mild disciple of the blessed Peace Society.

"Why, let 'em fight," says MR. BRIGHT, "these Southerners, I hate 'em.

And hope the Black Republicans will soon exterminate 'em;
If Freedom can't Rebellion crush, pray tell me what's the use of her?"

And so he chuckles o'er the fray as gleefully as Lucifer.

Enough of him—an abler man demands our close attention,
The Maximus Apollo of strict *Non-Intervention*;
With pitiless severity, though decorous and calm his tone,
Thus speaks the "old man eloquent," the puissant EARL OF PALMERSTON:

"What though the land run red with blood, what though the lurid
flashes
Of cannon light, at dead of night, a mournful heap of ashes,
Where many an ancient mansion stood—what though the robber pillages
The sacred home, the house of God, in twice a hundred villages—

"What though a fiendish, nameless wrong, that makes revenge a
duty,
Is daily done" (O Lord, how long?) "to tenderness and beauty?"
(And who shall tell, this deed of hell, how deadlier far a curse it is
Than even pulling temples down and burning Universities?)

"Let Arts decay, let millions fall, for aye let Freedom perish,
With all that in the Western world men fain would love and cherish,
Let Universal Ruin there become a sad reality,
We cannot swerve, we must preserve our rigorous neutrality."

Oh, PAM! oh, PAM! hast ever read what's writ in holy pages,
How Blessed the Peace-Makers are, God's Children of the ages—
Perhaps you think the promise sweet was nothing but a platitude,
'Tis clear that *you* have no concern in that Divine beatitude.

But "hear! hear! hear!" another peer, that mighty man of muscle,
Is on his legs, a hearing begs, the noble EARL OF RUSSELL;
Thus might he speak, did not of speech his shrewd reserve the folly
see,

And thus unfold the subtle plan of England's secret policy:—

"JOHN BRIGHT was right, yes, let 'em fight, these fools across the water,
'Tis no affair at all of ours, their Carnival of slaughter;
The Christian world, indeed, may say we ought not to allow it, Sirs,
But still 'tis music in our ears, this roar of Yankee howitzers.

"A word or two of sympathy, that costs us not a penny,
We give the gallant Southerners, the few against the many,
We say their noble fortitude of final triumph presages,
And praise in *Blackwood's Magazine* JEFF DAVIS and his Messages—

"Of course we claim the shining fame of glorious STONEWALL JACKSON,
Who typifies the English race, a sterling Anglo-Saxon;
To bravest song his deeds belong, to Clio and Melpomene"—
(And why not for a British stream demand the Chickahominy?)

"But for the cause in which he fell we cannot lift a finger,
'Tis idle on the question any longer here to linger;
'Tis true the South has freely bled, her sorrows are Homeric, oh,
Her case is like to his of old who journeyed unto Jericho—

"The thieves have stripped and bruised, although as yet they have not
bound her,
We'd like to see her slay 'em all to right and left around her,
We shouldn't cry in Parliament if LEE should cross the Raritan,
But England never yet was known to play the Good Samaritan.

"And so we pass the other side, and leave them to their glory,
To give new proofs of manliness, new scenes for song and story:
These honeyed words of compliment may possibly bamboozle 'em,
But ere we intervene, you know, we'll see 'em in—Jerusalem.

"Yes, let 'em fight till both are brought to hopeless desolation,
Till wolves troop round the cottage door in one and 't'other nation;
Till worn and broken down the South shall prove no more refractory,
And rust eats up the silent looms in every Yankee factory:

"Till bursts no more the cotton boll o'er fields of Carolina,
And fills with snowy flosses the dusky hands of DIKAR;
Till war has dealt its final blow and MR. SEWARD'S knavery
Has put an end in all the land to Freedom and to Slavery.

"The grim Bastille, the rack, the wheel, without remorse or pity,
May flourish with the guillotine in every Yankee City,
No matter should Old ABE revive the brazen bull of Phalaris,
'Tis no concern at all of ours," (*Sensation in the galleries*)—

"So shall our 'Merry England' thrive on transatlantic troubles,
While India on her distant plains her crop of cotton doubles;
And so as long as North or South shall show the least vitality,
We cannot swerve, we must preserve our rigorous neutrality."

—Your speech, my Lord, might well become a Saxon legislator,
When the "fine old English gentlemen" lived in a state of natur'—
When Vikings quailed from human skulls their fiery draughts of honey-
mead,
Long, long before the Barons bold met tyrant JOHN at Runnymede.

But 'tis a speech so plain, my Lord, that all may understand it,
And so we quickly turn to fight again the Yankee bandit,
Convinced that we shall fairly win at last our nationality,
Without the help of Britain's arm, in spite of her Neutrality!

* * Mr. PUNCH has inserted the preceding lines from a Secesh Corre-
spondent, as "a few straws to show which way the wind blows" in the
South.

MAGISTRATES AND MUSHROOMS.

THERE are some Magistrates who do not know how to enforce the
rights of property; others who do. Among the latter must decidedly
be included the gentlemen named in the subjoined extract from the
Manchester Guardian:—

"PENALTIES FOR TRESPASS AT PRESTON.—On Saturday, at the County Police
Court, Preston, before MESSERS. C. R. JACOB, R. OLIVERSON, and PETER CATTERALL,
a man named WILLIAM WALMSLEY, was summoned for trespassing on some land in
Fishwick, and doing damage to the amount of one penny. In reply to the Bench,
the defendant said he had done no damage.—He was fined half-a-crown and costs,
ordered to pay the damage, and in default, one month's imprisonment in the House
of Correction.—Afterwards, a man, named ROGER HOTHERSALL, was charged with
being in the same field, and doing damage to the extent of one penny.—Defendant.
I plead guilty. I hope you will be as merciful as you can. I am a labourer, and
work for the Guardians, on the Cattle Market.—The Chairman. Well, but you know
land must be protected.—Defendant. I'm sorry. I hope you will be lenient. I
only earn a shilling a day, and out of that have to keep myself, my wife, and two
little children. I can't pay any fine.—The Bench. What were you doing in the
field?—Defendant. Well, I had gone to get a few mushrooms for our dinner.—The
Bench. You are fined half-a-crown and costs; you must also pay the damage;
and, in default, you must go to the House of Correction for a month.—Defendant.
Well, I can't pay, gentlemen.—He was then removed to one of the cells."

Here is a malefactor who, merely to get a few mushrooms for his
dinner, does not hesitate to trespass on another man's land, and do
damage to the amount of one penny! His only excuse for this act of
degradation is, that, having a wife and two children to keep, he earns
only one shilling a day! It is very dangerous to allow the poorer
classes to trespass on the fields in order to get mushrooms to eke out
their meals. There are lots of other fungi that the poor might eat, and
when they find that out they will commit further trespasses to procure
them, and do damage to the value thereof; more than a penny. This
trespassing in search of toadstools must be knocked on the head; and
now that waste lands are everywhere getting enclosed and appropriated,
there is no finding toadstools without trespassing. Let wretches be
taught to keep in the turnpike roads, and out of the fields at all times
except when they are employed to labour in them. We can enter into
the feelings of the Preston Bench, who, when they sent the penny
trespasser, HOTHERSALL, to the House of Correction, may perhaps have
regretted that they could not order him to be whipped. Don't their
Worships know how to deal with distress in Lancashire?



STUDIES OF CRINOLINE DURING AN EQUINOCTIAL GALE.

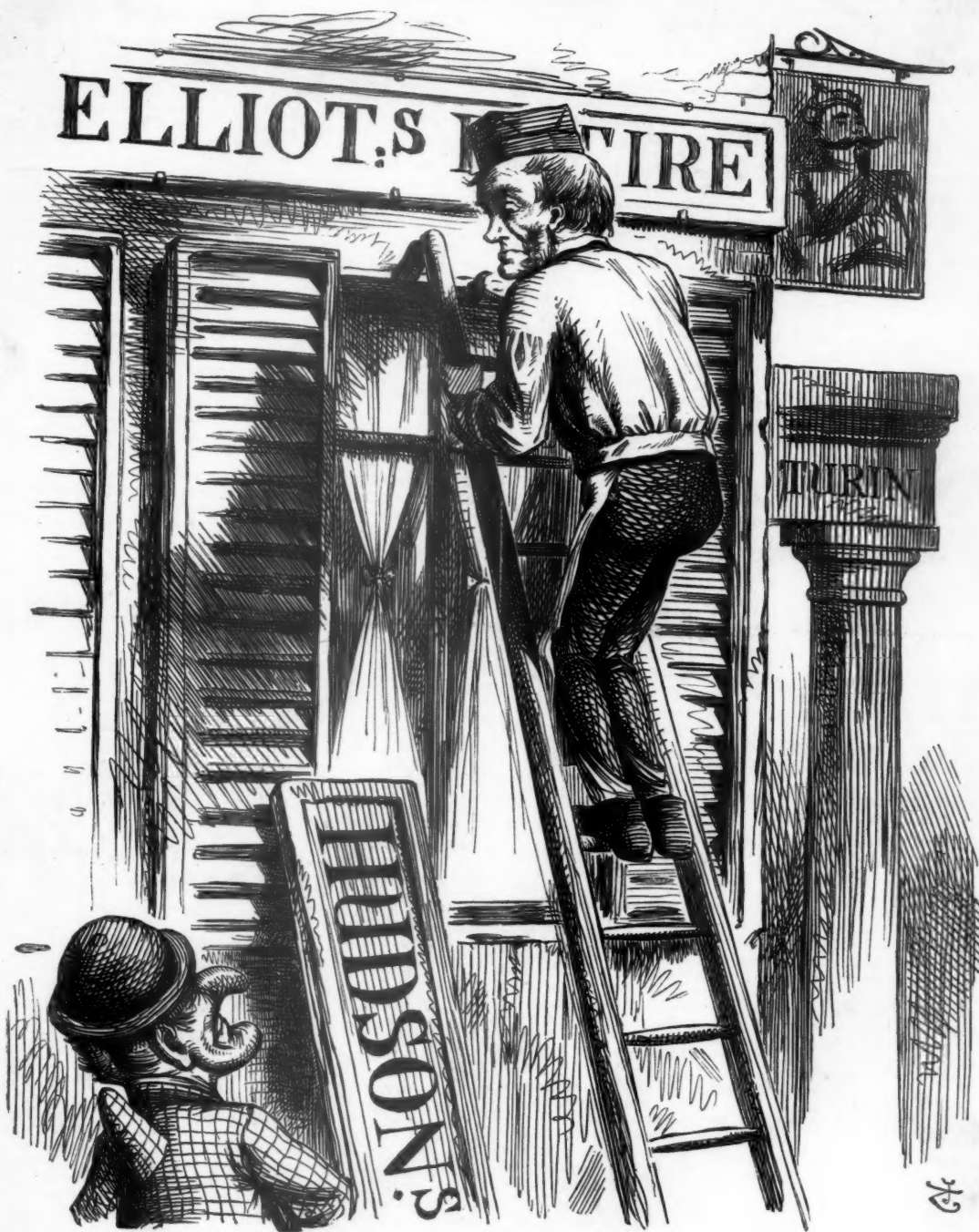
A CUTTER-OUT OF THE CLERGY.

AN advertisement in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, and the report of a case in the Macclesfield County Court, are now before us. The advertisement offers £20 a year for a Curate.

From the report it appears that a Macclesfield tailor agreed to give a cutter-out the wages of £3 10s. a week, besides two suits of clothes in the year, or the value of them. On those terms the cutter-out might easily cut his coat according to his cloth; which is more than can be said of the journeyman parson.

Advice to an Author.

A Book relative to "Eminent London Physicians and Surgeons" has been published, and is largely advertised under the title of *See Who to Consult*. Consult LINDLEY MURRAY, we should say.



JOHNNY RUSSELL'S LAST JOB.

MR. PUNCH. "I SUSPECT YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT DOWN AGAIN, JOHNNY."

PLACE ON THE TOP OF CHURCH - JAMES S. JONES



JOHNNY RUSSELL'S LAST JOB

AT THE END OF THE LINE TO THE TOP OF THE CHURCH

STORY OF A LITTLE SOVEREIGN IN THE SULK.

The Bad Boy that wouldn't come in.

ONCE upon a time there was a wilful boy who belonged to a German band, in which he blew his own trumpet, and made great discord. He never would play in tune. Some suspected that he had no ear, others winking slyly insinuated that his ears were egregiously long, certain it is, that although he was no composer, he gave himself airs, and offended many people by his crotchets. Every one looked with derision on the trumpet, which the presumptuous PRUSSIAN blew; and while admitting that he had a thorough base organ, without hesitation declared that he was always a little flat.

MASTER KAISER, who led the German band, was at one period a very indifferent performer, but had lately rather improved in his play. He had just left school, and was pretty well up in geography, clearly understanding how the revolutions of the earth are influenced by the poles. One day MASTER KAISER, seeing that clouds were gathering, and being apprehensive of a storm, proposed that the Band should subscribe and buy a big umbrella for their common protection from any overpowering rain. To this proposal all the German Band with one or two exceptions joyfully assented. The little bumptious trumpeter, however, turned upon his heel, and sulkily hugging himself beneath an old-fashioned coat, rejected the overtures of his playmates, and insisted on standing out. Little MASTER SAXONY, in his best suit, went to him with a stick of barley sugar, and tried to tickle him into compliance. The trumpeter scowled and seemed disposed to kick. He didn't want any umbrella, he hated umbrellas, what did he care if it rained bullets? they couldn't hurt him. Why? Because he had too much lead already in his crown.

MORAL.—This story should teach us a lesson of universal forbearance and toleration, for how can we expect that the Browns should always play sweetly together, when perfect harmony is not produced even by the clink of little sovereigns?

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



N referring to our skeleton route, No. 2, the tourist staying at Boulogne will find that he ought to have commenced with Amsterdam. If, however, there be ladies in this party, he will have acted with touching delicacy in avoiding a place whose name possesses so profane a termination. We will therefore for the present remain at Boulogne and give a few broad pieces of advice upon which the Traveller may or may not act as he thinks proper.

Never go to a foreign barber's in order to get shaved. The very evident reason for this is that, when abroad,

it is always remarkably unpleasant to get into a scrape.

You will of course frequent a *Café* during the daytime. Now these places are of two sorts: there is the *Café Gai*, which is as the name implies (very like English by the way, eh?) entirely for eating, and the *Café au Lait*, where, as may be gathered from the title, you lay yourself down and devote the time to drinking. The proprietors of either place do not interfere with one another, and business is thus carried on upon the most amicable principles.

If you do not understand the language, always on taking your seat at a *Café*, amuse yourself with the contents of a French newspaper. In this case, no article however bitter will disturb you, and you have the advantage over other people in being able to read it sideways or upside down with equal gratification.

You will notice that when foreigners have finished their little cup of coffee, they invariably empty the contents of the sugar-basin into their pockets. As it is always well for a visitor to be more French than

a native, you should not confine yourself to the sugar, but appropriate the spoon, cup, saucer, plate, or anything else that suits your fancy, and is adapted to the meanest capacity of the pocket. Always go to the best hotel; of course you will be obliged to try several before ascertaining which is the one that can fairly claim the honourable distinction.

In many places you will be told that the waiters "speak English." So they may, but they probably don't understand it.

We once heard a wet tourist, on arriving in steaming haste at an hotel where "English was spoken," cry out to the waiter as he was hurrying to his room, "Waiter, bring me some hot water;" whereupon the intelligent *garçon* readily answered, "Leg of mut-ton, yaas are,"—and he smiled cheerfully, being evidently highly pleased with this ingenious interpretation of the visitor's wish. You should have a few sentences always in stock; first, for instance on entering the hotel: *Avay voo day shombr?* this means "Got any rooms?" But mind you do say this before the Landlord or Boots, or anyone else has the chance of addressing you; as they may make some remark which you don't understand, and which will utterly overthrow any scheme for a French dialogue that you may have previously formed. In order not to be thrown out, you must force his reply with your question, and should the former not be the one required, pretend to blow your nose, feign a sneeze, or a cough, which would of course prevent your catching what he said, and then return to your own pre-arranged conversation.

On entering your apartment immediately take up the carpet, if there is one, and order the dust to be swept away.

To avoid the repetition of that useless form of regret, commencing with the phrase "I wish I'd brought (whatever-it-may-be) with me," we will here give a list of actual necessities, which you should have about you, as few rooms abroad possess them. Seldom, for instance, will you find shutters to the windows: provide yourself with these. See also that you do not travel without—

- 20 Pegs for coats, dressing-gowns, Ladies' gowns, &c.
- 3 Venetian blinds,
- 1 Wardrobe.
- 1 Chamber-pail for slops,
- 1 Cheval glass,
- 2 Pairs of Snuffers,
- 1 Bell.

Several different kinds of soap, and baths for hot or cold water, which you can turn to account by letting out to brother or sister Tourists who have forgotten to bring them. You will find the beds small and comfortable; and if otherwise, they will do for a mere night shift very well. A couch three feet wide may sometimes serve your turn, but when you do turn, you should, like the late DUKE OF WILMINGTON, turn out.

Now let us say that you've prepared your sentences, according to the plan contained in this Guide, and you ring your bell in order to summon the *garçon*. You must ring as a rule several times, but do not be afraid of a multitude of servants being attracted thereby; though it would properly follow, that if the ringing of one bell resulted in one servant, the consequence of two bells would be two servants, three bells three, and so on. Such, however, is not the case. The servants will be a long time before they reply to your summons. This you must expect, remembering that as—*Time is made for Slaves*, they of course have a perfect right to take as much of it as they like.

Now let the Tourist open his eyes and be taken aback, almost aback to England by the information, that, in almost all parts of France, every chambermaid is a Man. The only place where we ever heard of anything like a real English chambermaid, was at the Railway Station, when a guard directed us to the *Salle d'Attente* which so many travellers, in common with ourselves, have mistaken for "SARAH or SAL the Attentive," but which turns out to be the Waiting Room! Yet it is in such impositions that the English uncomplainingly subject themselves upon the Continent. The word Continent must, when you are travelling, be pronounced *Continong*, or you'll display an amount of ignorance not to be tolerated in an enlightened Briton. Do not forget this, but you need not give your authority.

What shall we do to-day? Why you must look at some list of entertainments, and you will probably find that the places of amusement for day-visitors are the Burial Grounds, the Hospital for Incurables, the Maison de Santé, the Prison, and the Police Station, &c. &c.

There is always a Church and a Church Tower to be seen. From top of the latter you will have a splendid view; but before the aspiring sight-seer can go up lightly he will be forced to come down pretty heavily.

Before quitting Boulogne we would remind our readers not to forget to ask after the notorious *Bore de Boulogne*. He became such a social nuisance as to be ultimately sent to Paris, where he is now located.

In answer to many Correspondents who implore us to give some short directions for going up the Matterhorn, we were very nearly

saying, "Blow the Matter-horn!" but on consideration we will attend to the important Matter-horn at once.

"NOTE.—Whenever you wish to take an airing, and there is no other vehicle to be had than the light cart of the country, hire it in preference. Drive yourself—it looks better."



STARTLING TRADE INTELLIGENCE.

SOME Frenchmen still believe that we sell our wives in Smithfield, but it may startle them to learn by the following advertisement that other human sales are occasionally held here:—

TO FANCY STATIONERS and Others.—One and a half mile from Lambeth Bridge.—To Clerks and Others.—*Ms. P*—is instructed to SELL a FANCY STATIONERY TRADE, together with a Public Library and a Dealer in Pianofortes.—About £120 required.—Apply, &c.

"Together with a public library and a dealer in piano-fortes!" *Tenez, mon ami Gobemouche, qu'ils sont bêtes ces Anglais! que c'est inhumaine, sauvage, cette affreuse Angleterre!* Figure to yourself, my friend, the sale of this poor wretched dealer in pianos, and imagine what a glut there must be in our man-market when a shopkeeper, a library, and a stationery business are together to be sold for "about £120."

AN IMPOSSIBLE PANCAKE.

EXAMINED as a witness in an action relative to a play called the *Relief of Lucknow*, involving the question of its original authorship, *MR. EDWARD STIRLING*, Stage Manager of Drury Lane Theatre, is reported to have said:—

"He had only read the plaintiff's drama cursorily, and he did not discover that the two comic characters in it had been rolled into one comic Irishman in *MR. BOUCHAULT's* piece."

So one would think. If two comic characters had been rolled into one comic Irishman, that comic Irishman would have been dreadfully flat.

SABBATARIAN STOCKS.

THE Sabbatarian Act of CHARLES THE SECOND excludes from its operation all works of necessity. If a Bench of profane cynics wished to insult Christianity, and at the same time exceed the law, they might, for an impious freak, commit a wayfarer for plucking and eating ears of corn upon the Sabbath Day. What is the essential difference between plucking corn to eat, and doing the act undermentioned in an extract from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*?—

"The pesty of Petty Sessions has been set in a striking light at Atherton by the conviction of fourteen persons on the charge of having desecrated the Lord's day. The principal defendant was a man named CLEWORTH, a farmer apparently, who, having a meadow of hay ready for carrying, and being apprehensive from the state of the weather that if the carrying were deferred till the next day the hay would all be spoilt, called his workmen and neighbours together, and housed it on the Sunday."

The case had been adjourned for a month to enable the Magistrates to consider the law on the subject; and they "concluded" as *PRESIDENT LINCOLN* would say, and declared by the mouth of their Chairman, *MR. SILVESTER*, that "the defendants were guilty of a desecration of the Lord's Day," and fined them 5s. and costs. We wish we had heard how the Justice who pronounced his judgment, managed the pronunciation of two particular words in it, namely, those above quoted, which he substituted for Sunday. Considering those two words in that relation to ears of corn which the matter in question must naturally have suggested, could his Worship utter them without thrusting his tongue in his cheek?

The defendants in this case were *MR. PETER CLEWORTH*, farmer, of Leigh, and thirteen others, some of them labouring men. They refused to pay the fine, and, says our *Manchester contemporary*, "it is understood that distress warrants will be issued against those defendants who are householders, and the others will be confined in the stocks."

Now, then, if these men are "confined in the stocks" what will the Home Secretary do? Will *SIR GEORGE GREY* order stocks to be set up in Hyde Park, and direct the stipendiary Magistrates of London to enforce the Sunday Act of CHARLES THE SECOND by sentencing all insolvent offenders against it to be set in them? Or will he remove the gentlemen of the Atherton Bench from the Commission of the Peace?

We do not for one moment believe that these gentlemen have any wish whatever to bring religion into contempt. Indeed we are persuaded that they have not the faintest perception of the tendency of

their Sabbatarian maladministration of justice to do so. We are satisfied that they are sincere Sabbatarians. We are quite sure that they cannot see the argument that it is as right to save provender from being spoiled on the Sabbath day as it is to extricate an ass from a pit. Exactly so. But now we have just named an animal of which we will say no more than that its species ought not to occupy the Bench at Petty Sessions.

UNCERTAINTY OF FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THERE is a saying that you ought not to believe above half of what you hear, and I think it is too true. Nay, I go further, and say that, if you are wise, you won't believe anything whatever that is extraordinary. It is very seldom that extraordinary things do happen, and, in disbelieving them when they are related, you will be right nine times out of ten, if not oftener. Every time that you are right, you will gain credit for good sense; and if you do chance ever to be wrong your mistake will be looked upon as an error on the side of judgment."

"There are some things that are generally received as facts, but which really I don't believe in, and feel that if they were sifted they would turn out to be all moonshine. I mean such things as earthquakes and burning mountains, which never occur and do not exist in this country. I never was out of England, and do not mean ever to go, but I cannot believe that prodigies and convulsions of nature, unknown in this land, are experienced in any other. It is my firm opinion that *Vesuvius* and *Etna* are all humbug. The alleged Earthquake of *Lisbon* I regard as a mere fable, and have no more faith in that which is represented to have taken place at *Manilla* the other day. I have the same idea of tremendous hail-storms and thunder-storms, such as are continually reported as occurring in foreign parts, but the like of which we never witness. Now, for example, the *Courrier du Bas Rhin*, I see, quoted by one of our own papers, states that, within the last few days, violent storms have prevailed in the valley of the Rhine, by which considerable damage has been caused. Well, I can believe so much, but when the writer of it goes on to say:—

"In the palatinate the hailstones were in some places of the size of pigeons' eggs."

"I feel quite sure that he romances. Also when he proceeds to declare that:—

"At *Bochingen* two men were killed, buried beneath a cottage which was blown down. At *Bruchsal* large pieces of ice fell, and the windows and tiles of the houses

were broken. Near Coblenz the fields were strewed with birds killed by the hail, and a similar fact is mentioned as having occurred in the neighbourhood of Strasbourg. A violent hurricane, accompanied by lightning and torrents of rain, broke over the town of Mâcon (Saône-et-Loire) three days ago, and caused great damage. The church steeple was thrown down, several houses stripped of their roofs, and the produce of the gardens in many places destroyed."

"Beyond the possible fact that a storm occurred at the places above mentioned, and did some damage, I am satisfied that most if not all of the particulars in the foregoing statement are fudge. I cannot swallow hailstones as big as pigeons' eyes, and lumps of ice falling and breaking tiles. I would be bound to eat all the birds which the fields were ever strewed with and which were killed by the hail. I won't absolutely deny that the church steeple at Mâcon was thrown down, because that of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was struck by lightning some years ago, and in part fell; but I very much doubt it. That any of the houses, however, were stripped of their roofs is what I don't attach the slightest credit to. To talk a little Irish, I look upon all foreigners as natives. They are given to wear ear-rings and trinkets of the nature of amulets and charms; they have crosses buried with them, and so forth. In all this there is a spice of fetishism. They are eaten up with credulity,

and abandoned to delusion, which is in a measure contagious, so as more or less to infect even British travellers, and cause them to exaggerate what they have seen. Thus we may fully account for everything in any of their narratives that is at all wonderful. I dare say, if the truth were known, the American war and the Insurrection in Poland would turn out to be very small affairs in comparison with the fuss which is made about them. Things that we hear of a long way off are as doubtful as things dated a long time ago.

"Foreigners, in short, are not to be depended upon. Such is the uncertainty of foreign affairs that we can never know what we are doing when we mix ourselves up with them; which we should on no account ever do unless for the protection of our interests when they appear to be threatened. The bounds of probability are those of this island; exceed them and you get into the domains of *Baron Munchausen*. Events reported from beyond the seas are mostly fit to be related only to the Marines. Some may call this narrow-minded scepticism, *Mr. Punch*; but I will maintain that it is the philosophy of a

"*Bull's Closs, Sept., 1863.*"

"TRUE BRITON."

"P.S. I am no cosmopolite."

GLEANNING TIME IN SUFFOLK.



ELL, listen yow—be quiet, bo,—the bell is tolling eight."

Why don't yow mind what yow're about?—We're allers kind o' late!

Now, MARY, get that maw-thress d'—oh dear! how slow yow fare—There come a lot o' gleaners now. Maw, don't stand gawkin there!

Now, JANE, go get yow that 'ere coach, and put them pillars in—

Oh! won't I give it yow, my dear, if I do once begin?

Get that 'ere bottle, too—ah, yow may well stand there an sneer;

What will yow'r father say, d'ye think, if we don't tank his beer?

Come, WILLIE!—JANE, where is he gone?—Go yow an fetch that child,

If yow don't move them legs o' yowrn, yow 'll maak me kind o' riled! There, lock the door, an lay the key behind that 'ere old plate; An, JEMMY, yow run on afore, an ope the wheat field gate.

Well, here we be at last—oh dear! how fast my heart do beat! Now, JANE, set yow by this 'ere coach, an don't yow leave yow'r seat Till that 'ere precious child 'a asleep; then bring yow that 'ere sack, An see if yow can't try, to-day, to kind o' bend yow'r back!

Yow 'll all wish when the winter come, an yow ha'en't got no bread, That for all drawin about so, yow 'd harder wrought instead; For all yow'r father 'arn most goo old SKIN 'ER's rent to pay, An MISTER LAST, the Shoemaker; so work yow hard, I pray!

Dear me! there goo the bell agin—'tis seven,* I declare; An we don't 'pear to have got none,—the gleanin now don't fare To be worth nothin; but I think—as far as I can tell—We 'll try a coomb, some how, to scratch, if we be 'live an well!

* In some villages in Suffolk the church bell tolls at 8 A.M. and 7 P.M. to regulate the time for gleanin.

An Old Story.

JUDGES and Barristers are now reduced to mere shadows, and the columns of the Reports are almost empty. There have been lately several "Running down" cases. This name is only applied by laics to a species of litigation, which the lawyers call "Running up cases," but this name refers to the Bill of Costs, whose length is only exceeded by that of the client's face, when he casts his eye over the little account.

MISSIONARY MEDDLERS AT CROYDON.

WE have noticed with disgust, in the columns of a local contemporary, the report of a too successful attempt to oppose the establishment of an institution calculated to supersede animal gratification by moral and intellectual culture at Croydon. A benefactor of his species, Mr. W. T. SIMPSON, late of Drury Lane, the Lyceum, and Sadler's Wells, has been attempting to introduce dramatic performances in a portable theatre at Pitlake, Croydon. The magistrates are willing to grant him permission to open it, but are for the present prevented from doing so by the vexatious opposition of certain persons unknown, but supposed to be sanctimonious impostors. Mr. SIMPSON, to meet the wishes of some of his friends, has gone to the expense of removing his theatre from the spot on which he had erected it to an adjoining site. He had previously given the Bench the fourteen days' notice of application for a licence, required by law. At the end of the fortnight, on Saturday week last, the application was made by his solicitor, Mr. C. RICHARDS. It was backed by a memorial signed by upwards of 300 inhabitants of the neighbourhood, but opposed by somebody or other represented by Mr. PARRY. The fact of the removal of the theatre—only a few yards from its original site—then happened to be mentioned. An extract from the report of the case, which follows, will best explain the hardship thereof:—

"Mr. PARRY thereupon objected to the former notice, which was for a building then in existence, which had since been pulled down and erected in another place, therefore he contended that another notice was necessary.

"Mr. RICHARDS contended that the notice given specified all that was requisite for granting the licence for the present theatre. It was the same building exactly, and had only been removed a short distance.

"The Chairman said he could not altogether agree with Mr. RICHARDS. He asked Mr. PARRY whom he appeared for, and was surprised that Mr. RICHARDS had not asked that question before.

"Mr. PARRY I decline to say who I appear for.

"The Chairman. Perhaps you appear for yourself?

"Mr. PARRY. No; I appear for Mr. BENNET and Mr. TAYLOR, a city missionary who has addressed a lengthy communication to the Magistrates, but it was sent, as I am instructed, to Mr. W. DRUMMOND.

"Mr. J. DRUMMOND said his brother had been absent from Croydon, but during his absence he had opened all his letters, and could undertake to say that no such letter as that described by Mr. PARRY had been delivered.

"After a short consultation, the Chairman said they considered Mr. PARRY's objection a valid one. They were sorry that Mr. SIMPSON had been put to so much inconvenience and expense, but they could not help him."

It appears that Mr. PARRY's clients, whoever they are, are misinstructed him. Gentlemen who are capable of doing that, are likely to go by an *alias*, and it may be that the City Missionary and the other person who employed that attorney to oppose Mr. SIMPSON's licence, may not have favoured him with their real names, from a natural fear of incurring popular execration. Mr. SIMPSON's application for a licence will be renewed, on Saturday week and will doubtless be granted. In compliment to his pious persecutors, and any confederates whom they may be leagued with at Croydon, he should by all means open his house with *The Hypocrite*. We wonder if his company contains a couple of actors capable of playing *Cantwell* and *Mawworm* as well as the City Missionary and his other persecutor doubtless perform those parts off the stage.

Curious Equestrian Feat.

A WELL-KNOWN Licensed Victualler was the other day seen cantering up Rotten Row upon one of his own "Screws."

MUSIC.—When SIGNOR MARIO travels on the Continent the only luggage that he ever carries is the burden of one of his favourite songs.



RETURN OF THE WOUNDED AND MISSING POPPLEWITZ OMITTED TO SEND
IN AFTER HIS DAY ON THE MOORS.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

A GREAT many ignorant people are just now asking whether the meeting of the British Association, is the long expected Donkey Show, of which we have heard so much and seen so little. Shall these simple folks be answered, and told that the meeting in question is not *The Donkey Show*?

"How happy could I be with heather" is now the sportsman's song. Your *Umbra*, or shadowy correspondent, was last week offered a fine day's sport; I need hardly say that a wet day's sport would not have been accepted. We had a very pleasant time of it, and after shooting during the morning and afternoon, in the evening we were treated to some appropriate LODGE'S music. Some of our party are off to the Moors, deer stalking of course; for our part we prefer to remain in-doors with the ladies, and enjoy our little dears talking at home. By the way, there are no Moors at the Alhambra, so don't let the name lead astray any Cockney Sportsman who wishes to have all his fun without leaving Town.

"Over" has been virtually shouted out by all the umpires, to the Cricket Season. We are afraid that the Quidnuncs and Sussex men who played such a first-rate match a week or so ago at Brighton, have met there for the last time. We do not wish to frighten any bold Batsman, but being the other day in the neighbourhood of Hove, we met the Excellent

Proprietor in mourning, and we subsequently heard from several players that "the Brighton Ground was Dead!" There it lies beneath its own turf, deeply respected by all who knew it. We were further informed that it was proposed to place an epitaph over it commencing "Tellus—," but at this point our feelings overcame us (they often do), and exclaiming "Don't tell us!" we rushed off in the opposite direction. We believe, however, that the Sussex men are going to raze a subscription to the Ground. Several Cricket fields have been much cut up in consequence of this melancholy event.

How marvellous are the changes of fortune; we are here yesterday and gone the day before, and we know not what may happen in the course of the following Tuesday. The poor beggar to-day is the rich beggar to-morrow, and this reminds us of what we were going to say. A certain gentleman professionally connected with the ring, which is always a prize and no blank, opened a neat hostelry, and established a pit where rattling sports were the order of the day and night. Crowds frequented the aristocratic retreat, and fondled the little dog, a terrier, who laughed to see such sport. This enterprising owner has made a fortune, and having married a tailor's fair daughter, may now be seen in the Park driving a pair of handsome clothes-horses, presented by his father-in-law, and seated in a neatly appointed rat-trap, which his own genius has procured for him.

AN APPEAL FROM THE LION AT NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.

NORTHUMBERLAND House,

Behold, here am I on!

I should be a Mouse,

Instead of a Lion,

If I didn't roar,

At being neglected

With disregard more

Than what I expected.

A model to grace

The column of NELSON

I stand; but its base

They'll put some one else on.

SIR EDWIN'S design

Has furnished the creature:

No equal of mine

In form or in feature.

My posture and its

Decidedly differ;

My tail is, as fits

My dignity, stiffer.

I stand bolt upright

On all fours; could finer

Position invite

The tasteful designer?

Suppose in LANDSEER'S

New Lion, denoted

The study of years

To Lions devoted.

A mere waste of time

Too precious to squander!

This type's the sublime

Hence why did he wander?

No brute, reared, the land

Of Juba so dry on,

On this height I stand,

A true British Lion.

SIR EDWIN'S, of course,

Is only the other,

I've roared till I'm hoarse:

My feelings I'll smother.

HYDROSTATICS.—*How to Move a Body of Water.*
—Go out into your garden and drag the pond from one end to the other.



Old Party (reads). "Crystal Palace—This Day—Fête of the Amateur Gymnastic Society,—'THAT'S THE HOLIDAY FOR ME!'"

A TERRIBLE ASSAULT.

WHAT a horribly savage country this England, to be sure! What brutally aggressive ruffians are allowed to be at large in it! Only look, Ma'am, at this awful atrocious case reported a short while since in the *Western Times*:—

"WOODBURY PETTY SESSIONS.

"WILLIAM BUDD, an elderly labouring man, was summoned for using threatening language towards the Honourable LADY GERTRUDE ROLLE, and putting her in bodily fear.

"Her Ladyship stated as follows:—I saw the defendant on the 31st of July last, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, on Colyton Common, in the parish of Colyton Raleigh, cutting turf. I was walking 15 or 20 yards off. I heard a voice calling after me, but I did not think anything of it, till a young lady who was with me, said he was speaking to me. I turned round and asked the man what he wanted, when he called out in loud tones, 'I want some cider, you had best not deny me. Come on, come on.' He said this in a very threatening manner, and held up his fists at the same time (here her ladyship suiting the action to the word, threw down her parasol, and compressing her face, and shaking her fists, she endeavoured to imitate the old man's conduct). * * * He walked two or three paces forward and then went back again, and I went on my way, but I was as much frightened as if a pistol had been let off at my head."

In palliation of his frightful conduct the audacious hardened miscreant (who was described by one of the witnesses, who had known him many years, as being an "industrious, sober, honest man") had the impudence to state, through the lawyer who defended him, that he had mistaken LADY ROLLE and her companions for three lace girls, and had offered them a drink of cider, which offer they mistook for his having asked for some! When afterwards he found out whom he had accosted, he was frightened out of his wits at having taken such a liberty, and her Ladyship confessed in her cross—yes, very cross-examination—that—

"When the defendant found out that I was LADY ROLLE he was very sorry, because he knew he would get the worst of it. He came a few days afterwards to beg my pardon, at least my butler told me so.

"Mr. FLOUD. You refused to see him, then?

"Witness. Of course I did. I think it a good opportunity when one does meet with a case that can be brought home to the party to do so."

Ladies, nervous ones especially, will feel thankful to her Ladyship for trying to "bring home" such an outrage to the perpetrator as the

THE HOAX ABOUT HUDSON.

DARE you, little EARL JACK,
To give HUDSON the sack,
For the work he has done long and well,
And, that you, in his post
May put one of the host
Of your ELLIOTS, a statesman expel?

Then your courage, indeed,
Will immensely exceed
The expression of famed SIDNEY SMITH.
It must greatly surpass
All the valour of brass,
If you thus can prefer kin and kith.

Turning out man of worth,
To give nephew a berth,
E'en a Bishop would deem a disgrace:
And you're not quite so brave
As to play thus the knave,
No; you can't be so bold and so base.

SAVAGES ON THE COAST OF KENT.

BRIGHTON at this season may be said to be crammed, not to say replete, with beauty. Naturally so. Brighton is a bathing-place; so is Ramsgate: so is Margate. But the authorities at Brighton have made *caleçons* indispensable, or *de rigueur* as the genteel say. At Margate and Ramsgate, however, bathers are allowed to crowd the coast in a state of native innocence more perfect than that in which the men of Kent rejoiced when they went about in a coat of woad of a very partial nature, and nothing corresponding to "Sydenham 17s. 6d.," except a patch of colour which may have occupied the place of those figures in the well-known advertisement. The consequence has been that no young lady of any pretensions to refinement can even mention Ramsgate or Margate. That those watering-places may enjoy their fair share of the beauty, and the business now engrossed by Brighton, it is necessary that local self-government should subject bathing to those conditions which are prescribed by civilisation.

one that she experienced, and they will regret to learn the case was after all dismissed, on the ground that the complainant was not in bodily fear. But though her shattered nerves afflict us with the very deepest sympathy, we fear we must allow that this decision was a just one, for there was certainly no ground to think the insult was intentional. If fine ladies would but condescend to talk a little oftener to the labourers they meet, they would not be terrified at hearing some six words from them.

IS MONTELEMBERT A HERETIC?

ALL honour to M. DE MONTELEMBERT for the courageous avowal, in the face of his priesthood at Malines, of the justice and common sense thus eloquently outspoken:—

"Without mental reservation and without hesitation, I declare myself an upholder of liberty of conscience. . . . The gag forced into the mouth of whomsoever lifts up his voice with a pure heart to preach his faith, that gag I feel between my own lips, and I shudder with pain."

COUNT MONTELEMBERT distinctly contended for the liberty of preaching error as well as truth. So it will not do for their Ultramontane Eminences and Reverences to say that there is only one faith that can be preached with a pure heart, and that no pain can possibly be caused to M. DE MONTELEMBERT by forcing a gag into the mouth which preaches heretical pravity.

But how, then, about that liberty of the Press which Infallibility, late and present, has so bitterly cursed and condemned in unmistakable and undeniable Allocations? COUNT MONTELEMBERT and the Holy Father are at issue. Which is to cry *Erravi*? Which will cave in? As the liberty of the Press is the matter in question between the most illustrious champion of the Papacy and the Pope, we will take that liberty to remark that "the quarrel between them is a very pretty quarrel as it stands."

NOTE BY A NEDDY-TOR.

The New Court of Ass-size.—The forthcoming Donkey Show. It is, we believe, to be held at Bray.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE ?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



STANDS for Antwerp, and therefore We starts for that place.

As of course you will have arrived at the quay per steamer, one or two hints will save you a vast amount of trouble. You will be requested to remunerate the Steward for the sustenance that you've consumed during the voyage. Economy, mind, is the first thing to be considered; reply therefore to this demand by telling them confidentially "that you'll look in another time," or "you'll be coming that way again in a few days, and then you'll settle your little account." If, after getting over the sea passage, you can also get over the boat's crew, you will be a happy and a fortunate man. The vessels where, of all others, very high prices are charged for a very low sort of diet, are, as their name implies, the *Screw Steamers*. The British stranger will now cast his eyes (he must not throw his glances away, as they will be wanted subsequently for several other parts of the journey where you must keep your eyes about you) upon several distinguished military-looking gentlemen to

whom the untutored impulse would take off its hat, deeming them to be at least first cousins to general officers. It at first appears that

these exalted personages have come on board to welcome the Little Stranger, and the Enthusiastic Tourist should, if he have the heart of a man and a brother in his breast, rush forward and give way to his feelings. This conduct will mollify the otherwise obdurate hearts of these Superb Foreigners, and, on being safely escorted from the ship to land, as, under the circumstances you would doubtless be, you will find that you have executed that marvellous gymnastic feat known to travellers as Clearing the Custom-house Officers.

Porterage.—Your first care must be to procure a fly, cab, hackney-coach or omnibus wherein to take yourself and luggage to an hotel. Stand on the noisy quay, and in a much noisier key shout for a vehicle. You may shout as long as you like. *There is none.* Now then, say, "Hi! Here! you fellow!" to one of the gentry idling about the place in the dress of a Continental butcher out of work. These be the



porters; and if your porter has anything like a head, he will tell you the best hotel to go to; and thereupon he will put your baggage on to a truck and wheel it away, and you on it into the bargain, if you approve of that mode of entering the town.

You will probably be taken to the Hotel of St. Antony (not because, as a feeble creature might say, "there *an't* any other," but because it is the best), and in order to save all discussion about the fare, hold out to the conscientious porter a handful of coins, consisting of groschen, krentzers, francs, sixpences, florins, dollars and thalers, and let him select as many of them as may suit his fancy. Don't begin your journey by quarrelling; but regard, with feelings of unmixed pleasure, the gratification of this humble son of toil on leaving you at the door of your hostelry with one silber groschen in your hand.

Before we proceed further, it would be well to offer a few remarks upon the rate of exchange in the various towns and countries.

The rate of exchange in a fashionable Continental town is very rapid. You are always purchasing something as a keepsake to take home to FANNY, or somebody else whose name isn't FANNY, as of course there is no reason why it should be.

Fourpenny bits will pass as threepenny pieces anywhere. This is useful and important. Threepenny pieces may, among a quantity of other money, (when naturally one expects some reduction on taking a quantity) pass for fourpenny bits; but this is only successful, as a rule, when you are actually and at the very moment of disbursement, quitting the place.

A farthing well polished and brightened may, among the very simple mountaineers of Switzerland, the Tullaliety and Hilliio sort of people, pass for a sovereign; but most of these mountain passes are attended with a certain amount of difficulty.

On board ship, or when travelling by tidal service boat, always pay for your passage with the current coin of the river.

Should you pass through the kingdom of Bohemia, (celebrated for the beautiful tea called *Bohea*, whence the name), the following coins are at present in circulation:—

Bohemia.	Bohemian Relative Value.	Germany.	English.	French.
Joey's	= one Kick	= 3½ Groschen	= Four pennies	= 31½ cts.
Tizzies	= one Bender	= 5 Groschen	= Six pennies	= 52½ cts.
Bobs	= two Tizzies	= 10 Groschen	= One shilling	= 1 fr. 20 cts.
Benders	= one Tizzy	= 5 Groschen	= One sixpence	= 52½ cts.
Kicks	= one Joey	= 3½ Groschen	= One fourpence	= 31½ cts.
Tanners	= one Tizzy	= 5 Groschen	= One sixpence	= 52½ cts.

If you carry any change, be careful to take more kicks than halfpence. You'll always get them for the asking. In Cologne the cent is chiefly used. As, however, these are often not punctually paid, the Owe de Cologne cent has passed into a proverb, so as to make the place smell in the nostrils of Tourists. Paper money known as *Flimises* and *Bitsostiff* are seldom seen in Bohemia; while sous and straw-papers are common. When a *Billet de Banque* is unnegotiable everywhere, it is called a *Billet Doo*.

Rhino is the general term for all species of coin passing up and down the romantic river between Cologne and Mayence, and may be termed the floating capital of Rhenish Prussia. Another example of this existing fund may be found in the South, where Venice is the floating capital of Europe. This however by the way, and rather out of our way at present. In many places Tourists have found brass to be an excellent substitute for tin. The *Cosmopolite* should always carry a plentiful supply of coppers with him, and then he can do all his "washing" in his own room.

Another point is the computation of distance and the application of correct measurement to the hiring of vehicles. Mind; when you hire a *voiturier*, lower his price. Now it must be taken as a general rule, to which there are but very few exceptions, that every object when divided from the traveller by an interval of several miles is further removed from his particular locality, than is another object which is within a few feet of his touch. Very good. In the latter case a carriage will not be required. In the former, let us suppose you're going to drive to Darmstadt, which is ten miles off from anywhere you like. Well, if you know this, all you've got to ask is, "how much a mile," and when the coachman has given you the information, you will have added to the stock of knowledge which you already possess. You can thank him for the information and retire. If, however, you are uncertain of the distance, rise early in the morning, procure a short, or long piece of tape, go over the ground, cheerfully reflecting the while, that one day you'll have to go under it, and measure carefully: this will give you a nice walk before breakfast, of course to Darmstadt, and then you'll be in a position to withstand all attempts at extortion. To enable you to measure correctly, provide yourself with a Two Foot RULE OF THE ROAD.

Consideration for those millionnaires who can afford to be carried, shall not prevent us from turning our attention to the poor pedestrians.

General Precautions to be observed by Pedestrians and Others:—

When it rains, let the traveller stop at some inn on his road, so as not to get wet;

And, when the warm Sun is shining, let the traveller stop at several inns on his road, so as not to get dry.

What with our driving and our walking tours, we find ourselves rapidly leaving Antwerp. We, therefore, if you please, and if you don't please it can't be helped, will return to the Hotel of St. Anthony.

On your arrival, let it be your first endeavour to prove to the as-regards-English-manners-behighted-and-totally-uninstructed citizens, that you at all events have none of that phlegmatic reserve and dulness of spirits, which are the characteristics, we hear, of so many of our travelled countrymen. Proceed thus: never leave off whistling or singing except when you're shouting, speaking, laughing, eating or drinking; this will show lightness of heart and head, innocence of disposition, and cheeriness of manner not to be surpassed by the most volatile of our liveliest neighbours. Get rid of your *vigilant*, that means a cabman, when there is one, by giving his horse a sharp cut with the whip and saying, "Hoop! teh! come up!" and off he will set, as hard as he can lay legs to the ground, down the street, and, of course, his owner after him. Now then for a good old practical joke, which however being quite new here, will establish your reputation for hilarity from the very minute of its execution.

Begin thus:—Tell the crowd who are looking on that you're going to "play at Pantomimes." They won't know what you mean, but that

is of no consequence; and, by the way, this fact is equally true as regards the majority of people who, during the season, are intensely interested in listening to the poetical libretto of an Italian opera. Commence humming, "*Rum tum tiddle tiddle*," any words you like here, to give the idea of the never ceasing music in the orchestra at Christmas. Knock with your open hand three times at the door of the hotel, and then lie down flat on your face in front of it. If the proprietor is up to the business (and if not, why is he in that situation, we'd like to know?) he will wait until after the third knock; when he will open the door, look straight before him, smile blandly, rub his hands, and at the first step of his advance fall over your prostrate form. You yourself must be up

on your legs as nimbly as possible, and lose no time in belabouring the weak-minded tradesman with one of his own advertisement boards. When he does rise, he will only shake his fist at you, and will immediately allow himself to be mollified by your putting your hand on your heart, bowing politely, assuring him that "*you* didn't do it," and then intimating that "*you* are willing to pay for accommodation in his house." You will be shown to your bed-room, when it will be as well at once to ask for a tallow candle to rub the floor with, and make a slide, on which the proprietor will be the first to fall; then ring for a warming-pan, a kettle, a large box labelled Pills, concluding the performance by jumping into bed with your clothes on. You may now consider that you have done enough to prove yourself several degrees removed from those proud, cold, say-nothing-to-nobody sort of Englishmen, who are so generally to be met upon the Continent.

In the morning, and also during the entire day, you will hear the Chimes of Antwerp Cathedral. The ambitious Tourist may seat himself upon his portmanteau, and interpret the language of the bells as "*Turn again, ROBINSON*" (JONES and SMITH are out of the question) "*Lord Mayor of Antwerp*." They don't of course say anything of the kind, and there is no Lord Mayor.

The name of this town is, as we have said before, Antwerp, but the French, with their usual perversity, will call it *Anvers*. The pronunciation of this name reminds us, that the tune, which the Cathedral clock plays, may possibly be

"Anvers and Anvers is my Hieland Laddie gone?"

However this is simply interesting to the man who winds up the works: on second thoughts we remember, that the economical authorities have provided themselves with a permanent winding staircase in the Church Tower, which saves the expense of employing a clockmaker.

There is an ancient society in Antwerp called St. Luke's, to which the artists belong: it corresponds we believe to St. Luke's in

London, of which several Royal Academicians might be distinguished members.

Be the weather fine or wet, the Tourist may walk about the streets of Antwerp all day free of charge.

Gratis Exhibitions.—The Exterior of the Cathedral can be well seen from earliest dawn till quite dark; also, the outside of several Churches; and, from the same side, an excellent view can be obtained of the Museum.

The Theatre, we are informed, is only open for a part of the year; and that part is always well filled.

The British Consul may be seen for twopence a head through a glass-door. Feeding time at one o'clock, when the price of admission is raised. No one is admitted after the Consul is once quite full. There is no deception, he is alive, and will shake hands, talk affably, and answer any questions that may be put to him. Sticks and umbrellas must be left in the hall.

The Post Office in this town is not the same as the Post Office in another town, and is on this account alone, worth the trouble of a visit.

We now consider that the time has arrived when, previous to quitting Antwerp, we may give a few more—

General Hints for the Tourists.—Always shout out your English sentences at foreigners. They're all deaf. Your only other chance of being understood is by talking broken English to them. For what is the good of speaking your perfect mother-tongue to those who cannot understand it? It is simply a waste of words. All foreigners can swim. If you doubt the assertion, experimentalise after the manner suggested in the cut. This humorous feat will suggest another cut,—cut off!

Take it for granted that every one is trying to cheat and impose upon you. Dispute every item in every bill separately.

To ensure civility and respect, see that all your portmanteaus, bags, and hat-boxes be labelled MURRAY in the largest capitals.



ANGLO-SAXON WINE.

In a paragraph headed "What Wines are made of," the *Cincinnati Scientific Artizan* gives the following results of the analysis, by HIRAM COX, M.D., of various samples of liquors on sale at a store in Cincinnati:

"The distilled liquors were some pure, and some vile and pernicious imitations; but the wines had not one drop of the juice of the grape. The basis of the port wine was diluted sulphuric acid, coloured with the elderberry juice; with alum, sugar, and neutral spirits. The base of the sherry wine was a sort of pale malt, sulphuric acid, flavoured from the bitter almond oil, with a per-centage of alcoholic spirits. The basis of the Madeira was a decoction of hops, with sulphuric acid, honey, spirits from Jamaica rum, &c."

Would the chemistry of DR. HIRAM COX, applied to the fluids which Britons are accustomed to swallow under the denomination of port, sherry, and Madeira, resolve them into components other than those above specified? It is too much to be feared that most of what is sold as port wine resembles real port in nothing but its colour and effect in causing drunkenness and gout. When the votary of Bacchus and reader of SHAKESPEARE notes *Iago* telling *Roderigo* of *Desdemona*, that "the wine she drinks is made of grapes," he naturally thinks to himself "I should like to have some of it. I wish as much could be said of me." How often must this reflection have occurred to every jolly old commentator on SHAKESPEARE!



THINGS THAT WE WANT TO KNOW.—No. 2.

WE WANT TO KNOW WHY THE AUTHORITIES AT BRIGHTON, SO SENSIBLE AND CONSIDERATE IN KEEPING THE PLACE FREE FROM THE DETESTABLE ORGAN-GRINDERS, SHOULD PERMIT THE TERRIBLE NUISANCES INDICATED ABOVE? FRESH PRAWNS, WHITING, OYSTERS, OR WATER-CRESS, ARE CAPITAL THINGS IN THEIR WAY, AND WE SHOULD THINK THAT THE JADED MAN OF OCCUPATION, OR THE INVALID, WOULD VERY MUCH RATHER SEND TO A RESPECTABLE SHOP FOR SUCH DELICACIES, THAN HAVE THEM "BELLOWED" INTO HIS EARS MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT!

FARMER PUNCH'S HARVEST HOME.

SCENE.—*Punch's Model Farm. Inside of his Barn, decorated with sheaves, sickles, and other agricultural emblems and implements. On the Dais, a table at which sit Farmers, with Farmer Punch at the head of them in an arm-chair. Pipes and beer.*

Punch (concluding a speech). And, Gentlemen, for the honour you have done me, I beg to return you my sincere thanks, and to drink all your very good healths, and "Success to Farming."

All. Success to Farmun. Hooray!

A Farmer (sings). "And show me the ass as refuses his glass,
And I'll order un hay in a manger."

All. Hooray! Hip, hip, hip, Hooray. Three cheers more. Hooray!
Hip, hip, hip, Hooray! Hooray!

[Tremendous applause, Table-rapping, Kentish Fire, &c.]

1st Farmer. Well, it have a ben a fine Harvest.

2nd Farmer. Best I ever zee.

3rd Farmer. I dwoan't recollect nare sich another.

4th Farmer. Arter dree bad year.

5th Farmer. 'Tis a long lane as han't got no turnun.

1st Farmer. An uncommon fine Harvest to be sure.

Punch. You are right. You are quite right, Sir. This Harvest is uncommonly fine. It is altogether plentiful. Such plenty is uncommon. You are right, my good Sir; you are quite right.

2nd Farmer (aside). Talks like a Justus, Chairman o Quarter Session, don't a? Ees, *Mr. Punch*, (aloud to *Punch*) as you says, taint only the whate, and the barley, and the wutts, and the rye, but the turmutts is the zame, and the mangle-wuzzle, and all on't.

3rd Farmer. Even the 'taters be all right this year.

4th Farmer. Ye zee, good crops o Murphies is prawsperity for Paddies.

[Laughter, in which Mr. Punch joins.]

5th Farmer. The hops be shortish, though, baint 'um?

Punch (in an under-tone). Surgit amari aliquid.

1st Farmer. What was that as you was a zayun of, Sir?

Punch. A little drop of bitter in the cup of plenty. That's better than a big one—isn't it?

1st Farmer. Eh?

[Scratching his head.]

Punch. You'll have hops enough. In the mean time drink up your beer.

6th Farmer (shouting from halfway down the table, whilst he uses his hand as a speaking trumpet.) This here harvest ool be a fine thing for the country, *Mr. Punch*?

Punch. It will, neighbour. And as fine a thing for us, too. For plenty this year won't entail low prices.

Farmers. Naw, naw.

[Grimacing.]

Punch. Prices will be high. We shall have no corn from America.

2nd Farmer. We dwoan't want none. He, he, hee!

Punch. You have the advantages of both war and peace.

3rd Farmer. High prices and low taxes.

4th Farmer. Naw, dang'ee, dwoan't 'ee call the taxes low. Dang'ee they be high enough, mun, as they be, and too high a precious zoight.

Punch. Out of abundance you'll get the profit of dearth.

1st Farmer. Ees, and without the poor's rates on't.

[Applause.]

2nd Farmer. There wunt be no famine 'cept the cotton famine up in the North. And that dwoan't titch we.

Punch. But it ought to touch us. With such a harvest as we've got, my bucks, we mustn't have any starving weavers. We mustn't, and we won't.

Farmers. We wunt; we wunt.

(Singing.) We wunt goo whoam till maunun!

We wunt goo whoam till maunun!

We wunt goo whoam till murnan,

Till daylight doth appare.

Punch (joining in). And who will wheel you there?

[Roars of laughter, applause, and Kentish Fire.]



THANKSGIVING.



THANKS.

3rd Farmer. Well; here we be a singun O be joyful for our harvest, and to think what sort o crops they be rippen of in Poland and Amerikey?

4th Farmer. Neighbour, I says we ought to sing O be thankful. Shouldn't us?

Punch. Most certainly. But what's mere singing? You know who it was that sheared the pig.

4th Farmer. Ees I knows he (grinning). As much as I wants to know on un.

Punch. Well; the pig sung out loud enough; but yielded very little wool. Served the shearer right. But what do you think of pigs crammed with barley meal, that can only grunt their gratitude and squeak for more?

Farmers. Umph, umph, umph!

Punch. Well, as you say, what can you expect from a hog but a grunt?

4th Farmer. There is a difference, mind ye, 'tween hogs and Christians. Punch. Just so. What do you call Thanksgiving?

4th Farmer. Geeun thanks.

Punch (mimicking him). Geeun thanks, mate? 'Castn't gee moor nor a bare thankee? Naw, mun, when the time comes, thee fork out, and zee if thee castn't help veeed the hungry up there in Lancashire.

Farmers. Zo we ool. Hear hear. Hear Farmer Punch! Dang'ee, so we ool. [They sing.]

Here's a health to our measter, the founder of our feast.

He as don't drink enough 's a fool, as drinks too much, a beast.

Let's hope to keep a harvest home as good another year,

'Tain't every day we kills a pig and drinks sitch good strong beer. Punch. After that, gentlemen, I'll give you "The British Constitution," and call on you every one to repeat the toast after me.

Farmers. Brish Coah-sh-sh-nah-tooohn!

[Drunk with all the honours. Some closes.]

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.



HE great attraction, since Messrs. GRANT AND SPEER have undertaken the management, seems to be the River Nile, which for several nights has been crowded to overflowing.

At Frankfurt there have been several Imperial Dinners with one Ordinary Diet, so that the bill of delicate fare seems to have been the result of a vivid imagination.

Accounts from Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, and Scarborough, announce that the Sea-gulls are very numerous this year, and Lodging-house keepers are therefore prospering. The good folks from London are, they say, coming down handsomely.

Our beloved young Prince has been patronising Highland

sports, specially Scotch dancing, or Hop Scotch as it is called in the North. GENERAL KNOX is reported to have said that H.R.H.'s proceedings have been conducted on the principle that "Youth must have its Fling," and, that Fling, a Highland one. By the way, the General has been recently entrusted with the Command of the English Language.

Boulogne is very full. The Hotel-keepers are engaged in the tailor-like occupation of "taking in" and "letting out;" the former operation applying to the customers, the latter to the beds, which are now produced on purpose to be let out.

One of the clerks at Doctors' Commons has become a Poet. On the occasion of any great wedding he presents the Bride with a copy of the Marriage Lines. Talking of this reminds us that medical men, instead of patronising Wimbledon and Clapham Commons, might find some eligible and healthy sites for their houses upon the above mentioned Doctors' Commons. One of the white-aproned touters in this locality, a very arch dog, while eyeing the statue of QUEEN ANNE in St. Paul's Churchyard, made the following conundrum: "Why was this Good Queen previous to making a declaration of her love for PRINCE GEORGE, like a rule in English Grammar?" One of his fellow touts, who had heard it before, readily answered, "Because she was ANNE before a-vowel." The quick-witted gentleman was immediately presented with a pewter badge, which he wears to this day. He is now known as the Badger, and, in this character, has been drawn by several artistic and funny dogs.

The old custom of paying a Quarter's Rent and Taxes on Michaelmas Day still holds good in some parts of England; in many places, however, it has fallen into disuse.

The order that nobody is to look at the Queen, has caused everybody to open their eyes.

MRS. CADDY ON THE COALSCUTTLE.

WELL to be sure, although I don't pin nare a morsel of reliance On prophets, now-a-days that is; philosophers and men of science, Which, as for ZADKIEL TAO TSZE, so oft I've found him a deceiver, In what the Almanacks foretells I ain't the least of a believer.

And though I must confess I ain't got no more faith in DR. CUMMING, And don't believe his prophecies no truer than COLEBRO'S summing, Still what SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG says I looks on as a word in season.

And raly think it may be true, because for why, it stands to reason.

And all the more when I reflex the Armstrong gun is his invention, It makes me valley what he says as somethink worthy of attention, And this I says, that seem how his gun purtects the British nation, Sitch a great gun for President befits the same Association.

Now, we shall soon have burnt out all our coals, declares this knowin feller,

And goodness knows how fast they goes 'experience' shows it in the cellar.

And if so be as coals 'don't grow, and mines in 'depth' and breadth is bounded, In course our 'stock' must be used up' at last, and we shall be 'confounded.

What with the gash burnt all night long, and constant steam on land and ocean,

Works, forges, factories, 'mills, and looms, I may say in perpetechial motion,

And, what I can't abear the thought, because it rouse my hindignation,

The tons and tons that goes away to foreigners by exportation!

And then there is another cause that puts me most beside my senses, Because 'tis what comes home one feels one's self in housekeepin expenses,

Them servant gals, the sluts, unless you're always arter 'em a lookin, Ah, drat 'em! none but them as knows would credit what they wastes in cookin'.

Ah, there, if coals will last my time!—but now their end is drawin nigher,

What I'm afeard on is they'll rise, and then go on a gettin higher: How I should like to lay about this headlong world a good broom handle!

We're burnin out too fast by half, and faster, both our coal and candle.

Latest from the Spirit-World.

WE have received a message from MR. HOME, the celebrated Medium, to the effect that much disturbance has been created in the Spirit World, by Charon having resigned his office as ferryman. The startling fact was notified to MR. HOME by the spirit of ARISTOPHANES, who rapped out the following sentence, short, but full of meaning: "Charon has cut his Styx."

OUR POOR WOODEN WALLS.

It appears that the gun and mortar-boat fleet, created at so much expense during the Russian war, is all rotten. It consists of mortar-boats no stronger than the contents of a hod, and gun-boats much of the same consistence as mortar.

SEA-SIDE NOTE.—The desire for bathing is a very wishy-washy sentiment.



MODEL. "Fine day, Sir."

PAINTER (aghast). "Fine—Good heavens, Man! Where's your beard? What have you done to your face?"

MODEL. "Me, Sir! Naethin, but just made my whiskers a wee thing decent wi' the shears."

PAINTER. "Then you're an utterly ruined Man, Sir! and I'm very sorry for you. You're not worth twopence. Good morning."

KIND AND CANNY.

MR. PUNCH was amused with something he saw in a Glasgow paper the other day. He was pleased to observe that a recognition of the merits of MR. LAMBETH, the distinguished Glasgow organist, and one of the half-dozen British who know what conducting means, had taken place. If you could get an organist like MR. LAMBETH at the three choir festivals, there would not be so much foolscap in the quires. When he is tired of his Glasgow organs let him come south. Or as the gentleman in *Midas* sings:—

"If so be you want an organ,
Come to us, you jolly Mr. L.
And you shall say, with LADY MORGAN,
Those Cockneys pay a Talent well."

However, let Glasgow flourish, and if she flourishes enough about MR. LAMBETH, well and good. What amused Mr. Punch was, that at the Presentation to this gentleman of a splendid silver something, and what was described as One Hundred and Fifty Sovereigns, the silver was duly given, but the gold had been put away to MR. LAMBETH's account in the bank, and he was presented with the bank receipt. Now this is eminently Scottish. It is inculcating a lesson of prudence in the very moment of doing a generous thing. Suppose in the excitement of the hour, MR. LAMBETH, receiving gold, had rushed off to LANE's and spent a lot of money in a hundred or so of the luncheon tit-bits, and then a lot more in a dinner in George Square, and then treated himself to a concert at a music hall. Not that he is in the least likely to do anything of the kind; but suppose he had been a man of ill-regulated mind, and had desired to do such things. Well—he is instantly brought up to his moorings. A bank receipt, and the bank won't be open till to-morrow. To-morrow the excitement would be over. The idea was worthy the cautious Scottish intellect—but the idea of the presentation was worthy the warmhearted Glaswegians who thus honoured an eminent artist whom Mr. Punch is also happy to honour.

THE LIBERTY OF PRIESTCRAFT.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT has lately been exerting his admirable eloquence at Malines in the attempt to expound his favourite idea of "a free Church in a free State." Like most eminent Frenchmen, the excellent M. DE MONTALEMBERT is possessed with an idea which he employs himself in cherishing. By the bye, if the Uncle of NAPOLEON III., who hated ideologues, were now in his Nephew's place, how disgusted he would be with the most intelligent of his subjects! To be sure, he would perhaps not altogether disapprove of the saying, that France goes to war for an idea; because "for an idea" is a much more specious phrase than "under a pretence," and formerly when France went to war, the real idea which she contemplated in so doing was that very practical one, the idea of aggrandisement; which however, of course, she had relinquished before engaging in the Italian campaign that ended in the annexation of Savoy and Nice.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT has an idea of the Free Papal Church. So M. AUGUSTE COMTE had an idea of Positive Religion; which, to the British understanding, seems positive nonsense. The amiable and liberal Popery of M. DE MONTALEMBERT, though more respectable, is hardly less visionary than the Atheism or Pantheism of M. COMTE. His idea of "a free Church in a free State" is evidently a fixed one. There can be no such thing in the world; except as it exists in the United Kingdom; if M. DE MONTALEMBERT is satisfied with that, in which case we beg his pardon. Fancy what tricks the Church would play if it were free to do whatever it thought right. There would not be a pin to choose between PETER and JACK, and even MARTIN would be troublesome. As for JACK, only think what the Free Kirk of Scotland would do if it enjoyed the freedom of being at liberty to punish people for breaking the Scotch Sabbath. Any free Church in a free State would soon create an explosion. M. DE MONTALEMBERT's would be like a red hot poker in a barrel of gunpowder.

Health of the Metropolis.

WE hear of a new Disease. One gentleman was talking to another at the corner of Oxford Street. A third in perfect health was passing by them at the moment, and caught what the first was saying. Whatever may have been the ill-nature of the remark, it has been ascertained that the unfortunate auditor has not recovered from the effects.

A NEW WATERING-PLACE WANTED.

WE are a strange people, we English. Our social laws and customs are chokfull of anomalies. We brag about our being strict observers of our Sunday, yet in certain of our streets there is more business done on Sunday than in all the week besides: and while we think it wrong on Sunday for people to admire the *Holy Family* of TITIAN, we let them go to Hampton Court and see the unchaste nymphs of LELY. So too, we brag about our modesty, and, as compared with that of foreigners, our superior morality. Yet we suffer things in England which would nowhere else be sanctioned, and we calmly look at sights which abroad would not be tolerated. Passing over here our streets, which are a shame and a disgrace to us, let us instance for example the bathing at our watering-places. A lot of girls half draped stand bobbing up and down in half a yard or so of water, and, within an easy eyeshot, a lot of men stark naked disport themselves in any way it pleases taste to move them. At times a bolder brute than common will float past the women's bathing-place, if that be kept apart, but in very many cases the bathing is promiscuous. Meanwhile, Gorillas on the shore, with telescopes and opera-glasses survey the bathing nymphs, as coolly and as closely as they would the semi-dressed dancers in a ballet.

Will any one defend this system of indecency? or say that people are the better for enjoying these indelicacies of the seaside season? We don't have common bath-rooms for our daughters and our sons, yet we apparently think nothing of their having common bathing-places. Town Mayors and corporations and the like so-called "authorities," have power to interfere, and put a stop to this immodesty; but such people of course have little notion of propriety, and think it a good lark when a girls' legs become visible. Let a watering-place be started where the bathing shall be placed under proper supervision, and where girls may learn to swim without being shamed or stared at, and Punch will advertise that place to all the corners of the kingdom, and render it imperative for every one to visit it. Brighton has made some approaches to this desideratum.

OUR BILIOUS CONTRIBUTOR.

[We have substituted the above title for that of *Epicurus in the Provinces*, prefixed by our Contributor to a manuscript which he sent up from the North, postage unpaid. Something has come over the spirit of a writer, of whom we do not mind saying, (now that praise can evidently give him no pleasure) that we always admired his cheerfulness in taking suggestions, his willingness to be pleased with everything, his punctuality in sending articles, and his good-natured acceptance of any alterations we made in them. All seems altered. Here is the presentable portion, only, of a most uncomfortable communication, and our readers will agree with us that the unfortunate young man must have got into the company of DR. CANDLER, or somebody of that kind, and suffered accordingly. The only other solution is hinted at in our substituted title. If he does not get better, we shall have to pension him off.]

To MR. PUNCH.

"SIR, OF DEAR SIR, if you like it better, all 's one to me, "CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control, and didn't want to have any, prevented my fulfilling my half-engagement to give you an account of what you are pleased to call my holiday tour, but which is really a sanatory precaution to prevent a frame, already over-taxed in your service, from becoming utterly exhausted. If you think it is any pleasure to me to go knocking about the country, away from my own bath, and books, and bed, you were never more mistaken in your life, and that is saying a good deal. Pleasure, indeed! I cordially agree with the late SIR G. C. LEWIS, who said—and ROCHESFOUCAULD never wrote a better thing—that Life would be very tolerable but for its Pleasures.

"I went away from London as soon as you sent me the money, which you might have sent in a more convenient form than £50 notes. I departed by the Great Western, because I didn't care in the least where I went, and I thought that as the poor old G. W. R. is so dreadfully poor, everybody should try and do a little to support it. Especially as though they are so poor, the G. Westerns are so civil all along the line—it is like being among reduced gentfolk, they are so obligingly polite. It's all hollow, of course, and what does it matter whether a courteous guard in the West answers to your inquiry how long we stop here, 'I am afraid, Sir, we shall hardly stop long enough to make it safe for you to get out,' or a brutal guard in the East says, 'No time at all; so just keep your seat, unless you want to be left behind.' It will all be the same in September, 1903.

"Usually, I travel first class, because more care is taken of the carriages, and it would read better, in the event of an accident, not to be described as a second-class passenger. One is thought to owe this sort of thing to one's friends. But I chose to ride second on the day in question, because an extremely genteel bore, whom I hate, was going down. He would have followed me into any of the superior carriages, but even his eagerness to bore me could not conquer his gentility; I defied him with that little ticket, and actually got into a second class, and sat with two nursery-maids.

"They belonged to a family, the heads whereof were in a first-class carriage. There were two children with them, and two others with the parents. The attentive and affectionate father was negotiating an exchange of infants at every station—now he took away baby and gave us TOM, and now he took away ELLEN and favoured us with MATILDA, and so on, and I should think he must have shuffled those four diamonds about six times round before we reached Shrewsbury. The baby's nurse was happily unable to read—or perhaps found reading upside down (the mode she adopted when I lent her a tract) fatiguing, so she amused and caressed her child, and made the journey lighter to it. But the other wench had been taught to read, and read a Penny Journal, line by line, to the very end, and then began it over again, nor could the weariness of the other child, its tired sprawling about, its despairing grovel on the dusty floor, induce that sulky jade to remove her penn'oth of trash from within four inches of her coarse nose, and talk to the poor little wretch, or take it on her lap. But when master came to the window, she smiled on the new arrival as if her soul were in it, and as soon as we went on, she relaxed stolidly into the story *ow Lord Every* fust come to see *Lady Haddylins* at the bal mask, and honed his our were come. I thought how pleased Mamma, in the first class, would be to see the affectionate interest taken in her darlings by one of their nurses.

"I did not care, I say, where I went, and 'as life is a vale of tears, I thought I would go to the vale of Llangoollen. There's a railway through it, now, so it is quite spoiled, and Crow Castle doesn't look a quarter so imposing as it did twenty-five years ago. Next day I went and looked at the curious cottage where the Honourable ELOISA BAKER and MISS PENSIVEBOX lived together so many years, the dear old dears. Love disappointments. Bah! Was there nobody to tell the kind creatures that one man is just as good as another, and better too? Never mind, they are gone, but there is their quaint cottage, with its black carved oak work, carved door, carved windows, carved dog-kennel, carved everything—looking like a great toy, of wondrous elaboration. Did I say that there was the usual arper arping on his arp in the all of the And. I gave him no money. I hate volunteered music. I am not sure that all music is not an unjustifiable waste of time, especially if played out of it.

"Here I lowered my mind and hired a gig, and drove about to look at

men's *châteaux* and seats. I went to stern, deep-rooted DIRK CASTLE, whose walls would resist an Armstrong. There's a picture in the gallery there of the *Welsh Widow*, who, a good many years ago, had a shorter way of getting divorce than by going before JIMMY WILDE. She obtained seven divorces by pouring melted lead into the ears of seven sleeping spouses, *vid* the stem of a tobacco-pipe. The eighth had his suspicions, feigned sleep, and put her pipe out. A pretty face, if I recollect, for I did not go in this time. I have not been inside DIRK CASTLE for a quarter of a century. I dare say COLONEL BIDDLETON-MYDDUPH would have let me come in if I had sent in your name. I also went and beheld KYNBRIAL, which belongs to a Nobleman. I once read a novel called *Aspen Court*, or some such name, and I fancied that Kynbrial must have stood for one of the houses therein described, in which case the writer took a great liberty with the property of his betters, besides altering arrangements to suit his own nonsense. Then I went and looked at the new house, which the greatest man in Wales is building to replace his mansion burned down a few years ago. This is LYNNSTAY. The old house was very ugly. The new one is not sufficiently advanced for me to say what it will be like, but there are a great many weeds in the lake. But, SIR W. W. W., with one remark I'll trouble you, trouble you, namely, that the noble Avenue is all that I would wish to see it, and I had a good mind to come in and tell you so, only I knew you would give me lunch, and I must not eat lunches. It is very pleasant to see all over those parts the engraved picture which nearly 20,000 Welsh folk presented to the Lady of the Avenue in memory of the night of the fire. But what's the use of taking pleasure in avenues, and pictures, and gratitudes, or anything else? I nearly threw the horse down just by the Lynnstay Gates, and then I whopped him for my carelessness. I dare say I have often been whopped for somebody else's carelessness—so it's all the same.

"Being in Wales, I thought I would stay there. So I went to a place called MOULD, I don't know why it is so called. I saw no mould in particular. There's a fine old church, on an eminence, and it has been well restored by SALVATOR ECCLESIASTICUS, I mean of course MR. G. G. SCOTT, who goes about undoing the work of churchwardens and re-doing the work of mediæval architects. The Black Lion gave me for breakfast the best mushrooms I ever ate, but we are all mushrooms, except such of us as are toadstools, and I could mention a good many members of that family of fungus. RICHARD WILSON, the painter, is buried in this church-yard, and there is a lot of Welsh verse on the stone. The last three words are *Asgnar oes bresanol*. I should be ashamed if I had the faintest idea what they mean. I see he is called Member of the Royal Academy of *Artists*. Then I nearly broke my neck, going to see the Vale of Clwydd (rhymes to Druid), the reason whereof is, that the roads are down perpendicular hills, and the drivers neither put on the brakes nor look at the horses, but talk affably to you, while you are clenching your teeth and feeling all your interior lower man ascending to your shoulders, as you rush down precipices that give you the night-mare for a week. I believe the horses know all about it, and that there is no real danger, but you may as well be killed as frightened to death.

"Then I thought I would go to Scotland. I suppose I have a right to go to Scotland if I like. I say I suppose I have a right. I did not at all approve your manner when I hinted that I should go north. You did not say much, but seemed to think that I ought to have gone to Southend, or Brighton, or somewhere whence I could be fetched at an hour's notice. A Very well, I chose to go to Scotland. *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

"If I find my temper, and my inclination, conforming, I may write to you again on this. Meantime, and with strong recommendations to you to consider the hollowness of all things, and the folly of being pleased with anything, believe me,

Yours, gloomily,

"Dumbarton Castle."

"EPICURUS ROTUNDUS."

A STARTLING STAGE EFFECT.

In the Times, the other day, we hit upon the following:—

THEATRICAL.—WANTED, a number of YOUNG LADIES and GENTLEMEN, desirous to embrace the stage as a profession. Apply, immediately, to B— and D—, &c.

Well, there is no accounting for taste; but of all things in the world, the stage is about the last we should desire to "embrace." We have indeed no notion how the embrace could be effected; and at any rate it could not be returned, for we have never heard of a stage possessing arms, although we are quite thoroughly aware that it has wings.

Working Like a Horse.

AN Economical Gentleman, fond of carriage exercise, having been obliged to sell his horse, determined that he could do just as well without it; and he may now be seen at any time, during the afternoon, driving himself.



A HARD HIT.

GRANDPAPA. "There, Walter, my boy, there's Sixpence for you; but you must give Emmy half."

WALTER. "But how can I do that, Grand'pa, dear; you've only given me one!"

BUSINESS OF THE ASSIZES.

The following important causes have been heard during the recent Home Circuit, and have occupied the greater portion of the Bench's valuable Time:—

"*Noodle v. Doodle*. In this case the Plaintiff complained, that while walking with the Defendant, he the Defendant had slipped off the pathway into a ditch, and in so slipping had caught at the arm of said Plaintiff, and had almost pulled said Plaintiff into the aforesaid ditch. That thereby said Plaintiff did sustain such fright and mental damage as to wholly incapacitate him from attending to his usual avocations and trade, whereby he, said Plaintiff, gets a living; and therefore said Plaintiff, sued said Defendant, and lays the damages at £200."

In the getting up of this case too great praise cannot be bestowed upon MESSRS. NATHAN, GRUBB & Co., the attorneys for the Plaintiff, as without their indefatigable exertions, the case would never have been brought under the notice of the jury. On the learned Judge's notes, we find substituted for "under" the word "beneath;" so that the final sentence may be read, "beneath the notice of the Jury."

"*Muff v. Nunny*. Four days' trial. In this interesting case the Defendant, an old man of eighty had been paying a friendly visit to the Plaintiff, an elderly gentleman of ninety years of age, at his residence in the Downluck Almshouses, and, on quitting said residence, had omitted to shut the door, thereby admitting a current of air into said Plaintiff's sitting apartment, whereby said Plaintiff caught a severe cold, which cost him the extra washing of three red pocket-handkerchiefs, and thereupon said Plaintiff sues said Defendant, and lays the damages at £100."

In this case the admirable conduct of the attorneys for the Plaintiff in collecting evidence and materially increasing the expenses of ordinary litigation, failed to receive that amount of commendation from the learned Judge by whom the case was tried, which was most certainly their due.

The sharp practitioners, who have deserved so well of the Legal

Profession, for bringing forward cases, and promoting the active business of the assizes, have in some instances received severe reprimands from the Bench. There were about a score of actions similar to the ones above mentioned, as well on the Home as on the other Circuits, and whether the Legal Profession gains or loses the public respect by trading upon such petty grievances as these, is a question that must be left to the decision of better Judges than ourselves.

ODORIFEROUS EXPRESSIONS.

ONE of the late meetings of the British Association at Newcastle is described by the reporter of the *Morning Post* in a narrative beginning with the subjoined two sentences, whereof the latter is an example of exquisite alliteration, the ingenuity of *Master Holofernes* himself would have been taxed to equal:—

"No one has visited Newcastle, or approached it, without carrying away a very decided impression that it is the most dreary, dismal town in England. A feculent, ferruginous, and fuliginous atmosphere surrounds and envelopes it."

Feculent, ferruginous, and fuliginous! What a strength of expression is given to these three epithets by the initial consonant of each! How suggestive they are; how nicely they intimate a specific impression on the olfactory nerves! With what forcible elegance they impress the idea that "canny Newcastle" is characterised by a peculiar odour! They have a force exceeding that of adjectives, and equal to the energy of interjections. Piff! Phew! Phit! They have all the significance of those exclamatory whiffs which we propel from our lips when we are constrained to hold our noses.

Beware the Bull!

We learn from that instructive print, the *Lady's Newspaper*, that—

"Gored skirts and petticoats are just now very common."

Gored, gracious! are they really? How extremely horrible!

TWO SEA VIEWS.



"ANY FRESH PRAWNS THIS MORNIN, SIR?"

"I RECOMMEND you," said my Doctor, "change of air, and quiet. Good morning."

"Then," cried BREEZER, my friend and companion; "let us together betake ourselves to the sea-side."

I left it to BREEZER, and BREEZER took me to Brightgate, or Marton shall we say? At the close of one week I left Brightgate to BREEZER.

I wanted quietude: BREEZER said that he liked a little life: I retorted that I liked as little as possible. I pined for the true enjoyment of the Awful Loneliness of the Trackless Desert. BREEZER's notion of pleasure is to sit in an open Fly and be slowly driven from the commencement of one Cliff to the end of the other, and then for variety being driven back again. Give me, say I, the timid Gazelle that glads you with her bright blue eye, or the untutored Armadillo burrowing beneath the arid plains of Sahara. BREEZER likes to look at what he calls "the Gals," and says, "blow the Armadillo." For me the Simoon and the Delusive Mirage of Palaces. BREEZER is contented with the sands at low water, and the rows of dazzling white houses with green blinds and blistered verandahs. I would be far removed from the haunts of my fellow man. It is as much as BREEZER can do to take his ticket for Brightgate, and even then he won't go by Express train, because it tears him from his beloved London too abruptly. Every man to his taste, but alas the BREEZERS now-a-days have it all their own way in the matter of noise. Tell me of a really quiet sea-side place where I can enjoy the comforts without any of the bustle of high-pressure civilisation. I'll trouble you. I am going to make a proposal; to put forward a new, original idea. I am going to be a Promoter, and everybody knows what that means in these times of company speculations. I must prepare the great public for my scheme gradually, leading up to the trump card [and I shall have to blow my own trumpet for myself], through the diary which I carry in my travelling Pack. Cast your eyes then, if you please, over this extract.

At Brightgate, Morning, 4 A.M.—Awoke by cries of "Yeo ho!" I should state that we had procured rooms as near the sea as possible. Cries continued. Horrid noise. Subsequently discovered they were the boatmen going out.

4.30 P.M.—More yeo-hoing. Boatmen coming in: not the same who went out.

4.35 A.M.—Arrival of the sweeps. They come at this time so as to get their work done early, and not to disturb anybody!

4.50 A.M.—More boatmen. Going out, I believe, and perhaps a few coming in.

5.30 A.M.—The interval has been filled up by the sweeps. Hoarse boatmen are beginning to cry out that they've got shrimps and prawns for sale.

6 A.M.—BREEZER knocks at my door to know if I'll bathe. No, I won't. He comes in and makes a noise. Hate a noise. Says he'll pull the clothes off if I don't get up. Hate that sort of thing when you want to snooze. He says I oughtn't to want to snooze. Asks me "If I've heard the shrimpers?" Mockery.

6.30 A.M.—I am going to snooze. Landlady knocks at door, and wants to know what time I'll be called. I don't care: say nine, or half-past eight:—no—say eight; or stay, I'll be called at half-past, and get up at nine: no, I mean I'll be down at nine. Thank you. Now I shall snooze. Goodness gracious! The boatmen are coming in again. Post Horn! a Coach? Oh, no; boy with Morning Paper.

7.30 A.M.—Vociferous itinerant vendors of fish of all descriptions are now parading the street, and men with vegetable carts, veritable London costermongers probably come down for change of air.

8 A.M.—Housemaid knocks. "Please did I say eight or half-past that I wanted to be called at?" No matter, I will get up directly. "What time will I like breakfast then?" When BREEZER comes in.

8.15 A.M.—BREEZER comes in. Very fresh, noisy and hungry. "Have I heard the shrimpers?" Yes, I have. Post Horn. "Morning Paper! Morning Paper!"

8.30 A.M.—I get up. Every one seems to be going off by an omnibus or a fly. Thank goodness the place will be quiet. I am informed that this happens every morning. City men leaving for town. Then it occurs to me that there'll be a similar noise in the evening. City men returning from town. What a prospect! More Post Horns and Morning Papers.

8.35 A.M.—BREEZER rushes in to ask me "if I like prawns," while I'm shaving. Cut myself. No: hate prawns. Begin to shave again. Post horn! "Morning Paper!" Another gash.

9 to 10.30 A.M.—Note that seafaring men make a livelihood by carrying baskets about and yelling horribly.

10.30 till 12 A.M.—Bathing women for a variety bawling out, "Any nice Soles to-day, Marm?" An insidious old creature tries to haggle with me over the railing. Go away. I don't want any. I never do.

12.15 A.M.—BREEZER has gone out. There is a lull in fish-faggings. I shall now get my books and papers, and commence my second essay on the Binomial Theorem. First, however, I must look over an equation and eliminate x .

12.35 A.M.— x is very gradually being eliminated; and if I can only arrive at the square—Heavens! what has arrived at the Square—at the corner? Three dirty boys with brazen instruments, accompanied by an infant whom somebody has trusted with a trombone; what awful sounds! Go! go! They won't go. x must stop where he is for the present.

1 P.M.—The boys will now be driven from their post. A real German band has arrived at the other end of the Terrace. Hang those boys; they don't care a bit about it. I'll try to eliminate x . Post Horn! Morning Paper!

1.15 P.M.—They'll both go now, I should say. There's an organ man with a monkey just turning the corner. If I were inclined to be satirical upon my wretched state, I might say that during luncheon the private bands attended and played the following selections:—

Overture, "Zampa"	German Band.
"La Mia Letizia"	Whistling Organ Man.
"Whole Hog or None!"	Ethiopian Serenaders.
March from Athalia	Organ with Donkey.
Vocal Music, "Home, Sweet Home"	Two Female Voices.
(Accompanied by street boys at various distances.)	
Drum and Pandean Pipes in distance.	

All together.

2.30 P.M.—What a headache I've got. Post Horn! Second Edition Morning Paper! Here, boy, is a penny to go away. No, I don't want to hear your horn again.

Don't blow it, there's a dear good boy. No, Sir, he won't. Well, really—Post Horn again! Second Edition, Morning Paper. Ungrateful child, so young and yet so depraved!!!

3 P.M.—Little boy has evidently told the street musicians that there is a gentleman at No. 9 willing to give pence. Here they all come! My old enemies the Negro Melodists; the monotonous Indian Prince, with his tum-ti-tum; aerobats; organ drawn by a donkey! Come one, come all! A new idea! Let me enter into the fun of the thing! Play up! "I would I were in Ole Virginny!" I would you were, my blackguards. There's coin for you; leave me. They part and swarm again.

3.30 P.M.—BREEZER comes in. He has found a clever man with cup and balls, and has brought him to perform during his luncheon.

4 P.M.—Powers of mercy! Here are the boatmen come

back! and the vociferous shrimpers, and the bathing-women, and the entire morning over again. I shall go out.

5 P.M.—I can stand it no longer. All London is here. I have told the boatmen twenty times that I'm not going out for a sail; and the flymen evidently think it perfectly impossible for me to walk. I will go back and eliminate *s.*

5.30 P.M.—Boatmen in again. More fish for sale. Post Horn! Third Edition of the Morning Paper.

Now we come to my proposal. BREEZER wants change of air and noise: I require change of air and quiet. Both of us are representatives of a class. BREEZER represents a class; so do I. Mine, I should say, is a first class. BREEZER's class is well cared for. There's Brightgate, and Marton, and Ramsborough, and Scargate *cum multis aliis* all for him. But for me and my first class there is absolutely no place found, unless we give up our rights as members of a civilised community, and sojourn on some remote shore where the *Times* of five days ago is a luxury, and *Punch* a month old a literary treat beyond the reach of words. Let BREEZER and his kind betake themselves to their marine Vanity Fairs; be it for me and mine to take lodgings near the Delectable Mountains, with a fine open view of the sea, and my peaceful London paper every morning.

Let there be a company (limited of course) formed, whose object shall be to provide a suitable watering-place for the lovers of quiet. Let them get a charter for the said town, and therein let the following stringent rules be set down:—

1st. That the time commonly called 'cock-crow' be abolished; and that, any cock neglecting the first warning, shall be killed, and devoured by the person or persons whom he may have disturbed.

2nd. That to obviate all annoyance by postmen knocking and ringing, every one shall call at the post office for his own letters, that is, if he do earnestly and heartily desire to see them, which is, we hold, a rare and exceptional case.

3rd. That no one shall consult anybody else upon any business whatever.

4th. That no band of music be hired to play on, or in, any part of this town on any pretence of amusing the inhabitants thereof.

5th. Further, that no man with a blackened face, or collection of men with blackened faces, carrying musical instruments of torture, to wit, banjo, bones, accordion, fiddle, castanets, triangle, kettle-drums, and such like, shall dare to lift up their voice or twang their instruments, or both, or either, within four miles of this quiet town, on pain of being WASHED. And what time the inhabitants shall hear the banjo, bones, accordion, fiddle, castanets, triangle, kettle-drums, any, either, or all of such instruments of torture, they shall rise up in concert and play upon said offenders with fire-engines, whereby said offenders shall be washed.

6th.

"And from the mouth of our town
Add thus much more:—That no Italian boy
Shall play or troll in our dominions."

7th. That all organ-men be excommunicated from our town by the ancient ceremony of bell, book, and candle; omitting bell and book as conducive to noise.

8th. That on Sundays, as every one shall know what time Church is, no bells need be rung.

9th. That anybody, of whatever degree he may be, who shall make, or cause to be made, any sort or kind of noise between the time of midnight and midday, and between the time of midday and midnight, shall be branded, pumped on, and expelled. N.B. A mitigation of this sentence, by way of fine, may be, that the offender shall be brandied-and-watered, and made to pay for it all round.

10th. That all such useless and noisy persons, as tinkers, blacksmiths, sawyers, knife-grinders, or wheelwrights, and such like, shall not ply their trade within five miles of the town.

11th. That fly-men shall only speak in whispers.

12th. That any newspaper-boy appearing in the town shall be forth-with hung.

These are some of the few rules which I would bring before the notice of the New Quiet Watering-Place Establishment Company (Limited), of which it will give me much pleasure to be the promoter.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



HE Tourist will now leave Antwerp with a view (which can be purchased at any stationer's shop) of going up the Rhine. He probably will have determined upon walking up several mountains, and so, by way of practice, he should have begun by running up a considerable bill at his Hotel.

Now if you are a mere machine in the hands of MURRAY, your attention will be attracted by the name of the next place, *Turnhout*; but if you'll take our advice, you will not turn hout of your way to go there. There is merely a monastery to be seen, where dwell the Monks of La Trappe. The chief of the order resides in Paris, and is called *Père la Chaise*. As may be gathered from these titles, their occupation is to let out flies, broughams and saddle-horses.

Cologne is to be our next point? Yes? very good. Then Cologne be it. For Germany! Away! away! Music, and scene changes to

GERMANY.—This country is bounded on every side by a lot of places, but that it has any connection with the German ocean is a mere German notion that must be at once dispelled. The male population are called Germans, the female, of course, Gerwomans; the rest of the family Ger-boys, Ger-girls, Ger-babbies, and so on.

The natives call their country Fatherland, and it therefore follows that the Mother-tongue is never spoken. The enterprising Tourist having to reach many farther lands than Ger-many Fatherland, must not be stopped too long by etymological considerations.

The money of the country is simply divided into good and bad. To the former description, however, belongs the current coin.

As a General Rule for Economical Travellers the ordinary English Sixpence will go a very long way if, for instance, you carry it with you

from London to Constantinople, or any other distant spot. The Prussian dollar was, some time ago, of so little value as to be merely *nix* in the market. Hence the proverb, musically expressed by that ri-tor-al Tourist, MR. PAUL BEDFORD, in the words, "*Nix my dollar!*"

All Germans have long or short light-hair, to which natural ornament you will often hear them make allusion by saying, "*Yah, mine hair.*" Their habits are simple, being coat, waistcoat, and continuations, as worn in England.

Their language possesses only one word of any importance, and that is "*zo*," which monosyllable, according to the tonic inflexion given to it, means everything and anything you like.



Passports.—The traveller in Germany must have a passport, that is, an Order to see the place. No orders are admitted after seven. Evening dress is not now rigidly insisted upon, unless you're going to stop the night in a city or village; when, of course, you would adopt it for your own comfort. If you are a member of Oxford or Cambridge, it is considered

a graceful compliment on entering such a town as Heidelberg at eleven o'clock P.M. to appear before the authorities in your University night-cap and gown. The official who sits in his Bureau (you'll find him in the top drawer, left-hand side) will ask you if you're going to sleep there, to which you can reply by going to sleep there and then. English ladies travelling need not be in the least degree shocked at the mention of the officer in the drawers of his Bureau. There is no breach of decorum here, and everything is conducted with due regard to propriety.

German Hotels.—If you are going to stop, and if you are not going you will, of course, stop, it will be as well to come to some understanding with the landlord. If he doesn't speak English, and you do not speak German, and neither know French, an understanding will be a difficult matter. There is some legend attached to almost every old house in Germany, and all the ancient hostels are full of long storeys. See that your bed-room window commands a pretty view, which is invariably an object with us; if you fail to get such a prospect, that's your look out, not ours.

Beds.—"The German bed is only made for one." This is what MURRAY says, and consequently the simple Tourist, acting correctly, as he imagined, upon this information, has, on arriving at a German town, immediately ordered a bed to be made for him. This is, we need hardly point out, an unnecessary expense; as, even after the bed has been actually made for you, you cannot take it away. This rule does not in any part of Germany or Prussia apply to a hat or coat, which article, once made to order, becomes your own property.

Drinks.—You will find that the Germans are far ahead of the English in the point or pint of beer. We have hop gardens, such as those of Cremorne and Highbury. They get a step beyond this and encourage Beer-gardens. The beer, of which they are most justly proud, is *MAYER-BERL*. The pedestrian journeying along the high roads will encounter a number of beggars who will address him in canting tones: this is the worst specimen of the wine of the country. These mendicants, by the way, are, generally Philosophers and disciples of KANT.

Geography.—The celebrated Harz Mountains are *not* in Germany, as is the common supposition. These heights are in Scotland; and, in proof of this, everyone will recollect the words of the national melody

"My Harz in the Highlands."

The natives in the eastern districts are known as a race highly successful in everything they undertake. In the west, however, the reverse of this is the case, and from the unhappy results which have attended all their efforts at an improved cultivation, the district has long been known as that of "West-failure."

Manners and Customs.—If five Germans are walking in a row, and meet a lady with whom only one of the party is acquainted, all the five take off their hats. If you meet five Germans you will raise your hat five times. The Englishman must take his politeness with him to the uttermost parts of the earth; he can never, in our opinion, carry it

too far. If you ever refuse to take your hat off to German strangers, you had better take yourself off immediately afterwards. As a stranger you will be expected to fight all the German students, who may be residing in the same town with yourself: if you do not conform to this rule, you will find every one for whom you have any regard turn away from you; and surely 'tis better to be cut by a few students than by many friends. At dinner you will be careful to convey peas, beans, and gravy to your mouth by means of your knife. The feast re-

quires some practice, and for some time your meals will have the dangerous character of a "Sensation" entertainment so popular now-a-days.

Now then on we go to Cologne. Your luggage, mind, must be weighed, so send that baggage on its weigh as speedily as possible.

At railway stations every one, except the railway guard, is uncivil, and though there are plenty of porters, you will find it necessary to

carry your boxes yourself. Take them all at once, as you must never on any account part with your luggage. Supposing that you are not well up in the language, keep on shouting out the name of your ulti-



mate destination: this will attract the guard's attention, and he will put you into the proper compartment. Wherever you are going you will have to change carriages three times at least on the road. Take this for granted, and change carriages at every station. Show your passport and railway ticket to everybody, so that there may be no mistake. If you can't smoke, always travel second-class, and you'll soon get in the way of it.

Be careful to observe all police regulations. On your arrival at any place, you, being widely suspected, are narrowly watched. Two policemen in plain clothes dog your steps day and night. The man who attends you as a *laquais de place* is a Government spy, who, unless you fee him well, reports everything you say, and plenty that you do not say, to his employers. If you want to go out for a walk by yourself for more than two hours, you must procure a "permit" from the police. The charge for a walk by yourself is seven-and-sixpence for the first hour, five shillings for the second, half-a-crown the third and the rest. The Rest would of course naturally come after the third hours' walk. If you wish to take an umbrella with you, notice must be given two days beforehand.

Very good. Now having got your ticket, you've taken your seat in the carriage by the kind permission of the police, and in a few hours you will be at Cologne.



Important Military Intelligence.

18th Royal Horse Marines.—The Christian names of CORNET BROWN are, JOHN, RICHARD, WILLIAM, JAMES, and not JACK, DICK, BILL, JIM, as he is usually called by his friends, tho' he doesn't like it.



[HOW TO BOTHER CABBY.]

Fare. "HOW MUCH? NOW I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY! 'YOU'LL LEAVE IT TO ME;' BUT I WON'T HAVE IT. I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU!"

PRETENDED FETICHISM AT ROME.

SURELY some emissary of Exeter Hall, humbugged by a Roman revolutionist, must be the writer of the following statement in a letter from the Eternal City:—

"The great subject of interest in Rome just now is the approaching procession, which is to take place next Sunday, by express command of his Holiness, in order to animate the faith of the Romans in the Saviour during the present grievous necessities in Church and State. With all the pomp and splendour which the Roman court can confer, the venerable image of the Saviour, preserved at St. Peter's in the *sancta sanctorum*, will be solemnly carried to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and a week after to that of St. John Lateran for a halt of three days more, before returning to the Vatican."

Could the foregoing story be believed by anybody but an ill-informed Protestant who thinks that the Pope and his flock worship images as such, instead of regarding them with a merely relative veneration, for which, of images representing the same original, any one image would be as good as another?

But what follows is still more absurd. It is an extract from an alleged *invito sacro*, described as having been published by the Cardinal Vicar: and thus beginning:—

"Like the sacred ark brought by King David with solemn pomp into the city of Zion, let the adored image of the Saviour traverse the streets of Rome. Let us all turn towards it and repeat with humility and faith, '*Ostende faciem tuam et erui crimina*.' Let it be introduced into the Basilica sacred to the Virgin, and there listen to the prayers and vows of his blessed mother Mary, instead of our prayers and vows."

Now all this, *se non è vero*, and surely there cannot be a word of truth in it, *è mal trovato*; is a very bad invention. The latter part of it is absolute nonsense. The devotion of a glorified Saint to an image is an absurdity that hitherto not even Exeter Hall itself has asserted or imagined to be one of the "errors of Popery." The imputation to the largest of all Christian communities of believing in images which have ears to hear, has always been considered too ridiculous, or dishonest, by educated Protestants. Yet here we have the Pope represented as setting up an image to be worshipped, and the Cardinal Vicar as ascribing to it the capacity of listening! Where will unscrupulous bigotry stop?

But, strange to say, the author of the above-quoted letter from Rome is no Exeter-Hallite, but the correspondent of the *Morning Post*. Are such things done as he doth write about at Rome, or hath he eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner?

RAISING THE WIND FOR LIFE-BOATS.

THE great interest which we have created on behalf of the National Life-boat Institution, with the assistance of those gallant fellows who, by saving so many of their fellow creatures from being drowned, have called for our praises of that valuable society, induces us to mention that at a meeting relative thereto, it was reported that

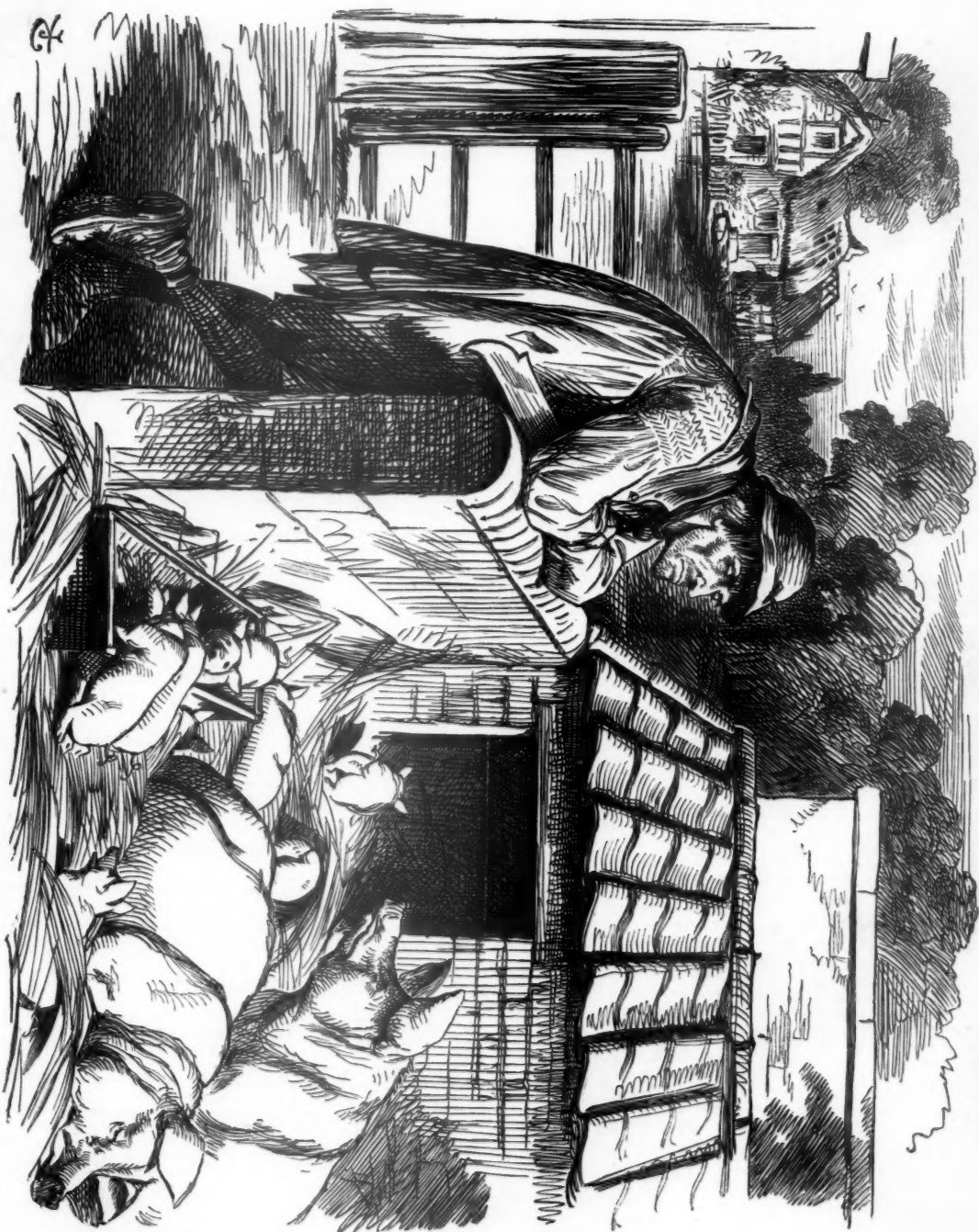
"MR. MORRALL, a member of the Society of Friends, residing at Matlock in Derbyshire, was making strenuous exertions to raise the cost of life-boats from persons bearing the same surname."

We sincerely trust that MR. MORRALL's exertions may be crowned with success, which is neither morally nor physically impossible. For if MORRALLS are not quite as plentiful as blackberries, they may be no scarcer than PRABODIES, and one MORRALL equal to a PRABODY would be almost the making of the Life-boat Institution, and might benefit it more than all the rest of its supporters put together. We would, however, suggest, as a good practical joke, that every man named BROWN, JONES, and SMITH, should call himself MORRALL, and, under that borrowed surname, send any convenient sum of money to that truly charitable Institution, in aid of which Friend MORRALL is appealing to the benevolence of his probably not innumerable namesakes.

Wonderful Winking.

ACCORDING to the *Tables* another picture has been rolling its eyes in a Church near Rome. We wonder if a photograph of the Pope would wink. It should, if it were taken just now, when, according to the report published by the Italian Parliament, the Holy Father himself is winking at Bourbon brigandage.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.



THE PIG AND THE PEASANT.

PEASANT. "AH! I'D LIKE TO BE CARED FOR HALF AS WELL AS THINE BE!"

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT.



THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, will read with pain the subjoined extract from *Galvani* :—

"BULL FIGHT.—At a bull fight which took place a few days ago at Nîmes, one of the toradors named MILHOMAS was severely wounded by one of the animals."

Poor fellow! Every humane person must pity him extremely for having met with so unmerited a misfortune.

Romantic.

A SMALL Market-Gardener, who always brought his scanty stock of vegetables up to Covent Garden in his own

wheel-barrow, lately came into a large fortune. His first act was to build a house for himself after the style of a mediæval baronial residence. Mindful of his own calling (and a very good street-voice he possessed) he named this architectural effort, his Wheel-Barrowial Hall.

QUOTATIONS.

It is a popular mistake to suppose that all quotations come from SHAKESPEARE. There are two great English writers in whose works all familiar household words can be found: the one is the Immortal WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and the other is generally known as, "the Poet." This mysterious personage, who will always be anonymous, is the father of all such lines as cannot, at the moment of utterance, be foisted upon any other author. "The Poet" is no very distant relation of "The Man in the play," by whom all the best dramatic jokes and wittiest sayings of the stage have been, from time immemorial, uttered. A few instances will suffice :—

"Each is so like both that you can't tell t'other from which, as the man says in the play," though as to when he said it, why he said it, in what manner he delivered himself of it, and what led up to it, we have no existing evidence of any sort or kind.

Quotations from our friend "The Poet" are more reverently given. The Poet is always mentioned as saying whatever he has got to say, "beautifully," thus :—

"The Rose is fairest when 'tis budding new," as the Poet beautifully observes.

SHAKESPEARE is generally made answerable for proverbial expressions, and invariably mentioned by the speaker with sentiments of the deepest admiration. Thus :—

"Yes! how truly SHAKESPEARE says, 'The Boy is Father to the Man.'"

Let the student carefully search the Bard's entire works from the beginning to the end, in order to ascertain the context to this line. Let him also note down in which play it occurs.

Quote SHAKESPEARE correctly and exactly, and be able, when asked, to give your references, which we hope will of course be invariably satisfactory and respectable. Thus, if in some speech you wish to make a great point of an apt quotation about Mercy, why here you have it :—

"The quantity of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heav'n,
It bleaseth him as gives and him as takes,
And is thrice bleas'd."

This is, (you must explain lucidly) of course, from the *Mercutio* of *Verona*, Act last, Scene I, when What'shername tells Thingummy about the pound of whatyoumaycallit.

On the occasion of your being called upon to make an address to the Young Man's Working Asylum, or whatever it may be, in your native village, you may safely lay emphasis upon the following line as gracefully reflecting upon the progress of mental cultivation and, thus declaim : "As the Immortal Bard has said—"

Who safely climbs let him not climb at all."

And again, to use the words of *Othello*,

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.
Beware of green-eyed monsters."

On great and memorable actions—

"The good deeds that men do, they do in the sand,
Their evil ones in the water."—*Henry VIII.*

On sleep—

"Sleep, gentle sleep, Nature's soft ship boy,
How steep are your eyelids!"—*Henry IV. or V.*

On treason—

"There is such a king in a hedge,
When treason dares to wink at him!"—*Hamlet.*

On delay—

"To-morrow and To-morrow and To-morrow!"—*Macbeth.*

On philosophy—

"There is more philosophy in *Horatio* than in heaven and earth."—*Hamlet.*

The pangs caused by ingratitude here find a beautiful parallel—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As my tooth that can't be seen,
Which his name is CHARLES KHAU:
That man's ingratitude!"—*Shakespeare.*

On the instability of human greatness—

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.
I have tried to swim on little boys
This many summers in a sea of bladders,
But far beyond my depth, and when he falls
He falls as I do, and lights a lucifer again."—*Cardinal Wolsey.*

Since making the above extracts, we find that there are other English Authors besides the above-mentioned celebrities, and we will therefore devote ourselves to squeezing the literary orange, and will give the essential sweetness at some future time to our expectant readers.

BLOCKHEADS AT BADEN-BADEN.

PHILOSOPHERS to whom it is meat and drink to find a fool should go to Baden-Baden. They will there find two fools; probably a great many more, for, amongst a lot of gamblers, there are at least as many fools as rogues; but certainly two fools at least; two uncommonly great fools; two sanguinary fools as they may be called with truth as well as nicety. These two fools are indicated by our sporting friend ANGUS in a letter to the *Morning Post*, about the races at Baden-Baden, containing the statement that, at that celebrated resort of sharpers and blacklegs :

"The salons have been very crowded morning and evening, but no heavy blows have been struck on either side, and the sensation writers have been without any material for romantic paragraphs. An *affaire d'honneur* has, however, just been arranged for to-morrow, between a French and Milanese nobleman. The cause is the same as that which led to the destruction of Troy in ages past. The weapons are to be sabres, and the rendezvous is as well known as that of a fight for the Championship is at LIMERICK."

What is called an *affaire d'honneur* had much better be called an *affaire de folie*. This is what a duel especially is when the cause is the same as that which led to the destruction of Troy. For, before that event, the dominant idea of the French novel had ever been the fellest cause of warfare, wherein, however, the unremembered slain were savages no better than brutes, slaughtered by a stronger brute. If the cause, for which the noblemen referred to by ANGUS were to fight, was in every respect like what led to the destruction of Troy, the representative of MENELAUS, had he been wise, would have sued the equivalent of PARIS for a divorce, instead of giving him the chance of constituting the like of HELEN a widow. Perhaps, instead of a HELEN, the contents of a Crinoline, which those fools quarrelled about, were of no more consequence to either of them than the heroism of a fashionable but ignoble Opera. How utterly foolish for them to play with their lives for stakes of so very little value. The two British pugilists who fought the other day for £1000 a-side, had something like a prize to fight for. MACE and GOSS were SOLOMON and SOCRATES compared to the two noble fools at Baden-Baden, who have by this time probably exhibited themselves as fighting-cocks to the spirits of the wise that sit in the clouds and mock them.

Crux for the Critics.

WE, in the interests of true science, beg to inform Critics of the Rationalistic and Materialist Schools, that it was only last week, there came before our notice, the extraordinary fact of a gentleman who went to Brighton, and there stopped the day and night.

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELLOWHOLT!"

A RUMOUR is afloat that MR. ALFRED MELLON'S Concerts are proving so successful that his friends now speak of his becoming quite a Mellonaire.



A BAD EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

"Smell o' bacca," M? Oh, yes, 'M—that's cos they're so fresh, 'M. Sailors is gillus a smoking—so that New caught fish is sure to taste more or less o' bacca, 'M."



So we should think.

THE JOLLY SISTERS OF ESCHENBACH.

THE subjoined paragraph, extracted from a contemporary, presents a curious instance of female self-assertion:—

"WINE-BIBBING NUNS.—The Berlin National Gazette states that, according to an official report, the funds of the Convent of Eschenbach, at Lucerne, have again diminished by a sum of 23,000 fr. The 39 ladies inhabiting the Convent spent 5,800 fr. during the past year in wine and beer, without reckoning the sum of 2,650 fr. which the convent owes to a wine-dealer. All attempts at inducing the inmates to adopt a remunerative employment have hitherto been fruitless."

These topping nuns evidently aspire to all that potency in potting for which monks were ever celebrated. *Pro omnibus bibo* has been represented as the burden of a friar's song in the days of old; but a sister of the thirsty community at Eschenbach might with equal propriety carol the same strain.

We should like to hear that jolly sisterhood chant it in chorus, or sing *Habituantes in siccis*. The celebrated canticle of WALTER DE MAPE, *Est mihi propositum in tabernā mori* would have a most edifying effect on any one privileged to hear it sung by those good ladies in refectory.

It is no wonder that the Eschenbach nuns cannot be persuaded to adopt any remunerative employment. Why should they work if they can afford to spend so much as they do on good liquor, unless to clear off the little additional score which they have run up at a wine-merchant's? Let us hope that they are not prevented from working by that excess of devotion with which the disciples of St. Crispin are prone to observe St. Monday.

FASHIONABLE SUICIDE.

WISHING to expand his mind (if that indeed be possible) *Mr. Punch* the other day devoted a spare minute to read the *Lady's Newspaper*. Among a vast variety of most instructive information, from the last news about bonnets to the very latest novelty in fashion for a ball-dress, *Mr. Punch* was much delighted with the following intelligence, which he trusts that all his lady-readers will attentively peruse:—

"STAYS UNFASHIONABLE IN PARIS.—A Paris correspondent writes:—The unusual heat of this month has, along with the efforts of the COMTESSE DE CASTIGLIONE, caused a salutary change in the fashions. Stays for the present, are thrown aside, and replaced by the more becoming *ceinture Suisse*. Neither does a tight body form any longer an indispensable portion of a lady's dress. It is replaced by a loose one of white muslin or coarse linen, worked in imitation of the bodices worn by the peasants of the Romagna. Loose silk jackets are also greatly worn. It is possible that this style of dress will continue a long time in fashion, the doctors of the *Empress* having advised her Majesty to imitate the style of dress recently adopted by MADAME DE CASTIGLIONE, who, like nearly all her countrywomen, holds pinched waists in aversion, and, whatever mistakes she may make in other matters, has the good sense to believe that stays must produce a red nose or a sallow complexion."

If by her example the EMPRESS should succeed in making stays unfashionable, *Mr. Punch* will forgive her for her patronage of crinoline; for he must certainly admit that an absurdly-widened skirt is not so dreadful a disfigurement as a pinched-in narrowed waist. Crinoline is a nuisance, but at least there is no crime in it. Now, tight-lacing is a sin, for it is virtual slow suicide; and, if they did their duty, parsons ought to preach against it. The female mind in general is attentive to the pulpit; and the Reverend MR. ROSELEAF might be listened to perhaps upon the sinfulness of waist-pinching, whereas a deaf ear would be turned to a mere medical adviser. The example of the EMPRESS would, however, be more heeded even than a sermon; and if EUGÉNIE succeeds in abolishing tight-lacing, she will earn the lasting gratitude of *Mr. Punch* and all posterity.

By way of a deterrent, there is little use in saying that a shrunken, shrivelled, skinny, stiffened, stays-pinched waist is a positive deformity, and as much a bar to beauty as a club foot or a squint. So long as they be fashionable, ladies care but little about making themselves frights; and while small waists are thought "the thing," they will at any cost continue to be cultivated. Bent spines and reddened noses will follow in due course, with headache, giddiness and fainting fits, and other fashionable ailments. "*Mais n'importe*," gasps the victim, "I am in the fashion. My waist is smaller than MISS CRUSHIRIE'S, and hers is only sixteen inches in circumference. Yes, it *would* be five-and-twenty, if Nature had her way; *mais la Mode change tout cela*, distortion is the fashion." But the Venus de' Medici—"O, don't talk to me of Venuses! You say her great thick clumsy waist is twenty-seven inches round, and yet those stupid artists speak of her as 'perfectly proportioned!' Now I stand five feet three upon my military heels, and measure fifteen inches and three quarters round my waist, and you don't mean to compare my figure with the Venus's!! Besides, Sir, Gentlemen—I don't mean nasty smoky slovenly-dressing artists—admire a slender figure, and think it most becoming. And as I'm dying to get mar—I mean, to please the gentlemen, why you see of course I *must* lace in my waist a bit, though it makes me feel quite faint at times and sadly pant for breath, especially when waltzing."

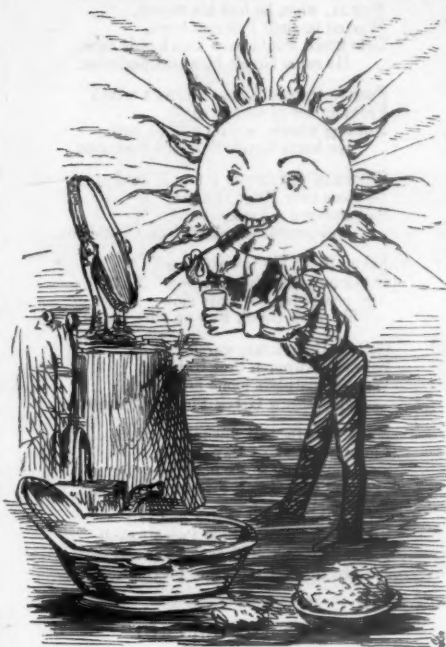
So you think, young ladies, do you, that men like a slim waist? Well, so they may perhaps, if it be one of Nature's moulding. But when Nature makes a slender waist, she makes it lithe and lissome, and that is what your staymakers by no art can accomplish. When a man has the good fortune to get hold of a girl's waist, he likes to feel it soft and yielding, and not buckramed and bone-stiffened. Moreover, men before proposing are apt to look a-head a bit; and much as they may value good looks in a wife, they put a higher estimate upon good health and good temper. Now, a large doctor's bill is often caused by a small waist, and so a wife who has this latter proves a dear one to her husband. Then as to temper, Nature won't be outraged with impunity, and if you distort the body the mind soon grows disfigured. So a pinched frame is avenged by a peevishness of temperament, and a woman with a wasp's waist is generally waspish.

So, ladies, dear kind silly thoughtless lovely ladies, do let common sense for once gain admittance to the fashion-books. Follow the example which, if the above report be true, has been set you by the French, and throw aside your stays and other instruments of waist-torture. Believe us (and TOM MOORE) that however much we may admire a pretty dress, we cannot look on it with pleasure when it is laced so tightly that:—

"Not a charm in Beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it."

We know you dress to please us (at least you tell your husbands so), and depend on it, dear ladies, there is not a man among us—not being a born fool—that does not hate, detest, abominate, and occasionally swear at the sinful, suicidal fashion of tight-lacing, which is every way as frightful a personal disfigurement as the squeezed skulls of the Flat-Heads, or the crushed feet of the Chinese.

EARLY RISING IN A POLICE COURT.



This piece of intelligence suggests proverbial philosophy to us at such a rate that were a great living author not still alive in the body, we should think that we were impressed by the spirit of TUPPER, if a medium could be inspired by a genius so much above mediocrity. We will only add that, in resolving to attend to their business betimes, the Magistrates of the Thames Police Court have shown

It is declared in a popular adage that "the early bird picks up the worm." The truth of this adage, which should be obvious to a Partridge, and felt by every Beak, has been recognised at the Thames Police Court along with that of another, namely, "better late than never." According to a newspaper report, at the above-named tribunal:—

"On Saturday Mr. PARTRIDGE commenced business at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, to the great satisfaction of those in attendance, his practice hitherto having been to come at a later hour. On the previous day the Magistrate was made acquainted for the first time with the inconvenience caused by the late and irregular sittings of the Court, and expressed his deep regret that anything of the kind should have happened. He had resolved to commence business earlier in future, and it is hoped that he will now comply with the Act of Parliament, and take his seat at ten o'clock. This would be conferring a great boon on the public. Mr. WOOLLEY, who has on many occasions not arrived until fifteen or thirty minutes past eleven, is now also expected to arrive at an earlier hour."

a just appreciation of the character of the many rogues they have to deal with, and who are so crafty that, as the saying is, you must get up early to take them in, whether legally, or otherwise, as they take in other people; and whose vigilance is such that, late or early, it is as hard to find them napping as it is to catch a weasel asleep.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED SEVERITY.

An inquest was held the other day at St. George's Hospital on the body of a man who had died of *delirium tremens*, brought on by loss of blood from a wound. In evidence it was stated that:—

"His arm was bound up, and he was taken to Dr. ARMSTRONG'S, of Duke Street; but that gentleman said he would rather not have anything to do with the case. Deceased was, therefore, taken to the hospital."

The cause of death having been explained by the House Surgeon of St. George's:—

"A juror raised the question, whether Dr. ARMSTRONG had acted rightly in refusing to attend the deceased; but it was overruled, as it was considered that the hospital, being near, was the best place for the deceased."

Of course; particularly as the poor man's arm had been bound up, and there was no call for Dr. ARMSTRONG'S interference. On the contrary, if he had meddled with the case, its fatal termination might have occasioned him to be blamed by censorious busybodies for not having referred it to the safer care of the hospital. The jurymen who was so sharp as to "raise the question whether Dr. ARMSTRONG had acted rightly" in doing what was dictated by caution and common sense, should consider that the alacrity which British jurymen are accustomed to exert, in pouncing on a pretext for censuring a qualified medical practitioner, is apt to defeat its own end, if that end is the public good. Eagerness in the enforcement of responsibility is noble and virtuous, but tends to cause responsibility to be, if possible, declined. It would be well for British jurymen, and some others as zealously severe, to remember, not only as regards medical men, but with respect to all whose services are hazardous to those who require them, that the British Public cannot have its pudding in the advantage of enterprise, and eat it too in the satisfaction of enforcing responsibility.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

CONCERTS and Cathedrals have been the lot of the good folks of Worcester; and this "lot," in order to give a spice to our article, we might mention as that celebrated "dinner-relish," yeapt, the Worcestershire *Sors*. Musicians and vocalists from Worcester, Hereford, Durham, and many other places were there, and in the long trumpet solos, too great praise cannot be given to the Hereford short-horns.

This reminds us of Cattle Shows, and we gather, "from information that we have received," that the River Mersey is going to be converted into a sheep-walk; that it will be a pretty fast walk for any sheep we conclude from the fact, that, the farmers have already turned in their steam-rams. Mersey on us! what next! Shall we see in spring time, hot joints of delicate lamb walking about on the bed of the stream; and bawling by their mothers' side? In this case the flow of the water must necessarily be stopped, as the river will be full of Dams. How beautifully has the prophetic Dr. WATTS alluded to this novelty. Many years ago the Seer, even then in the seer and yellow leaf of his age, wrote, if our memory correctly serves us, these words:—

"Abroad in the meadows to see the steam-rams,
A skipping about at the side of the dams."

Evidently foreshadowing the remarkable event of which we are now the veracious chroniclers.

Without much difficulty, we get from our muttons to wool, and we might get to that Woolley sheep whom the Insurance wanted to shear, but we prefer allowing our thoughts to glide from the wool to "the place where the wool ought to be," that is, the woolsock, and so without quitting our ovine friends, we come straightway to the bar-lambs. The annual day for granting licence to counsel, will soon be here: whether there will be any strong opposition, we do not know; the barrister's motto, is "All's fair in love and law."

The City Commissioners of Sewers are going to turn their attention to the relief of sempstresses.

Everyone has heard of "MATHEWS at Home," and everyone is now hearing of Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS abroad, where, however, if we may credit the reports which come from the Theatre of Varieties in Paris, he seems quite at home. He made his first appearance in France

as the *Bashful Englishman*; perhaps it is almost superfluous to say that it was his first appearance in that character.

Drury Lane is open. It is true, we believe, that Mr. PHELPS offered to play *Manfred* by way of a graceful compliment to Mr. FALCONER'S partner, the Acting-Managing *Man* Fred. B. CHATTERTON. However this may be, LORD BYRON'S Mystic Drama, which, by the bye, he gloried in not having written for the Stage, is at some time or other coming out at the Lane, and coming out pretty strongly too.

Social dialogue in the western streets of London is now somewhat limited. Nobody with any pretence to gentility likes to meet anybody. When, however, at any right-angled corner collision is inevitable, the exclamation is "Hallo! you here!" Whereupon the weak individual thus caught at a disadvantage, blushing;ly replies, "Ye-e-es. I'm-a-just passing through Town," and escapes in a cab as quickly as possible. To keep up his character in the eyes of his friend, he will perhaps direct the cabman to drive to Euston Square, at the same time consulting his watch in a hurried and impetuous manner. When he has been carried some way, he will look through the trap-door of the Hansom, and say with assumed audacity, "Go to—um—Number 3, Terracotta Terrace, Pentonville," where the miserable deceiver has his perpetual abode.

Talking of going abroad, energetic travellers wishing to combine the pleasure of seeing far distant countries with the economy of staying at home should not fail to pay a visit, and a small trifle for the visit, to Mr. TELBIN'S admirable Panorama of the Holy Land, now exhibiting in the Egyptian Hall. Here you have the East in the West. Mr. J. B. BUCKSTONE, for whom the painting was originally executed, does not deliver the lecture, nor does he sing Hebrew melodies accompanying himself upon the Jews' harp, as we had been led to expect. Without a weekly shadow of a joke, nobody now in Town ought to miss this opportunity of an excursion to "Palestine and Back in Two Hours!"

A correspondent has written to us, saying, that he has been greatly disturbed by a certain statement which appeared the other day in the *Times*' Tide Table. He fears, he says, that we are coming to the end of time because of the following announcement:—

"High Water at London Bridge.
Morning 45 min. after 11.
Afternoon 0 min. after 4."

Good gracious! No minutes after four! This really looks *O-minous*.



FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE.

FIRST FOREIGNER. "M'sieu, vooley-vous me dirigay le chemeng—a—pour—de—ou est le Beuvron de Post!"

SECOND FOREIGNER (on a tour with his girls). "We, we, M'sieu, vous gardez too droow par le cotay de Place ou les—les Omnibooos arryrtay—" (Here he gets flustered by violent nudges from both daughters.) "Et alors vous prenay le—vous tournay en bas—le—le dooc—'n fact keep straight on, second turning t' th' right, just t' the left, and there it is, just opposite the church—"

FIRST FOREIGNER (enlightened). "Oh! Thanky, Sir, much obliged; good morning."

THE ADVANTAGES OF 'BUS RACING.

As Summed up by a Sporting Surgeon.

"DONCASTER. Pahaw! You'll not catch me going there this meeting, I can promise you. Yes, I like seeing a good race, and the St. Leger is a crack one: but the fact is, just at present there are races here in London, which to me are far more interesting. What do I mean? My boy, I mean the Races of the Omnibuses, and I'll trouble you to show me any that can equal them. One goes to races chiefly for excitement. Now, to get up a sensation there's nothing like an accident, and for the chance of a good accident there's nothing like a 'bus race. Yes, I know all that: there was a spill last Derby, and not a bad one, either. Still, you see, in horse-racing if there is an accident, it's only to an animal, or may be to a jockey. But in 'bus-racing, my boy, there is no telling what may happen, from a conductor being crushed to a child being run over. Besides, the 'busses may capsize in rattling down a hill, for of course when they are racing they never stop to put the skid on. And then, the chances are there'll be a jolly lot of casualties, and you may get some goodish cases if you are looking out for them. I make a point myself of attending all the 'bus races; and I assure you, I've picked up a pretty tidy lot of practice at them. You see, there's sure to be a race as soon as a new 'bus is started on a line of route which has been worked by the General Monopoly Inconvenient Conveyance Company. Directly the new 'bus starts the G. M. I. C. C. start a couple more to nurse it, one keeping close in front and the other close behind it: so besides the chance of being torn to pieces by the cads, the passengers in getting on or off the 'busses while going at full speed, are pretty sure to come to grief and broken bones occasionally."

GREEK FIRE ON CHARLESTON.

BOMBA, when he lost his crown,
Wished to shell Palermo town,
GILLMORE would have knocked it down,
He rains Greek Fire on Charleston.

Fear restrained KING BOMBA's wrath
From an act of savage scath,
Nothing stands in GILLMORE's path;
He hurls Greek Fire on Charleston.

GENERAL GILLMORE found it hard
To come over BRAUREGARD,
So he played a Yankee card,
And poured Greek Fire on Charleston.

Asked to let the townsfolk go,
GILLMORE bravely answered "No!"
And proceeded, no ways slow,
To pitch Greek Fire on Charleston.

Gallant GILLMORE, warrior stern,
Babes and women thus to burn!
What a deathless name he'll earn,
That threw Greek Fire on Charleston!

NANA SAHIB, rest unsung,
Let none speak of BADAHUNG,
Since bold GILLMORE bombs has flung,
And cast Greek Fire on Charleston.

Do but think what shriek and yell
Rose where dropped his Parrott shell.
When he dies you'll say, Ah, well!
He threw Greek Fire on Charleston!

FIE! FOR SHAME!

IN his recent analytical report, DR. ROBERT DUNDAS THOMSON, F.R.S., said, that, "The Thames was charged with impurities." DR. THOMSON is a man of the very first water, and we can hardly believe that he would have made a statement like this against such a respectable old stream, without good evidence to support it. When was Old Father Thames charged in the manner above mentioned? Where? * * * Since writing the above, we have received information, which causes us to fear that the old gentleman, annoyed by the report, has made away with himself. He was last seen running along by the Bank, who was therefore an eye-witness of what he relates. He was going in the direction of the Sea. Ah! as SHAKESPEARE says, "What a noble mind has here overflowed!"

"So, long live this 'bus-racing, say I; for however great a nuisance it may be to the public, it is certainly a benefit to men of my profession, and the longer that it flourishes the better will it be for us. The only thing I fear is, that, by some accidental act of common sense, a jury should return a verdict of manslaughter against my good friends the directors of the G. M. I. C. C., who are, after all, the chief promoters of 'bus-racing. In that case there would, doubtless, be a stop put to the sport; but the contingency of common sense occurring to a jury is really so remote, that it is hardly worth considering."

Sabbatarian Persecution.

THE Recusant Haymakers of Leigh, some of them poor labourers, have been distrained upon for the penalties inflicted upon them by the Atherton representatives of MIDAS, for the offence of saving hay on a Sunday. We have not heard that any of them have been set in the stocks yet, as they were condemned to be, failing distraint by reason of no effects. In the meantime they have appealed against what appears to be an illegal conviction, and if that is quashed what will become of the Atherton Justices? Will their long ears be permitted by Government to vibrate any longer on the Atherton Bench?

REMARKABLE FACT.

THE other day, a Lady, whose name, for obvious reasons we forbear to mention, was supplied by an eminent dentist with a false set of teeth, and, curious to relate, she has ever since spoken in a falsetto voice.



PICKED UP FROM THE BEACH.

Old Salt (who has got Sixpence apiece out of the Children). "THERE, MY DEARS, YOU'VE GOT A KITTEN FOR A SHILLUN' AS HAD OUGHT TO A BIN SEVIN AND SIXPENCE AT LEAST; AND IF YOU 'LL MEET ME HERE TO-MORROW AT THE SAME TIME, YOU SHALL HAVE SUCH A BOAT FOR A HALF-A-CROWN AS YOU COULDN'T GET AT A SHOP FOR FIVE BOB!"

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

SHADOWS! How can one discourse of Shadows, now that MR. HIND, writing from MR. BISHOP'S Observatory, has said that the Sun is nearer to us than ever. A powerful glass has brought this luminary so close, that, no doubt, in time, about the year 2008, we shall see placards all over the town telling the men of that generation how they can enjoy "Three hours at the sunny-side for half-a-crown!" The sun is nearer. Well, common sense, apart from the aid of astronomical science, should long ago have informed us that the Sun was not farther. Then again the reflecting mind may see in this new scientific theory a consequence boding ill to the world; for, if the Sun gets nearer and nearer, will it not be more economical of its light?

We believe that PRESIDENT LINCOLN is about to publish a Book of Poetry; the style will be that in which he has lately been writing.

Will our readers believe history or an Edinburgh Reviewer, who has calmly asserted that the Druids never had any existence. Good gracious! Do not we know better than this? How about GRIST in *Norma*? We should say that that allusion is, from an argumentative point of view, rather a settler. What, was *Adalgia* no better than a *Mrs. Harris*? Did never an *Oroonoko* intone his double-bass notes under the shadows of Stonehenge? And what of that? says our antagonist. Nothing, we reply, and thus amicably end a discussion, which we were not the first to begin and the Reviewer has not taken up.

Another week of ALFRED MELLON'S Concerts. Covent Garden has been overcrowded whenever MR. SANTLEY or MISS CARLOTTA PATTI has sung; and when LOTTO has played the violin, such a lot o' people went to hear him, that we should advise MR. MELLON to go to the Parliamentary Committee rooms in order to get powers of extension.

CARDINAL WISEMAN, in consequence of the great success of his recent Lecture upon Self-Culture, has, we hear, been applied to by MR. E. T. SMITH to give a series of discourses in the Circus at Cremorne, upon the Progress of True Science, illustrating the same by putting on the gloves with PROFESSOR MACE. We do not know whether His Eminence has accepted the terms, but we are inclined to think that a previous arrangement to appear as MR. POLYTECHNIC PEPPER'S ghostly adviser will prevent him.

Every one will be delighted to hear that a Flamingo from Pernambuco has arrived in Paris. The Imperial and August, we should say September, couple will pay the stranger a visit on their return to the Tuileries. Who does not recollect the poet's beautiful description of the innocent creature's prattle:—

"List to the Lingo
Of little FLAMINGO!"

Another novelty in Paris. The French Acclimatisation Society has just received a Chinese Rose-tree that "*changes its colour three times a day*." On hearing this, M. MONTALEMBERT immediately made the following conundrum; "Why is this rose-tree like a single sculling outrigger let out for hire?" The answer, given by MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, who happened to be passing by at the moment, was "Because, it so often changes its sculler."

A SLIP-SHOD SERENADE.

CANNY SEWARD TO CANADA.

ARR.—"Will you walk into my Parlour."

"WILL you come into our Union?"
Said the Saucy to the Shy,
"Though now in an unsettled state
It won't be by-and-by.
You only have to nod your head
Our gladness to restore,
And bow, when to a Yankee wed,
Obedience—nothing more.
Will you? won't you?—won't you? will you on our
love rely?
For many a year, my Canny dear, we've nothing
done but sigh."

Do you, Canny, pine for freedom,
Indeed it shall be thine,
If you 'll but lift your modest veil
And promise to be mine;
No jealous eye shall scan your steps
When you to market go,
Your duties will be very light,
For love makes all things so.
Will you? won't you? &c.

There's energy in Yankeeeland
And capital to boot,
We spend a mint of money
In the country where we shoot.
By no unruly children
Are our slumbers ever broke,
Our house has only got one fault,
It's not quite free from smoke.
Will you? won't you? &c.

Believe in the United State
Felicity you 'll find,
Provided that you watch your words
And never speak your mind;
Our mangling is all done at home
Ev'n foreigners confess,
What a charming gloss we put on things
Committed to the Press.
Will you? won't you? &c.

In maiden meditation, perhaps
You've gazed upon the Stars
That rule our lofty destiny—
Particularly Mars;
And much you've marvel'd what those Stars
With Stripes can have to do—
Those stripes are meant for dogs that bark,
As 'tis their nature to.
Will you? won't you? &c.

Confide in Yankee honour bright
Despite what snarlers say,
That JONATHAN seeks a rich Bride
His dreadful debts to pay.
To thee he'd rush with open arms
And passion pure this minute,
But as Canny dear is cased in steel—
His foot he might put in it.
Will you? won't you? &c.

FROM OUR BILIOUS CONTRIBUTOR.

To MR. PUNCH.



your duties, while others are in the fresh air. As if I, for one, anything irrespective of your periodical's interests. I regret such a display of sub-acidity, but nothing surprises me now.

"I did not remain long in Wales. I should think that nobody in his senses would do so, if he could help it. I saw a Welsh Bard, standing at the door of a third rate public-house at Llanmabonverymymgch. They told me he was a Bard, but he did not look at all like the one in the pictures illustrative of GRAY. He had not a long white robe of priceless samite, neither had he a beautiful white beard and hoary hair streaming like a meteor in the troubled air. He had a blue coat with brass buttons, a yellow waistcoat, very seedy black trousers, too short, whereby I beheld no socks above his high-lows. The bard had a very large and fluffy hat, and he was drunk. He was not performing on the harp, but he was playing the lyre, for I heard him say that it was ten o'clock, when it was not even nine, which gives you an idea of these wretched Cambrian minstrels' powers as timists. I should have had sincere pleasure in massaging that bard (did I ever tell you that I am descended from KING EDWARD THE FIRST by the side of a great uncle once removed — to Botany Bay?) but there was a policeman near, who might have misunderstood my motives. So I looked my disgust, and went on to the station. I record it, however, as my opinion, that Wales will never make any advance towards civilization until even thinking in Welsh is made penal. But GALILEO PAM cares for none of these things, and MR. GLADSTONE actually goes and spends his holidays in a Welsh castle, which is called Harden, and is in Flint, after which can you wonder at a cruel Income-Tax? In fact, you must be very foolish to wonder at anything.

"Then I went to Chester. Queer old place. Very good beer at a pastrycook's. Looked at the old houses in Watergate Street, and paid the neighbourhood the usual compliment expected from tourists, of pushing everybody about, that I might get a good view from opposite shops and doors, and of shouting very loud that the architecture was 'very fine, exceedingly fine, not perhaps quite so good as was said, my dear, but really very fine, and quite worth seeing.' I shouted all this in a large and encouraging manner, but it did not seem to produce any great impression, perhaps from having been heard from so many Paterfamilias before, so I came away, and bought a toothbrush, which I lost at Liverpool. Anybody finding it had better send it to your office, and you may return half a crown from yourself. The wait at Chester was one hour after the time the train for the North was appointed to start. We protested, but the guard was smilingly obdurate. We must wait for some train from some place I never heard of. It came at last, and disgorged three tipsy farmers, two sailors, and a fish-fag, all of whom were hastily and indignantly rammed by the guard into a third-class carriage into which I had seen about a dozen people previously put. Consequently there was a row of the most fearful kind; in that carriage all the way to Liverpool, and I think the sailors destroyed some of their fellow-passengers, but as I was in a hurry to see St. George's Hall, I did not stop to ascertain particulars.

"St. George's Hall I should describe to you (and the fact that I did not see it would have made no difference to an experienced tourist and contributor, with a guide-book in his travelling-bag) but the subject brings humiliating considerations up. Here is Liverpool, a wretched kind of shipping town, originally made prosperous by the slave trade, and as G. F. COOK, the actor (there were actors then, and they were not afraid of 'giving offence') said, with all the stones of its mansions cemented with the blood of the blacks. It is bigger now, and there are some more ships (some of 'em built for the slave-owners) and I believe on the whole it is rather a respectable place, and its young swells are the most stiff-backed, ill-dressed provincials you ever did n't wish to see. Yet this Liverpool has got the

re, Very well, call my letters what you like. I am past caring for anybody's ill manners. I may be 'bilious,' though I believe myself to be simply in that state of highly rectified spirits which refuse to mix with cant, and twaddle, and humbug. I decline to be a *dulcet signior*, conceding good intentions, as my friend CARLEY says. I hate most people, and dislike the rest. But if I were bilious, I have yet to discover the delicacy of an editorial jeer at my infirmity. I suppose you are spiteful at having to stay in town and attend (more or less) to

most beautiful hall in England, a real glory of architecture, and also a thing that answers its purpose. London has got Exeter Hall and the Grog-Concert Halls for its musicalities. I don't care about music, but there is a musical world and also a *Musical World* that go on as if the final cause of human creation were fiddling, and yet they tamely sit down in a state of abject humiliation, as regards a temple for their worship. This is all I mean to say about Liverpool, except that the ferry business enabled me to have a cigar in great discomfort, and that the arrangements for getting to the Scotch train are eminently calculated to repel tourists. They—I mean (on this occasion) the arrangements, are simply beastly.

"The people at Carlisle are savages, who do not speak or understand English, yet they are not unkindly, and I obtained a glass of milk from some children who infested and enlivened our carriage, by my masterly pantomime, expressive of milking a cow. One of the good-natured but heavy-handed giants who toss the heaviest luggage about as easily as HECYON tossed the big sock against the Grecian fortifications at Troy, was so pleased with my performance and its success, that he gave me what he meant for an approving pat on the back, but his epigram sent me several yards, and landed me in the astonished stomach of a London tailor who was going North, and had disguised himself in, I must say, a very neat Highland suit. He did not know me, indeed VIGOR IAN PATTERN-BOOK was too much flustered at my onslaught to draw his breath, far less his dirk; but I know him, from transactions in other days to which the Statute of Limitations makes it unnecessary for me to refer here, or elsewhere.

"The sun shone fair on Carlisle wall, as in the days of the old song, and enabled me to read the placards and posters that 'hung thereby.' There was not, however, any information in those documents which need be repeated to you, except that the railway people have had a faint touch of honesty, and instead of monstrously promising the excursionist 'ten clear days in Scotland,' merely offer him a fortnight there, 'whether or no,' as was very wittily said by a clergyman in our carriage. I rewarded that ecclesiastic by handing him the *Sporting Life*, containing an account of the combat between MESSRS. MACR & GOSS, but he glanced at his beetle-browed wife opposite, and her cold stern glance bade him decline the lively journal; but he should not, as a clergyman, have lied in the presence of children, and said that he did not read much on the railway, because of his eyes, inasmuch as the infants had seen him reading for two hours at a book by DR. CUMMING, which could not have done him half so much good as the narrative of the fight. These things make me tremble for your Establishment—I say yours, because I write in a land where I am a Dissenter. It don't seem to hurt much.

"A few hours, and a station reminded me of a Chorus which I heard in one of LEMAN RHEED's smart burlesques (I thought 'em so then, and I believe rightly, but it is about twenty years ago)—

"Guardians may goad their poor beasts to be following,
Cry of pursuit echo mountain and hollow in,
Swift as the water-kelp dashes her shallop in
Over the Border we're all of us galloping,
Galloping, galloping, galloping, galloping,
Over the Border we're all of us galloping."

"'Gretna Green.' 'Ah!' I said, turning to a lady in the carriage, with a melancholy inflexion in my rich voice, and a softened gloom in my fine eyes, 'Gretna Green. Here,' I continued, 'the little Dove, flying from her home in the care of a strange mate, and unknowing whether fortune had given her the haughty Falcon, the gentle Ringdove—'

"'Or the great Goose, which was much more likely as men go,' replied the lady, with some promptness. 'I do wish you would leave off talking nonsense, and kneel down and feel for the keys which you have thrown down somewhere.'

"She had thrown them down, Mr. Punch, but I scorn to contest details. Indeed, what is the use of contesting anything in this world?

"Do not rely on regular correspondence. There are no regular posts in Scotland; or, if there are, nobody knows when they go, and everybody tells you different things. There are two London posts from Glasgow, and as far as I can make out, you save a day by sending by the latest, only that the letters by that despatch are not delivered until the morning before, or the evening after, or something.

I have consumed sixteen drams and thirty-two ekes in trying to understand it, and I can't. I believe the safest way is to leave the letter on the table in the hall, and trust to fortune. A safer way may be not writing at all.

"Yours sceptically,
"St. Rollox Chimney, Glasgow." *"EMIGRUS ROTUNDUS."*

THE TIME OF DAY AT THE THAMES POLICE COURT.

THE advantages of early rising for the administration of justice are signally instanced and explained in the subjoined extracts from a report relative to the Thames Police Court:—

"AS IT SHOULD BE.—The Magistrates of this court have commenced business at fifteen or thirty minutes past ten o'clock since the 5th instant, to the great convenience of the public. The change has effected immense good. The Magistrates have been enabled to leave the court every afternoon at five o'clock, and good order and quiet has prevailed. The people attending upon the night charges and remands are away before the persons attending on summonses arrive. There has been no quarrelling or disorder in the avenues leading to the court, and there is no prospect while the present system continues of people being detained until seven and eight o'clock in the evening, or of leaving the court wearied, exhausted, and disappointed."

It may with truth and justice be averred that—

"Early to bench and early to rise
 Merks a Beak popular, pleasant, and wise."

The parties, however, who are interested in the dispatch of business at the Thames Police Court, find that 10.15, or 10.30, though vastly preferable to 11, is not quite sufficiently early to completely suit their convenience; and they say that:—

"If the Magistrates will follow up their good intentions and commence business at ten o'clock precisely every morning (the hour at which the judges commence business in Westminster Hall), they will confer another boon on the inhabitants of the district. Two additional clerks are much required. Two clerks were appointed to the Thames Police Court when it was first established 60 years ago. The business has since increased tenfold, and no additional clerks have been appointed. Two clerks are not sufficient for the business of the Court, and were it not for the assistance of the ushers and summoning officers, matters would be brought to a standstill."

It does not seem unreasonable to ask his Worship, the Magistrate, to turn out at the same hour in the morning with my Lord Judge. The rogues are all up and doing betimes, and justice ought to be even with them. The moralist in the Grammar declares that the way to good manners is never too late; but it appears that a Magistrate may be a little too late and nevertheless on his way to amendment. For we are further apprised that on Tuesday last week:—

"MR. WOOLVERTH arrived at the Court this morning at a few minutes after ten heard the applications immediately, and commenced the hearing of the night charges at half-past ten."

A few minutes past ten is only a few minutes too late. It is an approximation to ten sharp; which is the desiderated hour. The Thames Police Court reporter seems happy to report that the Magistrates in their attendance there, are tending to that hour, which, when they have adopted it precisely to a minute, will be just the time of day.

PSEUDO-HISTORICO PATENT WHITEWASHING AND SPONGING COMPANY (LIMITED).

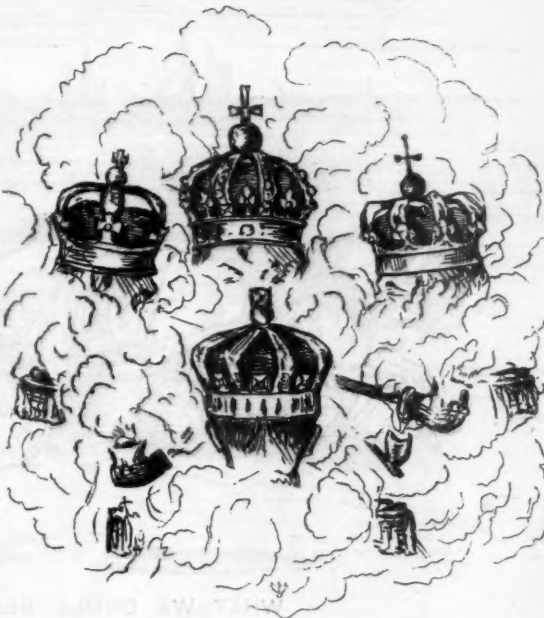
THIS Company has been established under distinguished auspices, and in accordance with the enlightened ideas of the age, for the restoration of tarnished historical reputations, by the reversal of contemporary judgments. It differs from all other renovating establishments in this important and unique feature, that whereas the latter profess only, at the very utmost, to restore the fabric upon which they operate "equal to new," the present Company undertakes to reproduce it in more than pristine freshness, imparting to even the most blackened character qualities and beauties which never belonged to the original, and so effectually disguising the latter that even his nearest friends would fail to recognise him. Recent scientific discoveries have enabled the Company to adopt a mode of operation similar to that employed in the production of dissolving views, and under the skilful management of the experienced operator, the boldest outlines of character are seen to disappear in a manner as astonishing as it is beautiful to behold, being replaced by the most exquisite touches at the will of the artiste, or by patterns made to order. The most inveterate blemishes effectually removed, and crimes of the deepest dye mellowed into harmonious combinations, and warranted to wash.

The Company anticipates important results from the present advanced and advancing state of spiritual science, arrangements having been made for a systematic supply of intelligence direct from the most approved mediums. Several highly interesting communications have, in fact, already been obtained from spirits of the highest celebrity, who have shown themselves perfectly at home in the business.

It is intended to open a branch establishment for the purpose of extending the operations of the Company to the acts and designs of

living potentates and statesmen. As, from the peculiar aspects of the political horizon at the present time, the Company is led to anticipate a large accession of business in this department, early application is desirable. His Majesty the KING OF PRUSSIA has been graciously pleased to identify himself with this movement, further information concerning which may be obtained of MR. CRAFT, the Company's travelling agent, to whom (for the present) communications may be addressed.

N.B. No relation to MR. CAL CRAFT.



THE CONGRESS AT FRANKFORT AT THE PRESENT TIME.

ADVERTISING PROBLEMS.

Two interesting advertisements appeared the other day in the *Glasgow Herald*. The following one of them, however, is evidently not Scotch:—

WANTED, a NEWSPAPER, to represent the Catholic public in Glasgow. It must neither be sensational, vulgar, nor anti-Catholic. A great local want will be supplied by such a journal.

Do we not know the fine Roman hand? By Roman we do not mean Papist, but Irish, to use a mode of speech which is itself Hibernian. The party advertising as above for a Newspaper to represent the Catholic public in Glasgow cannot be that Catholic public itself, unless it consists wholly or mainly of Irish immigrants. No other set of people would describe the characteristics which they wish to distinguish their required journal as consisting in three negations. The statement that "a great local want will be supplied by such a journal," as one for which the little public that wants it is obliged to advertise, also savours of the generous uncalculating child of Erin. No Scotchman could conceive such a speculation, much less dream of the possibility that anybody would venture on it.

The other advertisement is more Scottish, but rather calculated to foster superstition:—

WANTED, a Second-Hand COFFIN.—Address, stating lowest price, A. 72, Herald Office.

The author of this notification must be, if not a maniac, a vampire. A second-hand coffin could not be inquired for by anybody but a body leading a sort of life in death. No regular ghost would ever ask for such a thing. It may be conceived that a vampire might; his old coffin having fallen to pieces, and he being unable to afford a brand-new one. More probably the advertiser is a fool; most likely a Scotchman gone mad on economy. As to the second-hand coffin which he wants, where is the undertaker who will undertake to furnish one?

DIPLOMATIC ADVICE TO RUSSIA ABOUT POLAND.—Bear, forbear!



WHAT WE COULD BEAR A GOOD DEAL OF!

THE AMERICAN CONSCRIPT'S COMPLAINT.

WHY must I be driven to slaughter on the cursed field of battle,
Very likely to be butchered there with torments spared to cattle?
By what law and for what reason must I life and limb surrender?
Not because my country claims me from a foe to defend her.

Then a duty would demand self-sacrifice; but what occasion
Subjects me to death and torture as the soldier of invasion?
If the Sovereign People's will must send me to be slain and mangled,
Tyrant worse ne'er spoke the word at which a crouching slave was
strangled.

Let me sleep with perfect limbs, my head snowed o'er with life's full winters;
I don't want a mass of iron to smash my shin-bones into splinters,
Bullet crashing through my face to tear away whole features, whether
Under-jaw, or cheek entire, or eyes and nose perchance together.

Jagged fragment of a shell to rip and tear up my abdomen
Is what I'll allow if I can help it for the whim of no man.
What! Must I lose arm or leg to serve the madness of my nation?
And be forced to undergo the agony of amputation?

Tourniquet, and saw, and knife, and bullet-forceps for extraction
Looming clearly in my view, I'd rather not go into action,
Probably with shattered bones thence to be jolted in a waggon,
Yelling all the way so loud that it were well I had a gag on.

Crushed and writhing on the plain in carnage I object to welter,
Ridden o'er by cavalry in charge, or flying helter-skelter;
Lancer or dragoon upon the ground there stabbing me or slashing:
On my wound or in my mouth a horse his hoof of iron dashing.

Fever, too, and gangrene I regard with infinite aversion,
I had sooner die at once, so let them shoot me for desertion!
Health and home I'd fight to guard, and consequences little think on,
Won't go South to bleed and rot by order of Dictator LINCOLN.

OFFICIAL ORDER.—All Cabmen plying within hail are to be supplied
with umbrellas by Government.

A SHORT WAY WITH SABBATARIANS.

If the Atherton Magistrates, who fined a farmer and his labourers
at Leigh for saving hay on a Sunday, are not yet removed from the
Commission of the Peace, their neighbours might adopt a method of
dealing with their Worship which would probably have the effect of
bringing them to their senses. Are the servants of those Justices
accustomed to render their masters and mistresses any menial services
whatever on Sunday beyond such as are absolutely necessary? If so,
let all those domestics, who can be ascertained to have so offended
against the statute which prohibits labour in a person's ordinary calling
on the "Sabbath," be summoned before their own masters for that
offence. We shall see what *Justice Shallow* will say to JOHN THOMAS
charged with cleaning knives and forks or boots on a Sunday.

FREEDOM OF FRENCH OPINION.

THE *Opinion*, speaking of CHARLES MATHEWS's success in *L'Anglais
Timide*, as all the more remarkable because he had not pre-puffed him-
self, observes:—

"The illustrious MATHEWS, so well known in the three kingdoms, doubtless
thought it useless to have himself recommended in France. He did not know the
extent of our ignorance; the English read our journals and reviews; but we in
France do not read the *Times*, and that for good reasons."

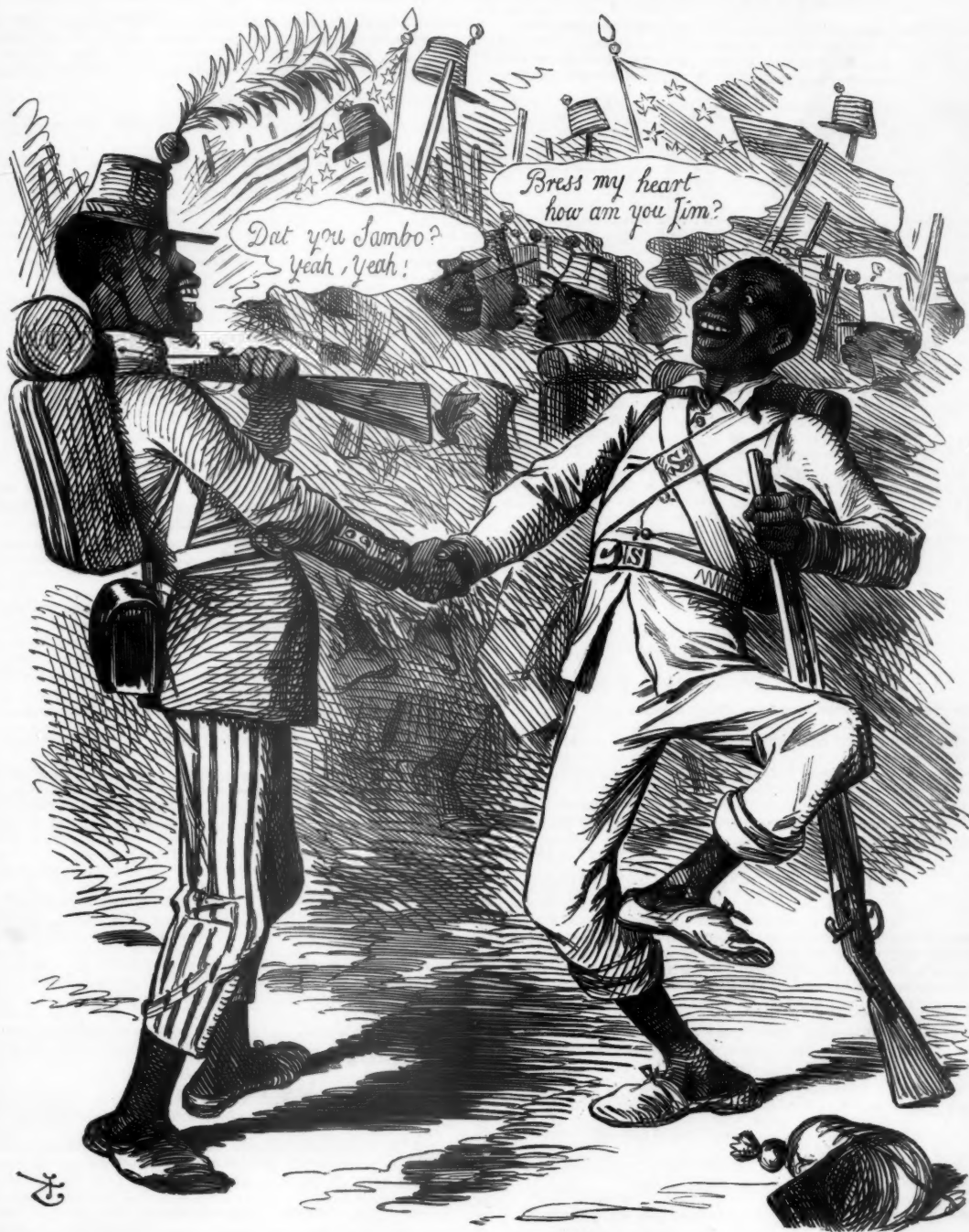
Eh? "And that for good reasons." That is strong language. Has
it not procured for *L'Opinion* the honour of a warning?

Composing a Strife.

A TELEGRAM from New York conveys the following important in-
formation:—

"The Mozart Hall Committee recommended the delegates of the State convention
to secure the union of the Democratic party by avoiding all contest."

The principle which the Mozart Hall Committee appear trying to
carry out is one which must be allowed to be worthy of MOZART. If
they could but establish harmony between North and South, they would
achieve a work worthy of the great Composer.



THE BLACK CONSCRIPTION.

"WHEN BLACK MEETS BLACK THEN COMES THE END (?) OF WAR."

THE BLACK CONSORTION.



THE BLACK CONSORTION.

THE BLACK CONSORTION.

A FRENCH LADY ON FEMALE DRESS.

LITTLE did Mr. Punch ever think that he should live to praise the observations of a French Marchioness on dress in a Fashion Book. It is, however, with the most hearty approbation that he quotes the MARQUISE DE BERNIS, in the Paris *Élegant*, writing as follows:—

"We had better take care, or else we shall soon be transformed to boys, as far as our dresses and costumes can produce the change. Already we wear boots, vests, waistcoats, hats, stiff collars, flat sleeves, like college lads, and we are going to put on their coats too!"

Punch is delighted with this exclamation against gentlemanlike boots and—well, vests at present, as MADAME LA MARQUISE says; but it will be boots and other vestments next, as she means, to say. Bless her! This charming lady continues:—

"The grand novelty at present is the coat—not as it is cut in the present day, but in the LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH shape—a sort of close pelotot, cut short, with skirts, and defining the waist. However, this new garment is longer than the *saut-en-barge*, or sailor's jacket."

The *saut-en-barge* or sailor's jacket! Very fit for the heroines in the ballad of *Billy Taylor*; for "a lady fair and free," or free and easy; but not for a lady pure and simple. MADAME DE BERNIS thus describes the other thing, which is longer than the *saut-en-barge*, and in describing condemns the ridiculous oddity:—

"It is made of every kind of stuff and in every colour, but the most proper are made to match the dress. Still better would it be to abolish it. This coat or habit was formerly worn by ladies, but in a different manner. It was then worn as a riding-dress, and put on over a long wide petticoat & gown, with very thick tucks. Beneath it was a vest, and under that a man's shirt, with lace frill and sleeves, besides a man's wig, descending in large curls or rings, and a felt hat cocked up above the ear, with a white plume going round it."

Can anything more absurd be conceived short of the accoutrements of Guy Fawkes? So we shout in indignant disgust; but, the MARQUISE DE BERNIS remarks mildly with subdued feeling:—

"That undoubtedly is a very masculine style of dress, but as a riding habit it has always been considered very proper. But when converted into a walking or visiting toilet it is a different matter, and I think it ought not to be adopted, without reflection."

This is a gentle way of saying that it is an execrably ugly thing. Indeed "it ought not to be adopted without reflection," and the reflection of the looking-glass, one would think, might suffice to prevent the most unreflecting idiot in Crinoline from adopting it. To continue, however, a most admirable criticism:—

"For this there are several reasons, but one of them is enough, I think. Why should we women remodel our exterior, since we claim to be the fairest half of the human race? Let us continue to be woman, as God made us, borrowing nothing from the other sex but one or two of the qualities and advantages which have fallen to their share."

Now, really, if it were not for the matchless nose and chin of *Judy*, the paragon of her sex, Mr. Punch would envy MONSIEUR LE MARQUISE DE BERNIS—unless the Marchioness is a widow. But can that be? Only by her own determination. How sensibly she writes! How beautiful she must be, endowed as she is with so exquisite a sense of propriety in the decoration of beauty! But we beg her pardon for interrupting her:—

"Some people pretend that our steel hoops are to be given up. Alas! there are as yet but few and faint signs of the release. However, there has been a rumour that the crinolines would be laid aside, although the dresses were to continue long and full and more flowing than ever."

MADAME DE BERNIS then goes on to describe the arrangement whereby Crinoline may perhaps be superseded, but which, it is to be wished, will include, in the first place, the reduction of superfluous drapery. She adds:—

"Should this desirable amendment become law, you will unite with me to hail the reform, and rejoice at the removal of those iron machines by which our figures have been transformed into fortresses, whilst they have been felt as a clog and a nuisance to every one who approached us."

A clog and a nuisance! Indeed when they constitute a lovely creature, like the authoress above quoted, a sort of out-door nun in a cage, behind a grate!

How much longer will females persist in attire which is not only masculine but mail? By the bye, with a view to bring the "clog and nuisance" so delightfully denounced by the MARQUISE DE BERNIS into contempt, wouldn't it be a good plan for tavern-keepers, in choosing signs for their public-houses, instead of our old friend, "The Hog-in-Armour," to substitute a pig of the softer sex, a pig in Crinoline, to be called the "Sow-in-Armour"? A good enough design, for the required painting might be furnished by many a Royal Academician. A little above, mention was made of Guy Fawkes. Now, as Crinoline tends to make a Guy of the wearer, could not Guy Fawkes be employed as a vehicle for exposing it to derision on his approaching anniversary? In one of Mr. Punch's talented sketches its capability of being represented by fireworks has been already suggested, and as an element in a bonfire it would intimate a most admonitory moral.

A HELP TO HYMEN.

ACCORDING to the reports of the Registrar-General, marriages of late have been somewhat on the increase. How far such advertisements as that which we subjoin may have assisted towards this desirable result, we leave those who like to do so quite at liberty to guess:—

HOW TO WIN A LOVER.—Post free for 26 Stamps (secure from observation), the most curious work ever published in the English language, entitled MATHIMONY MADE EASY. By following the directions contained therein you can win as many of the opposite sex as you wish. All may be married, irrespective of age, appearance, or position. And, in addition to the above, you will also receive full particulars how to ascertain a person's true character and disposition. Those secrets, once known, can be acted upon by any person. There is no chance of discovery, and failure is impossible. Since introducing my valuable plan, I find another person advertising and pretending to read something similar. It is impossible. He cannot, dare not, advertise my secrets; being copyright, they are the original and only genuine, and cannot be obtained from any one but myself.—Address J. W., &c.

What a generous-hearted man must the advertiser be to sell so valuable a book at a price so very moderate. Surely the "most curious English work ever published" ought to command a higher price than six-and-twenty postage stamps, one or more of which would have to be deducted for the cost of transit. We should have thought that the demand for the most curious book extant could scarcely be supplied, more especially considering the interesting nature of the subject which is treated in it. Well, clearly we must say goodbye to all our good old bachelors, and pleasant nice old maids. With "Matrimony made easy" there will be soon none of them left. "Failure is impossible" in winning either wife or husband, if one but carry out the plan of courtship which J. W. suggests. Is it not expressly stated that, to those who know his secret, "age, appearance, and position," will prove no bar to being loved! Here is the Open Sesame to every sort of heart: whether male or female, a tender one or tough. The only fear is that by following the directions of J. W., there may possibly be more hearts broken than united. The power to win "as many of the opposite sex as may be wished," would prove, we fear, to some people a dangerous temptation: and as neither age, appearance, nor position would prevent them, we might hear of an elderly maiden costermongress with red hair and a squint wearing out in hopeless passion an Adonis of a duke.

THE NELSON COLUMN.

"MISTER PUNCH, SUR,

"I HAM the sellybrated man and boy, leatways the boy (the man bein generly believed dead) whose name some ears ago wos so frequently before the public in connection with the nelson column. Sur, i c by the papers as that ere column is about to be completed in consequence of SIR KE LAMMER aving modled them lions as is to be put at the fut. Now, Sir, i umbly begs to recall to the mines of a jenerous public the long survis (a survis hextending over many ears) rendered by me at the aforsed period. I ham now, Sur, a married man with a wife and family, most of um smal, but we ave bin misfortunate in regards of measles and hoopin corf, whitich theres 2 dyed, let alone me bein hout o reglr work, whi attributes to the aspersions on my industry as wos carst at the time wen i worked with the man, and my bein a kind of marked character in consequence. Now, Sir, me and my wife we wos a thinkin wen we heerd as the moniment was in a way to be finished, that (to use the eros own words) if hevvy man done is duty summat of a testimonial like shud be presented to me as the Boy (the man as aforsed bein supposed dead) bein a kind of Istorkle character. My wife (but er allus ad i noahuns along o bein under usemaid in a lord mares family) er do say, 'JIM, they ull make you a lord shure,' but wot Ai do say is that four shillun a week paid reglr as a penshun, likewise arf a hounce o baccy inkluded, woudnt be out of the way, and satisfy me. Opin, sur, as ule kindly consider on it,

"i remane,

"ure umble and obloeged,!

"Short's gardens, Aug. 27."

"THE BOY (as wos)."

I believe you, my boy.—PUNCH.

Eccelesiastical and Histrionic.

IN a newspaper paragraph it is stated that "the BISHOP of NORWICH has commenced proceedings against the Rev. G. DRURY, rector of Claydon, Suffolk, for having introduced innovations into the celebration of divine worship in the parish church." Those innovations consisted in the performances of the extraordinary clergyman who "styled himself the Rev. Brother IGNATIUS, O.S.B." got himself up something like a Roman Catholic Priest, and read the Liturgy as though he were saying Mass. The Bishop, we presume, is down upon Mr. DRURY, for allowing his church to be turned by Brother IGNATIUS into a sort of Drury Lane.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



You will dine at the *table d'hôte*, unless for privacy's sake you like to order the *table d'hôte* all to yourself in a separate apartment, in which case the hungry visitors will be rather astonished. You would probably fill yourself, but you would empty the hotel, and very soon there would be—

"No one in de house wid Diner."

Howbeit you must remember that he who stops to eat, remains to pay.

In the evening, sit out in the garden overlooking the moonlit Rhine, and become poetical. "Wine" rhymes to "Rhine;" and in the mouth of any affected demi-swell, the roll of whose pedigree is probably as slight as the roll of his R, the word is precisely the same. You have seen the *tableaux* in the opening of an Opera. Here you have the original. Peasants, priests, soldiers and travellers grouped about the grounds, drinking, laughing and talking while the band is playing. Mark your time, and by way of showing your appreciation of the scene, come forward to the lights, cup in hand, and give them a tune. The libretto might be, for instance—

Wine! Wine! Wine!
Liquor of Rhine.
Ichor divine.
Mine! Mine! Mine!
and
Thine! Thine! Thine!
Oh, it is pleasant, 'tis pleasant,
At present, at present,
To drink THE Wine.
Spar-ar-ar-killing Wine!
Spar-ha!-kingwine!!

This may be followed by a short dance, very short, and you will then

be, probably, kicked out. This will not prevent your returning in order to show that you bear no malice, and can enter into the fun of the thing.

Sights in the City.—The best sight is unfortunately hidden from view. It is the site upon which the City of Cologne stands. After this, the Cathedral. Cologne Cathedral is older than the Nelson Column, but is even in a less finished state. The order of architecture to which this noble pile belongs was probably "Building by contract," and one of the parties failed. To describe it minutely would be tedious; we will therefore say that the doors have a good deal of open-work about them, and great panes have been taken with the windows. The only *pointed* style in the Cathedral to attract the Tourist's notice will be that of his Cicerone, by whom everything inside will be pointed out to him.

Caution.—Beware of the Suisse, that magnificent Esquire-Bedell in the Cathedral. For all he looks so grandly-harmless, his hat is cocked, and may, by way of a salute, go off. Beware!



The Choir is about 161 feet high; more than a hundred treble octaves above the level of the C. The Base of the Cathedral assists on Sundays, and tones down what would otherwise rise into a screech.

In one of the side Chapels, where you'd naturally expect a piece of sculpture by CHANTREY, you will find an old painting in Distemper. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to remonstrate with the Foreign Ecclesiastical Authorities on the subject of this picture. Poor thing! in Distemper since 1410!

There's plenty more to be seen, but you've got a pair of eyes we suppose, and we really cannot stop here talking all day. We saw everything in the place, why shouldn't you? Do you give it up? If you do, come along somewhere else. As we suppose that you have of course lost your luggage, it is not necessary that you should return to your hotel, where you'd only have to pay your bill, and thus make yourself uncomfortable on that score.

Notice.—There are many books published now-a-days informing the tourist how to see the Continent for five or ten pounds in as many weeks. We can tell him how to see it for nothing. Insist that the steamboat brought you by mistake while you were saying good bye to a friend; go away saying you'll bring an action against them, and they'll offer to take you back again; disdain their proffered courtesy; they'll be frightened and offer you money not to tell; if they do, take it; if not, they'll be only too glad to put you on shore and get rid of you. After this, unencumbered by packages, your course is easy. The hotel is not built that can hold you for any length of time. You can tell the various landlords that you are going out to look for your luggage, and this search may reasonably take you many miles away from the place where your last little bill was run up. The trains go so slow, that with very little practice, you can easily get out during the journey, and thus avoid all those absurd forms and ceremonies attendant upon rendering up the ticket, which, as you, when travelling economically, do not possess, would simply be a waste of time, and would materially retard an otherwise rapid progress. Your foreign fellow-travellers will, if asleep, not see you; for they have a way of closing their eyes when in a somnolent state, and, in this particular, resemble Englishmen. If their eyes are open, the fumes of tobacco will be an effectual cloak for your exit. Should, however, any one of them see you and tell, the chances are that the rest won't believe him; and if they do, they'll merely laugh at the eccentricities of the English, and consider your conduct as the

ordinary mode of travelling adopted in your own country. The railway carriage is your only difficulty, and we've shown you the way to get out of it. In this manner a great deal more of the country will be seen than if you were shut up in a close compartment.

The man who prodigally pays his way and tips the servants, is sometimes remembered, but the man who doesn't is never forgotten. They will be looking out for you everywhere, they will be even anxious about your health, and be desirous of seeing you again as soon as possible. This is affecting, but don't stop for it. Hire some conveyance that will gallop past the well-remembered windows, whence are peering the old familiar faces. Be open-handed with them as befits your generous nature, and wave adieu from your fast disappearing vehicle. You can always get rid of the driver by asking him to get down and pick up that parcel you've dropped in the road. When he has retraced about three hundred feet of the road, jump into the box seat, crack your whip, cry "Tchik!" and then once more urge on your wild career. You can sell the carriage and ride the horse, which after carrying you some distance, will fetch a sum that will enable you to travel like a gentleman when you get back to England. If any Economical Tourist's Companion can show us a better method than this, we should be glad to know it. We will tell you *How to go to Cologne for Nothing!* Well, you see, if you've nothing to go for, why, there you are. This advice is only applicable to a minority of loungers.

Now we've seen everything that can be seen, and we're going to quit Cologne. Let us turn our attention to post-travelling and payments appertaining thereto.

German miles are different to English or Irish miles. In olden times there was a league of barons, counts, and dukes, which must have had as queer an effect as seven miles worth of the aristocracy would have in England. By this league all other distances were measured: and the greatest distance was between the last baron and the first shopkeeper. Leave your card upon the Chief Baron before the long vacation commences, and he will tell you all about it.

Postmasters are empowered by Government to compel their passengers to carry the horses and drag the carriages up all the hilly places. When you hear and see a high hill you will doubtless exclaim, "Hillo!"

Trinkgeld or drink-money is the sum given by way of liquidating your debt to the postilion.

Before journeying by carriage take the number of your horses: this ensures civility.

Purchase, for your own private reading, all the back numbers of the *Eisenbahn Telegraph*, which is a German *Bradshaw!* With a very slight knowledge of the language you may derive considerable pleasure from the daily study of this delightful work. The only man who ever attempted it, was ultimately found all alone in his room at the hotel, trying to set the railway guide to music, marking each bar with the

time of the different trains. He is now quite harmless, and passes his days in playing elaborate fantasias from *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* for the current month, on the bassoon or violoncello.



A SABBATARIAN M.P.

"MR. PUNCH,

"ONE MR. EDWARD MATHEWS has had the folly to publish, in the *Morning Post*, nearly a column of impertinence headed 'CLOSING PUBLIC-HOUSES ON A SUNDAY,' being the copy of a letter which he took it upon himself to write to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, inviting MR. GLADSTONE to be such a fool as to allow himself to be numbered with the subscribers to an association seeking, by legal means, to prohibit the Sunday traffic in necessary drinks. MR. MATHEWS appends to his intrusive twaddle the notice which the Minister condescended to take of it in the shape of a refusal written by his Secretary. The sour drivel of MR. MATHEWS is pervaded by the same tone of pedantic restrictiveness as that which distinguishes the generality of Sabbatarian demands for the abridgment of religious liberty.

"As an illustration of the humbug which MR. MATHEWS agitates, let me call your attention to the subjoined story told by MR. BASS, M.P., in the Chair at a public dinner, the other evening:—

"On the evening of the division on MR. SOMES's Motion, he (the chairman) was in a down-stairs room in the House of Commons, where Honourable Members overcome with fatigue, or oppressed by the eloquence of talking Members, sometimes assembled to chat and smoke cigars (*Chairs*). One gentleman there said to him, in reference to the subject of the Bill, 'What — nonsense it is.' (*Loud cheers and laughter.*) Without swearing, however, he (the chairman) entirely agreed with this remark. But when the House a few hours afterwards went to a division, he saw this gentleman coming out of one end while he (the chairman) was coming out of the other. The gentleman excused himself by saying that there was no great harm in what he was doing, as MR. SOMES's party was sure to be in a minority."

"And this blaspheming hypocrite who exclaims What — nonsense SOMES's Sunday Bill is! and then goes and votes for it, is a sample of the representatives of Sabbatarianism in the House of Commons. I give MR. MATHEWS and the Sabbatarian crew joy of their Honourable Member, and would say to MR. BASS, 'Name, name!' in order that the fellow's constituents, may not be misrepresented by him at the next election. Believe me, Mr. Punch,

"Yours sincerely,

"Liberty Hall, Sept. 1863."

"ANTI-MAWWORK."

DICTIONARY OF LADIES' DRESS.

Compiled by an Old Bachelor of Forty Years' experience.

GIMP. A sort of nail used in their high-heeled boots, or something to do with the ring of a parasol; can't make out which.

TICKET. Shawls are usually made of this, and those fancy scarfs for evening dress.—N.B. It is called "dear" when they like it best, though only sixpence a yard.

GUSSETS. Same as "Lincey Wolsey," I think, a fine calf-skin leather for ornamenting riding habits.—Note. It has very sharp prickles, as I found once when I sat down on a bonnet made of it, mistaking the thing for a bunch of flowers.

TULLE. Not yet sure of this, but suspect it is the needle they use in backstitch.—Mem. "Curtain of a bonnet" seems to have something to do with it.

TUCK. This is either a species of Scotch brooch, or a light blue ball-sash, though I have also heard it spoken of in relation to a reticule for a picnic with a sandwich inside.

BOMBASTINE. Much mystery about this. Four years ago, however, I satisfied myself it has something to do with a baby's bottle. Sometimes it is called a "love of a barège."

BOBBINET. Only a little bobbin. Their work-boxes are full of them. I once upset one.

FLOUNDER. Every one knows what this is. It is put on gowns, and a new one is put on each year as the wearer grows too tall for the former length.

DIMITY. A regular poser this. Used to think it was a "finger stall," but have found out now it is a sort of ball put inside the back hair to fill it out. However, my niece, MISS MARY, aged "thirty," never mind, says positively, "No!"

CRINOLINE. Man's horror—Woman's sphere.

SCIENTIFIC.—A Magnetic Mountain has been discovered in Swedish Lapland. It is creating a great sensation, and, as may be expected, is drawing immensely.



FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE.

FIRST FOREIGNER. "This is what they call à la Russe, isn't it?"

SECOND FOREIGNER. "Allerose is it? Well there! I could a' sworn it warn't Beef nor Mutton."

SPECIMEN OF AN IRISH HOWL.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"Would you like to pollute your pages with the despicable outpourings of a dirty American blackguard? Then print the subjoined baseness from the *Boston Commonwealth*, written by that liar and scoundrel, CHARLES SUMTER:—

"We by no means contend that he (the Irishman in America) is equal in moral and intellectual endowments to the coloured man; but we insist that he is capable of a good degree of improvement. When the demagogue is dead, then will be the Copperhead's opportunity. Then we will bet on him (in small sums), and in the race with Sambo, Patrick may save his distance."

"There! That's how the vagabond expectorates the infamy that's in him over the gallant exiles of Erin: the noble boys that shed their heart's best blood to fight the battles of his country with gratuitous generosity. SUMTER and slander it is! Do you know a bigger black-guard than CHARLES SUMTER? Do you know a bigger thief? Can you mention the name of a viler miscreant that walks the face of the earth unchanged—or hanged? Was there ever a fouler libel than the above in the *Satirist*? Did you ever read worse nonsense in the *Morning Star*?"

"The scurrilous and malignant defraCTOR that penned the filthy calumny which degrades the warmhearted Irishman below the par of the nigger, when he wrote it was drunk. He had been carousing in a house of call for thieves, whence he reeled to his desk, reeking with gin, and having bedaubed a page of foolscap with his foul invective, rolled hiccuping, cursing, swearing, and senseless on the floor, and there inhaled the spirits which he had previously tippled. Bad luck to the abusive jackass, the contemptible compound of brute, beast, and fool! With thanks for your courtesy in inserting this remonstrance, believe me, Mr. Punch, Sir, your ever grateful correspondent,

"PATRICK O'BLEATHEREMSKITE."

"* We indulge Mr. O'BLEATHEREMSKITE by printing his invective, because it affords, we regret to say, a fair sample of the phraseology

in which an Irish fool expresses himself when irritated by aught that he conceives to be disparagement of his country. But is our raving correspondent quite sure that the gentleman whom he calls so many bad names personally wrote the passage which has aroused his fury? And does he consider that what is said of the Irishman in America is of necessity equally applicable to all Irishmen? So seemingly think sundry Irish journalists even less reasonable and temperate than Mr. O'BLEATHEREMSKITE, who, in terms more violent than his own, vilify Punch for having, as they affect to suppose, called Irishmen in general the scum of the earth. Mr. Punch cannot say that they do not really imagine that he did so. There is no assigning bounds to human folly. Would Punch call the DUKE OF WELLINGTON scum of the earth, SWIFT scum of the earth, BURKE scum of the earth, GOLDSMITH, SHERIDAN, TOM MOORE scum of the earth? Perhaps those frantic gentlemen of the Irish press unfeignedly believe that he would. Mr. Punch hopes that they are ingenuous idiots. He certainly does call some Irishmen scum of the earth. He calls mercenary cutthroats scum of the earth, whether they are Irish, or Germans, or whatever part of the earth they may happen to arise from. He owns that he considers the emigrant Irish ruffianry the scum of the earth. But truculent vituperation convinces him that the scum of the earth has not all left Ireland.

"A Terrible Assault."

THE Lady alluded to in an article under this heading should have been LADY ROLLE, of Bicton, near Exeter; and not as erroneously stated, LADY GERTRUDE ROLLE, who is the wife of the Hon. MARK ROLLE, of Hebenstone, near Torrington. The mistake originated with the provincial reporter, and Mr. Punch takes off his cap and apologises to LADY GERTRUDE.

MOTTO FOR AN IRRITABLE SCHOOLMASTER.

"Nisi ad regulam, prava non corriges."—*Sen. Epist. Lib. i. Ep. 11.* It is impossible to correct what is wrong without a ruler.



How Spangleton came to Grief on board the Penny Boat; and serve him right, for not taking a Cab like a Swell.

CRINOLINE AND COSMETICS.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM a young man, and have a fairish income, and I want to find some fair creature to share it. But I declare to you I really am so frightened by advertisements that I can hardly summon up the pluck to go in quest of her. Not to mention the announcements of milliners and jewellers, which in a money point of view are terrible enough, there are other dreadful notices addressed to the fair sex, which really make one's flesh creep when one thinks of getting married. By Jove, if one believes in half that is hinted in the newspapers, girls are nowadays all sham, there's nothing real about them. They buy their hair of MONSIEUR COIFFEUR, and their teeth of MONSIEUR DENTIFRICE; MADAME CRINOLINE supplies them with a figure, and MADEMOISELLE ENAMELLE furnishes the face. One shopkeeper sells eyebrows that are warranted to stick, while another supplies roses to beautify the cheeks, warranted to bear even inspection through a microscope. As for hair dyes, they are numberless, and so are curling fluids; and somebody keeps puffing some patent hair restorative, which he begs us to observe is 'recommended by the faculty,' and is 'held in high estimation in the higher circles.' Besides this, there's the 'pomadore, for beautifying the arms and hands or face, without causing the slightest unnatural appearance,' and in addition there's the 'eye fluid,' which some genius has invented, and which serves not merely for concealment of crows' feet, but to give great 'boldness, character, and seeming enlargement' to that 'index of character' which we more simply call the eye.

"Now Crinoline is bad enough, and an awful thing it is for a young bachelor to contemplate the laceration of his ankles and destruction of his trousers, which will infallibly result from his walking arm in arm with the steel-begirt young creature he consents to call his wife. But, nuisance though it be, Crinoline is not half so nasty as Cosmetics. A sham figure is more tolerable by far than a sham face. Just conceive a man's disgust at finding that his wife changed colour when he kissed her, and that her rosy cheeks turned yellow if he touched them with his lips. Who would care to marry a beautiful complexion, if he knew it had been purchased in the Burlington Arcade; and how can one admire a snowy brow or swanlike neck when one believes it to be whitewashed, say, at sixpence the square inch? What a pleasant thing for Corydon

MYSTERIES OF MEDICINE.

THE Medical Profession, if it is a learned one, may have been amused by the following advertisement, which lately adorned the *Medical Circular*:-

A LOINA.—The discoverers of this, T. & H. SMITH, (vide *Edinburgh Monthly Journal of Medical Science*, for February, 1851,) the crystalline principle of aloes, continue to prepare and supply it. They have the gratification of knowing that the most eminent of the Profession prescribe it in preference to the various kinds of aloes, and especially to females both alive and in a combined form.

We learn from the above announcement that the discoverers of Aloina are T. & H. SMITH, and that those gentlemen are also the crystalline principle of aloes. Moreover we observe that they spell crystalline with a single l. And they seem to say that the crystalline principle of aloes continues to prepare and supply Aloina.

What the discoverers of Aloina mean by females in a combined form, we cannot make out. In saying that "the most eminent of the Profession" prescribe Aloina, "especially to females both alive and in the combined form," they place females "in the combined form" in antithesis with females "alive." Hence we might infer that by females in "the combined form," they meant dead women: but as medicine is never prescribed for the dead of either sex, that inference would be absurd.

The discoverers of Aloina are doubtless expert in pharmacy, so that we will not say that they have mistaken their vocation; but they might have chosen a branch of learning for the cultivation of which their genius appears much better calculated than it is for the pursuit of chemical science. We do not mean English grammar: but metaphysical theology.

"Happy Land!"

At the opening of the Session of the two Legislative Chambers, the KING OF HOLLAND is reported to have said:

"Various bills will be presented to you with a view to a general reduction of taxes."

Would that our CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would be animated with the above good example! However, we fancy we hear GLADSTONE, catechised on the subject, exclaiming, with Homeric fire, "If ever you catch me reducing the Income-Tax, why then I'm a Dutchman."

to find his Chloe *minus* her left eyebrow some fine morning, or showing two large crows' feet which had been concealed by paint! Don't you think he would be justified in going to his club to breakfast for the future, and if he lived there altogether, I for one should not much censure him. I think SIR JAMES PLAISTED WILDE would hardly call it cruelty for a man to leave a wife whom he detected using paint. A girl who sails under false colours when cruising for a husband I consider should be viewed in the light of a she-pirate, and should be driven to surrender any prize that she might take.

"No, no, Mr. Punch. You have influence with the ladies, if anybody has; and I wish you would just tell them that when they use cosmetics to beautify themselves they only make themselves more ugly than by nature they would be. Men like beauty, no doubt; but then to please their eyes it must be beauty without paint. So far as flesh and blood go, what a man wants in a wife is something huggable and kissable, and Crinoline and Cosmetics quite prevent her being this. A cheek like a blush rose is a pleasant thing to look upon; but I have little liking for artificial flowers, and have certainly no wish for one to decorate my table. Far rather would I stick to my Old Bachelor's Button than sit down to dinner daily with sham roses to look at. Let others praise the *cereæ brachia* of Chloe, or any other specimens of MISS ENAMELLE's skill in wax-work; I for one would have my wife as Beatrice would have her husband, one not for Sunday show but for honest week-day use. As for paint attracting lovers, I am sure it only serves to frighten them away. Who with lips that are by nature capable of kissing would ever dream of paying his addresses to a girl with 'touch me not' quite plainly painted on her face? The misletoe will soon be an extinct institution, if girls persist in trying to make themselves unmissable by colouring their cheeks. One would as soon salute the *Wall in Pyramus and Thisbe*, as kiss a painted powdered beauty who purchased her complexion, and put on an extra smear when she wanted to look smart. For myself I shall keep single until the rage for paint-brushes and powder-balls is over; and I recommend the fellow who is caught by a complexion to ponder well, ere marrying, the moot-point, *Will it Wash?*

"I remain, my dear old Punch, yours, in all serenity (at present),
"The Albany."
"CHARLEY COLEBURN."

FROM OUR BILIOUS CONTRIBUTOR.

To MR. PUNCH.



of the picture instead of mutilating me? Why is literature to be trampled under the hoofs of (so called) Art?

"I have often visited Glasgow. I consider it the capital of England. LAMB's luncheon place, where there are three hundred and sixty-five pleasant ways of spoiling your dinner, is an institution to which London can show no parallel. You get everything, from bawbee cookies to turtle soup, and you need not speak a word—you take the article, which has its price marked, you do your own reckoning, and you hand the money to a smiling young lady. To a silent and shy man like myself, this system is very pleasing. They trust in your honesty, but I suppose they do not tempt it too far, and that some sort of eye is kept on you. But the man must be a mean wretch who would cheat where the articles are so good that he is not cheated. Then there's the Exchange. They have been spoiling its handsome pillars by painting them in a ludicrous manner, and making the hall look like a music saloon, but the courtesy of Glasgow in providing all the newspapers in the world for the accommodation of visitors and the military is beyond praise. Where can an officer and a gentleman, or either, see the papers for nothing, in London? St. Rollox's Chimney, whence I dated my last, is twice as high as the Monument, and MR. TENNANT's is taller still, and there is no three-pence to pay for going to the top of either, because there is no way to the top, a great advantage over the London erection. Then you can't wash yourself in London. I declare I never wash to speak of. In Glasgow there is a bath-room in every house, and the lovely water of the lovely lake, Loch Katrine, is laid on to the very top of every dwelling. This water you may see mentioned in your *Times* every week, as only an infinitesimal fraction less pure than distilled water. It is soft, and the ladies say saves a third of the expense of washing garments, but I never knew any reform extend to details, and shirts are four-pence, as in London. I do not like it as drink so much as I could wish, but with an equal quantity of whiskey it is a satisfactory preventive of the destruction of tissue. The marmalade is excellent, so are the baps, so are the Glasgow magistrates (fresh herrings), and so, I believe, are the sermons, or some of them. The Cathedral is not Westminster Abbey; how could it be? But it is a grand thing, though it would be as well if the heraldry in the new painted windows were right instead of false, as the LORD LYON King-at-Arms pathetically says it is. The monument to old ALEXANDER, the manager, is sweet, much better than that to old DUCROW in Kensal Green, and represents the proscenium of a theatre, with the curtain down, and as every Scotch friend who shows it you, tells you some capital story about "Old ALEC," there is immense fun enacted before this memorandum of the lamented *histrion*. SIR ARCH-

BAID HOLYSTONE—I premit question of his historical writings—is a genial and virtuous dispenser of justice, and the organ in the City Hall, when played upon by MR. LAMBERT, a quarter in which I see you (for once) bestowed deserved compliment, roars delectable music. I repeat that the superiority of Glasgow over London is indisputable, and I should certainly adopt the former as my residence, only that I am too old to acquire a foreign language, and I do not like to be taken to a police cell for sneezing in the street on a Sunday.

"SIR JOHN MOORE, of whom you may have heard, was born in a place called Donald's Land, in Glasgow. This was an old fashioned tenement, now demolished, which stood nearly opposite Tron Steeple, on the north side of Trongate. The information may have interest for you, though it has hitherto failed to excite me very much. There is, however, a fine poem on his burial, the recitation whereof by anybody except myself, excites me very much indeed, by reason of its exceeding badness. I think I have heard you attempt it, late in the evening. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation.

"Taking a drive in the country, I heard something which I may as well repeat. My friend pointed with his cigar (if it was as good as one he had given me, he was to be congratulated), to an open place which he said had been the spot where a couple of Irishmen, whose names I have no reason to remember, were dismissed from this world in testimony of the recognition, by law, of their having, unlawfully, performed similar service to a compatriot. All were of the railway-navigating persuasion. There being some thousands of other Irish in the neighbourhood, and the distaste of that race for the formalities which Englishmen and Scotchmen call justice being known, an attempt at rescue, or at all events at riot, was expected, or had been menaced. Certain military provision for keeping things serene was made, but it occurred to me that the serenity of the last minister of law had not been so completely considered. For a couple of guns, loaded with grape, were so laid that on the first rush at the scaffold, the discharge would have swept away the entire tableau, hangmen, criminals, rescuers, and gallows. The presence of the arguments, however, sufficed, and it was not necessary to employ them. *Hibernian Journal*.

"I heard another and a cognate story. Two Scottish judges having tried a man for some atrocious offence, one of them performed the duty of sentencing him. The evidence that had convinced the jury curiously failed to convince the culprit, who grumbled that 'there was no getting justice.' 'I beg your pardon, my man,' said the other judge, 'ye'll just get justice on Wednesday morning, July the tenth, at eleven o'clock.' I doubt whether our late learned friend, who was thought to have burned Paper Buildings, Temple, could have retorted with more pleasing and affable meanness.

"If you are going to protest against my retailing what I heard, instead of describing what I saw, protest and — go home, as LORD ELLENBOROUGH said to the witness. I am out for a holiday, after nearly ruining my originally fine constitution in your service, and my writings all is one of those works of supererogation which ought not to be criticised. You must not look a gift letter in the anecdote. Of course, you can omit the paragraphs. Do, and see how many more I will send you, in a registered letter, by the very next post after I detect the outrage. If you say that my two stories are of a grim character, I admit it—I feel grim. I feel like *Giant Grim*, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I am sitting in face of a mountain, which I can't see for the mist, and it is raining violently, and I am full dressed, with my new patent leather boots on, and the hour has come for a dinner to which I am invited (on my private worth and merit, and not at all because I happen to amuse myself occasionally by throwing off sparkling little things for Mr. Punch) and no vehicle, or as they call it here, machine, can be got for love or money. My friend who is going with me is a Highlander, and wears 'the garb of old Gaul,' and has brought 'the fire of old Rome' into my cheeks by a most disreputable proposition, compliance with which would involve my walking three-quarters of an hour without those things in respect whereof we appeal to gods and little fishes to say what man is who lacks such protection. He says I can put them on upon the stairs at the mansion we are going to. I do not like the picture. There ought to be a cab-stand at every mountain in Scotland, and I shall write to the Lord Advocate about it. You might do something, only I cannot make you see things from a right point of view, and I suppose none of your artists ever saw a mountain, except in a romantic opera. I must go to this dinner, though, for I have thought over some very smart things to say, and they have local application, and will not do elsewhere. I have rehearsed them with my Highland friend, and he is going to lead up to me, so that I may play my diamonds. This is true loyalty—how different from the conduct of some London men I could name, who always try to spoil a friend's *jeu d'esprit*. Two can play that game, however, and I am one of them, and that's a comfort in this kindly world. I do not know whether my wit, (which is, I am aware, subtle almost to imperscrutability) is always appreciated here, but my intention to be delightful is, and is recognised in the warmest manner, but then Highlanders are gentlemen and ladies, and not spiteful Bohemians or envious Pumps. I express myself mildly, and make no allusions, but your conscience will remind you of the social murder of my epigram about the Frenchman and the mutton

and venison—"that vich is Sheep and that vich is Deer," and who pretended to have heard it before.

"Having given you every reason why I should remain in Glasgow, you will not be surprised that I took an early opportunity of leaving that metropolis. I embarked myself, and encumbrances, one morning, at seven, in a vast floating drawing-room called the *Jona*, which is the most splendid boat that ever was reflected in these eyes of mine. I took my seat on the crimson velvet cushions of the saloon, which is a glass chamber, on deck, so that you can behold all the scenery without discomfort of wind or rain. 'Well done, M^r. DAVID HUTCHESON,' said I, 'and now for a delightful voyage north.' The words had scarcely left my lips when I was informed by one who had the best reason to know, that of our thirteen boxes, one had been left at our Glasgow apartments, and also that it was the only one of the thirteen that would be of the least use where we were to lodge that night. The *Jona* was just on the move. To make a brief reference to Job, to fling away my Inverness cape, to stamp till the *Jona's* deck quivered, to gaze wildly at the Broomielaw, to spring to shore, to dash into a cab, to regain my thirteenth box, to take it to the Greenock railway, to go with it, to re-embark at that interesting port, and to throw myself upon salmon steaks and hot coffee, was the work of—I don't exactly know how long, but I was particularly glad when I got to the last operation.

"YOUNG,

"*The Highlands, generally.*"

"*EPICUREAN REVERIES.*"

A PROTEST.



AKE NOTICE.—*Mr. Punch* is pestered to death by Correspondents requiring the return of their rubbish. Once for all, he will not return a line. Only fancy wasting an envelope, a postage stamp, a drop of ink, and five minutes of *Mr. Punch's* invaluable time on such trash as the following:

"HOW'S YOUR POOR FIST?"

"DEAR *MR. PUNCH*,

"KNOWING that there is a great deal of corn about, and knowing also of your tender feelings and anxiety for the public understanding, I send you, as the expositor of all that's good, the enclosed recipe, and remain, your sincere admirer,

"THE AUTHOR."

Recipe for the Expunction of Corns.

To $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pitch from Burgundy

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of wax from busy bee,
Then for 2 oz. weight be frank in sense,
And there's your greedience for some peace.

In an earthen pot dissolve the pitch;
But don't forget the frankincense to mix;
Stir it till the parts are married,
Then into cold water carry it.

Work it, and into a stick do roll it,
About the size of your finger mould it,
And there's a stuff I say it with scorn,
That's not to be matched for any Corn.

After Paring stick like wax,
(That is if on your feet you do want pax)
On leather or a piece of silk,
What will comfort like your mother's milk.

Then to the Corn apply the stuff,
And without the leastest bit off puff
You'll find the Corn depart in peace,
And your troubled pain will cease.

And the above is TENNYSONIAN to many other contributions thrust into our letter-box!

"FANCY FAIRS."—The ever-varying Fares of our Street Cabs.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.

For the subjoined announcements we are indebted to the *Manchester Examiner and Times*:—

MATRIMONY.

THE Advertiser, good looking (25), wishes to correspond with a Young Lady, with a view to Matrimony.—Address — Post Office, Bradford.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY OFFICE.—Now on our books, a minister, age 30, position good; medical student (26), about to begin practice; professor of music (28), earning £150 a year; widower (48), has property, lady not to be under 40; jeweller (27), stock worth £800; working man, has £180. The above, for special reasons, all require wives with fortunes, more or less. A gentleman (28), income £300, requires character, education, &c.; money no object. Six ladies, with fortunes, and 58 others. Choice made from photographs. Fee 2s. 6d.; ladies from 1s. 6d. to 10s. — Manchester.

The Advertiser, author of the first of these notifications, appears, we are sorry to say, to be little, if anything, above the level of an animal. He assumes that good looks and youth are sufficient attractions to induce some Young Lady to answer his advertisement "with a view to matrimony." So, very likely, they are for a girl who simply wants to be married, and to whom one man of the herd is as good as another. Such a creature, being of the herd herself, will be suitably matched with such a man. But, as they are two-legged animals, let us say flock instead of herd, and trust that the good-looking advertiser and his desired mate will prove a happy couple of geese.

The second of the foregoing matrimonial announcements looks like business: especially when considered in connection with the following, extracted from the *Glasgow Herald*:—

MATRIMONY.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY OFFICE.—Now on our books, 11 widowers, 7 widows, 16 men of wealth who want youth and beauty, 9 ladies with fortunes, an orphan with £3,000, a widow with £200 a year, a curate (income £200), 7 Dissenting ministers, and 37 others. The demand for ladies continues. They may apply by letter or person, in confidence, as this business will be conducted in a bona fide private and respectable manner. Choice made from photographs, then interviews arranged. Fee 2s. 6d.; ladies, from 1s. 6d. to 10s. — Cottenham Street, off Ardwick Green.

MONEY WANTED.

We have preserved, above, the heading of an advertisement that succeeds that immediately foregoing. In both of the preceding advertisements "Matrimony" to a great extent may be considered to resolve itself into "Money Wanted," but both of them seem addressed to persons rather in want of money. In matrimonial advertisement No. 1, the "professor of music (23), earning £150 a-year," can be no great catch, and the same may be affirmed of the "jeweller (27), stock worth £800." The "working man" who "has £180" is eligible as a *proletaire*. "A gentleman (28), income £300, requires character, education, &c."—does he? He requires more, then, we are afraid, than he is likely to get. To expect, not only character and education, but also &c., at £300 a-year, even if that income is derived from fixed property, is to be very sanguine; and to add "money no object," argues fatuity. How can this advertiser be such a fool as to think that any lady, in these days of Crinoline, would marry a man who not only proposes to maintain her on £300 a-year, but also not to care for the means of affording her a more luxurious maintenance? We should like to see the photographs of the "six ladies with fortunes," and, if they are not all hideous, to know what vices of temper have kept any of those fortunate ladies unwillingly single. The "widower (48)," who "has property," and wants a "lady not to be under 40," is evidently a great fool. If, indeed, his property being very small, he were willing to marry any woman of any age, the older the better, there would be something to be said for his mere gumption. But, being forty-eight years of age, he ought to know better than to wish to marry at all, unless from a base and mercenary motive. This widower must be very unwise, or he would not have advertised for a wife not likely to leave him, with her money, a widower again very speedily.

In advertisement, No. 2, the second-hand wives and husbands are probably cheap and inferior. The "16 men of wealth who want youth and beauty" will be sure enough to get what they want, if they have wealth enough to give for it, in Belgravia and Tyburnia. The orphan with £3,000 is likely to be much inquired for. Even a poor orphan is a prize to any man who wants to marry without letting himself in for a mother-in-law. A rich orphan is a treasure in proportion to her wealth—and worth. No wonder there is only one orphan on the list. Orphans are snapped up. The "Curate (income £200)" must be a very bad-looking man, or he might have thrown the handkerchief to any one of a multitude of young ladies busy working him slippers. We see with some surprise that "the demand for ladies continues." A style of dress at once grotesque and expensive, and a too general affectation of masculine airs, would, we should have feared, render that demand moderate. The Matrimonial Agency Office, however, does not say that it is large; only that it continues. It may continue not brisk, but only as usual, and that may be flat. We have now used a word which some may be disposed to apply to any one who, for a wife or a husband, resorts to a Matrimonial Agency Office.



EMBARRASSING ACCIDENT

THAT HAPPENED TO BROWN DURING THE HIGH WIND THE OTHER DAY.

MR. BULL TO HIS AMERICAN BULLIES.

Hoy, I say you two there, kicking
Up that row before my shop!
Do you want a good sound licking
Both? If not, you'd better stop.
Peg away at one another,
If you choose such fools to be:
But leave me alone; don't bother,
Bullyrag, and worry me!

Into your confounded quarrel
Let myself be dragged I'll not
By you, fighting for a MORRILL
Tariff; or your slavery lot.
What I want to do with either
Is impartially to trade:
Nonsense I will stand from neither
Past the bounds of gasconade.

You, North, roaring, raving, yelling,
Hold your jaw you booby, do;
What, d'ye threaten me for selling
Arms to South as well as you?
South, at me don't bawl and bellow,
That won't make me take your part;
So you just be off, young fellow:
Now, you noisy chap, too, start!

To be called names 'tis unpleasant;
Words, however, break no bones:
I control myself at present;
But beware of throwing stones!
I won't have my windows broken,
Mind, you brawlers, what I say,
See this stick, a striking token;
Cut your own, or civil stay.

THE PRUSSIAN KING AND CONSTITUTION.

THE murder is out. We now see the cause of the otherwise unaccountable conduct of the KING OF PRUSSIA. When a man does take to it, the proclivity with which he goes to the dogs, is fearful. The sovereign who would attempt to govern Prussia without a Parliament, would be capable of putting the following advertisement into a newspaper. It appeared in the *Chatham News*:-

LOST.
IN Chatham, A SMALL CHARM, in the shape of a bottle; foreign make. Whoever will bring the same to the KING OF PRUSSIA, shall be REWARDED.

Poor WILLIAM! Poor old King! No wonder he has upset the Prussian Constitution, having previously impaired his own. Now, doubtless, he could not even articulate the words Prussian Constitution. People said that he was playing CHARLES THE FIRST, and the fool, under the influence of VON BISMARCK, and they insinuated that he would lose his head. Alas! it is plain that he has lost his head, not merely under the influence of BISMARCK. He is too evidently under the influence of something else that begins with B, or he would not advertise for a Bottle.

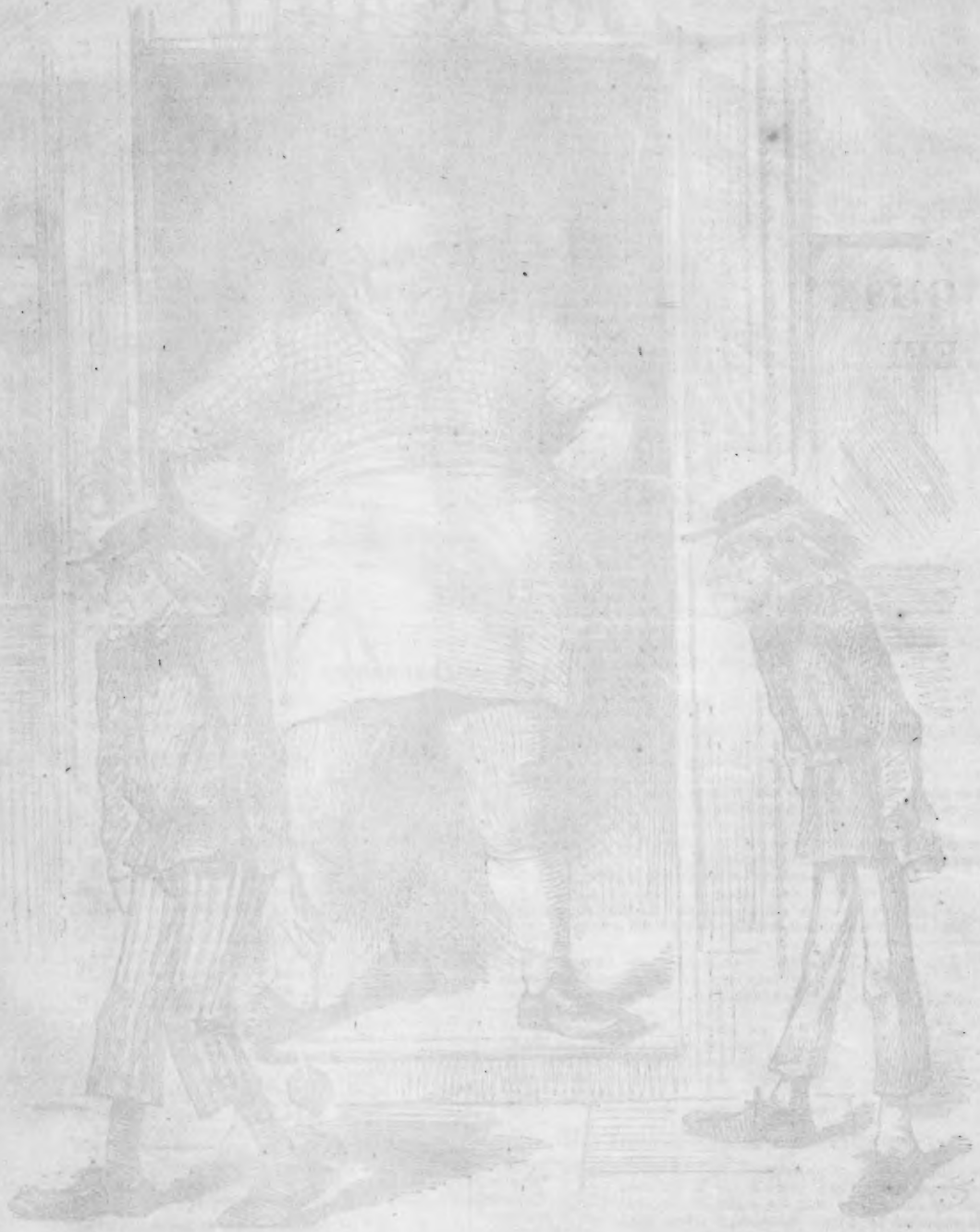
THE PROPER NAME FOR PUSEYITES.

UNDER the signature of "A COMMUNICANT OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH," a Correspondent of the *Morning Post* complains of "the deliberate and strenuous efforts which are now being made by some Clergymen of an extreme party, or section of a party, to assimilate the principal services in their Churches to the Romish service of the mass." The party alluded to in the foregoing passage is that which has been stupidly named Puseyites. Let its misnomer be rectified in subordination to analogy and precedent. The followers of WESLEY were not called Wesleyites. Why should those of PUSEY be termed Puseyites? The members of the sect founded by DR. PUSEY, who in matters ecclesiastical practise a method of their own, had much better be called Puseyan Methodists.



JOHN BULL'S NEUTRALITY.

"LOOK HERE, BOYS, I DON'T CARE TWOPENCE FOR YOUR NOISE; BUT IF YOU THROW STONES
AT MY WINDOWS, I MUST *THRASH YOU BOTH*."



JOHN BULL'S NEUTRALITY

LOOK HERE! I DON'T CARE FOR THE WAR, BUT IN THE NEW WORLD
AT MY NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE I MUST BEAT THE DRUM.

"A REALLY SWEET THING IN WATERING PLACES."

(From a Missing Contributor.)

"DEAR P.,

"5, Castle Terrace, Ilfracombe.

"You have not heard from me for the last week or two,—[It is nearer six weeks than one. *Ed.*—and may have been uncomfortable about me.—[Not about you, but about your contributions. *Ed.*—Be comforted. I have been so very comfortable, and yet I have been at the Sea-side. Of course you know those fine lines in LUCRETIVS:—

"*Esuare mari rognis, Ecce &c.*

—[Of course I do, but I don't see how they apply. *Ed.*—Well, I have never felt their full force so much, I think, as while enjoying the perusal of your amusing periodical.—[This is intolerable impertinence. *Ed.*—on the shores of the lovely place from which I write. I see your cuts and columns full of complaints, satire, invective, against the evils of the stock Sea-side haunts in which the exhausted Londoner, about this time seeks much-needed refreshment from 'a sniff of the briny.'—[It is easy to perceive his aim, in this side plea for his own laziness. *Ed.*—the exactions of the lodging-house keepers, the length of the hotel-bills, the sameness of the amusements and occupations, the street-cries, the airs and graces of the visitors, the pervading snobbery and *snags* of London-Super-Mare.

"When you kindly gave me leave to recruit my worn-out brain.—[He took it à la Française. *Ed.*—in a brief absence at the Sea-side, I spent some days (which I feel cannot, fairly, be counted in my holidays) in making up my mind whither to betake myself. I had done Brighton, and Brighton had done me, to death. The Steyne had entered into my soul, and the Esplanade was weariness to me—the swarming of the flies, the shrillness of the street-cries, the streams of Crinolines and Pork-pie hats—you remember HORACE'S—

"*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum?*"—

—[Of course we do, then why quote it? *Ed.*—its lodging-house bills, the smell of soup and pies from MUTTON'S, the china and pebbles in the shop-windows, the riding-masters, their screws and beavies of pupils,—was not every feature of the wearisome place stamped on my much-enduring brain?

"Of St. Leonard's I had still bitterer recollections. I remembered it duller than Brighton, its lodgings drearier, its bills longer, its amusements even more limited and monotonous. Margate and Ramsgate were out of the question, if only for the organ-men. Herve Bay has lost its one charm of solitude, since a railway has brought people to that once howling wilderness. Sandgate, I am told, and believe, comprises in little all that is objectionable and dull in the places I have enumerated. So I determined at last on taking a wider flight, and trusting for an extension of leave and punctuality in weekly remittances to your unfailing indulgence, have ventured to these remoter regions of North Devon. I am at Ilfracombe. I have found here—what I had no previous experience of, and hardly believed to exist—a Sea-side place where I have been quite as happy, and almost, if not quite, as comfortable as if I had stayed at home.

"You know how I love nature.—[We were not aware of it, except as he has been in the habit of pleading it, occasionally, in excuse for short copy and absences without leave. *Ed.*—and you will therefore be glad to hear that Ilfracombe combines, in its coast and inland scenery, whatever is sternest with whatever is loveliest in landscape. The coast is a succession of bays, formed by the wildest headlands of shattered and twisted rock (grauwacke of the clay-slate formation, as you will remember).—[The shallow parade of scientific knowledge, like the vulgar habit of Latin quotation, seems to be incurable in this contributor. *Ed.*—A member of the Alpine Club may here enjoy the privilege of risking his neck, quite as freely and at far less cost than in the High Alps; and the lover of adventure within half-an-hour's walk of the harbour may find twenty places, where in the pursuit of the retiring zoophyte, or the contemplation of the tenacious limpet, he may 'fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden age'—(you remember Amiens and Ardennes)—till he finds himself cut off by the tide, and will have the excitement of rock-climbing under every variety of difficulty, and with the stimulus of self-preservation to improve his gymnastic powers. For the lovers of marine gardening, this is the nursery. Here the sea-anemone expands its many-coloured petals; the polype waves its delicate ciliae, and the madrepore spreads its snowy branches.—[I have here struck out two pages of *Marvels of the Sea-shore*, evidently extracted from some popular compendium. *Ed.*]

"Turning from these scientific pursuits, if I seek more exciting sport, it is open to me in fishing for the gower, or whiting-pout, an amusement dear to the contemplative mind,—when the attendant opens the mussels, which I am free to admit, is a slobbery and unsavoury process. I am told the streams which sparkle under the Combes all about the place, contain small but lively trout. But after many years

of hope deferred, I have grown sceptical as to the existence of fish in inland English waters, and I cannot say from experience that the rivalets of Ilfracombe are any exception to the general law.

"But the country walks are endless, and full of beauty. Instead of the dreary downs, which back your South-Coast watering-places,—great, bare, lumps of chalk, with nothing more exciting than a flock of sheep, or a flight of plovers, to enliven their waste,—here you have a rolling country of hill and hollow—the hills breaking into bold rocky forms, the hollows, musical with streamlets, and feathered with the prettiest ash and oak copses. If you weary of the paths—and they are endless—the fields seem to invite the trespassers. A padlock on a gate appears hardly known, and the clay-slate fences are delightfully easy knocking down. It seems to be a fashion of this easy-going Devonshire to have three or four roads to every place, and they run, as if their planners had had a great sense of beauty, and none whatever of the value of time. Then the botanist—above all the fern-hunter—(by the way I should be extremely obliged, if you would suggest to MESSRS. BRADBURY AND EVANS, that a presentation copy of their *Flora, Nature-Printed*, would be highly appreciated), finds himself, here, in a very *embarras de richesses*. Every dyke is fringed with the green tongues of the *Sedopodium*; in the chinks of the slate-fences nestles the delicate little maiden-hair (*Adiantum Capillus Veneris*), while the tall fronds of the lordly *Osmunda regalis*—* * *—[Again we omit several pages of rhapsody—in *fern-al rubbish*—borrowed, again, from some manual on the subject. *Ed.*]

"But I must tear myself from the delights of the country—to sing the praises of the town. It is clean, picturesque, and as yet in that state of youthful ingenuousness, which precedes the corruption of the full-grown watering-place. The price of provisions is appreciably less than in London. Would a turkey or Michaelmas goose be an acceptable present? If so, say so, and send me the money, and I will promise you a choice one. (You may as well make it a P. O. order for a sovereign, and we can settle the difference on my return).—[Trust him for that! *Ed.*]

"There is a Local Board of Health, which, strange to say, seems to be enterprising and active, keeps the streets clean, and has constructed a public sea-walk, or parade, in excellent taste, [with seats in all directions. There is a band engaged for the season, which plays, and plays very well, at regular hours, and keeps out the unlicensed greenbaize and Italian intruder. Nay, the place is still infantine enough to be sociable, and there are *soirées*, every now and then, when visitors dance and make acquaintance, and even, as I am given to understand, go the lengths of flirtation. Toilette is *ad libitum*. I go about in my usual picturesque *deshabille*.—[Which his friends call irreproachable slovenliness. *Ed.*—and do not find that I attract more attention than in London. Of course the dear girls will blossom here as elsewhere. The pork-pie flourishes in all its variety of colour, cock, and plumage, and the Crinoline expands, as if in rivalry of the sea-anemones. I have seen back-hair down, which would have done credit to Scarborough, and set JOHN LEECH'S pencil itching. But, if you like to make a guy of yourself you can, and will find no want of countenance. Basket carriages and boats abound, but don't persecute you by touting for hire, and donkeys are abundant at fourpence an hour. They too are in perfection like everything else, in this Sea-side paradise, being the very slowest and stupidest donkeys I ever saw. But they seem tenderly cared for by the old women who preside over them, and if the invalid wants peristaltic motion of the lower viscera, the donkey chairs can be recommended. When taken the rider is sure to be well shaken.

"Such are the out-of-door recommendations of the place. I will not expatiate on our private comforts in that most comfortable of lodgings from which I write. You know I do not require splendour.—[We know he has always found it difficult to live within his income. *Ed.*—My lodgings are small, but they command a magnificent view of the sea and the town: I breathe an air, which is like a sublime shandy-gaff, made up of equal parts of champagne and nectar; and my landlady is a miracle of honesty, a pearl of cleanliness, a consummate cook, and she charges me neither for cruet, kitchen-fire, nor passage-lamp!

"Can you wonder, then, my dear P., if I linger in these pleasant quarters? Come yourself, and see if I exaggerate. But come soon. Ilfracombe I fear is too pleasant to last. I am myself helping to dig the grave of its virtues by my indiscreet pen.

"*Defunct in Tibetium (I forgot what) Byrris Orcutis.*"

"London will, no doubt, empty itself into this quiet harbour, after reading this letter. If so, I must submit, and content with having paid this grateful tribute to Ilfracombe,—

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."—

I must seek another and younger watering-place to raise into reputation. *Libertini amantem morum, and am, dear P.,*

"Ever yours,
S. SHYCOCK."

NOTE BY A KITCHEN DRESSER.—In the days of Clock-pattern'd stockings, their wearers always went on tick.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



P and down the River Rhine, In and out the vessel, that's the way the money goes. Stop! Oberwesel! and there we are at a half-way house on the Rhine. We may call one of the inns by this name, as it is partly hotel, partly dairy, or as it may be termed, half-beer half-whey House.

While *bateau-a-vapeur* up the Rhine, we will make a few observations on Steam-boat travelling.

The one general rule that governs all voyagers by Steam-boat is, "No one must speak to the Man at the Wheel;" but you may whistle at him, howl at him, shout at him, or dance before him as much as you like. It is the part of genius to break through rules; therefore if you would not be set

down for a mere commonplace Tourist, take pity upon his isolated condition, and commence an animated conversation with the steerer. Whisper soft nothings in his ear; tell him that "good thing you heard the other day," and point your jokes with your forefinger under his fifth rib.

You may wave your hat and holla in front of him; this is a very good way of cheering him upon his lonely voyage.

An you understand not his language, nor he yours, make faces at him until he roars with laughter, and finish by singing to him in your best style, "*O Wheelie, we have missed you!*" when he, being of a sympathetic soul, will join you in the melody, playing rhapsodically upon the spokes of his wheel. Others on board may laugh and be jolly, but he remains throughout the one stern passenger, unless as we have suggested, you can overcome his unnatural reserve. He seldom moves from his position, yet is he perpetually taking a turn on deck. We never met anybody who knew one of these men "at home." We cannot help thinking that they have run away from the domestic circle. Maybe, for some dark crime, they are undergoing a self-enforced silent system, rendered all the more difficult of endurance by the opportunities of communication with their fellow men which their situation offers. In consequence of the Helm obeying the will of this Roving Recluse, the Germans have but one generic name for the class, every individual member of which they address as Will-Helm Meister.

Steamboat travelling differs from Railroad travelling, inasmuch as the authorities of the former take you on trust, not demanding your fare until they have carried you for some distance upon the voyage. The first feeling produced by this system in the breast of an honest Englishman is gratitude to the beneficent beings who, apparently, are going to give you a trip for nothing. On the approach of the inevitable money collector, this sentiment is entirely superseded by a desire to avail your-self of those facilities of personal locomotion which a deck affords, to dodge the official, and avoid that mutual unpleasantness and misunderstanding which must result from one person demanding as a right that which another person is unwilling to part with of his own free will.



The Collector you will notice is closely followed by another wary official, who is doubtless set as a watch upon his superior officer, lest that individual having collected the money, should suddenly collect himself for a spring and violently abscond by leaping over the side of the vessel and by a bold stroke of genius swimming to shore.

Here we come alongside of the bank, and for a minute or two we must touch upon this point.

It is a dear or rather cheap, at least we found it so, old place called St. Goar. You will perhaps smile at any of the Rhine show-places being cheap, and will say ironically "Go-ar-long!" but nevertheless such is the fact.

Hereabout there is a whirlpool which tumultuously eddies round a horrid rock. Hence the proverb "Tis the Lurlei Berg catches the Whirl." We heard a Cockney drop an H and a remark to the effect that it "made him quite 'eddy to look at it."

The Church of St. Martin is a specimen of one of the very earliest churches, in consequence of the service commencing every morning at 4 A. M. The ancient and well-known legend can, we believe, be found here, if you look very carefully for it, commencing "*O mih, Beate Martin*," &c.

When you come to Assmanhausen, so called because the donkey-man has his house in this place, whose animals can be hired by day or hour, by your or our party, as the case may be, for the sake of making excursions into the vineyard country. Mind, there is no conveyance in this part of the world called the *Fan Ordinaire*.

Don't be offended with the captain if he tell you to "get out" at Bingen. You'll want to go to Rüdesheim. There is a regular charge

for donkeys at this place, so you had better keep out of the way, or if in your own country you are a Volunteer, prepare to receive the charge with your umbrella. It was at this place, that we saw the heart-rending spectacle of a French tourist arriving too late by a minute and a-half for the departure of his steam-boat. An Englishman in a similar position, after a few words of very old Saxon, would have inquired for the time of the next boat, and would have waited at the nearest *Hostelrie* for its arrival. Not so

Mossoo: he anathematised his hard fortune and the day of his birth. He dashed his hat on the ground, and danced on it: he tore his hair and at length in a passionate burst of tears he sat down on his port-manteau (and consented to listen to the voice of reason issuing from the mouth of a stolid Prussian porter.)

"Paddle on all," and away we go again.

To keep and find your place in MURRAY, and at the same time find the corresponding places on the Right and Left Banks of the River, is a feat of no ordinary difficulty. You should read it thoroughly before starting, and you will then be able to enjoy yourself and benefit your companions.

"What is that place?" inquires a fellow-tourist without a Guide Book, attracting your attention to Stolzenfels.

"That?" you reply, pretending that you haven't been cramming up the Rhine history over-night. "That is BISHOP RATTOR's Castle, so called because when he was refused by the Fair GUDA, he made the child WERNER eat all the rats in his barn, while every one was shouting out 'the Rhine! the Rhine!' as with the voice of one man. For this barbarous deed he was thrown into the river where he was subsequently interred and canonised."

The only newspapers published in the Vineyard Country, are issued from the Wine Press. In the fruitful season, which is also the shooting season, you will often see a poor peasant who is unable to buy a gun in order to keep off the small birds, watching for the tiny depredators of the vines, having previously loaded himself with grape.

In Steamboat Travelling, a rug, a great coat, a portable bath, a carpet bag, a hatbox, a portable writing-case, race glasses, an umbrella, a camp-stool artfully compressed into a peculiarly inconvenient walking-stick, are absolutely necessary to the tourist who wishes to make himself thoroughly uncomfortable. He sits on his camp-stool, wraps himself up in his rug and great coat, places his portable bath on his hatbox and his feet on the portable bath, settles his writing-desk on



his knees, puts his umbrella up to protect him from the sun, and saying to himself, "Now I'm comfortable!" vainly tries to read his MURRAY.



Whenever he would turn over a page, down must go the umbrella, and on getting the race glasses out of the case in order to look at scenery which can probably be seen a great deal better with the unclothed eye, down goes umbrella and MURRAY. If you leave the things, and walk up and down the deck, you will be nervously suspicious about every one who goes near them, and will keep on returning to the spot, until finding them on every fresh occasion in their original position, you will say to yourself "Away, base suspicion! Hence, fear!" and giving yourself up to the allurements of the Nymphs of the Rhine, will gradually cease to remember your encumbrances, and upon disembarking, in the anxiety for the safety of your trunk or portmanteau,

In this state we get out of the boat at Mayence, and not having as yet found out the loss, proceed in ignorant bliss to the Rheimscher Hof, Hof which you have probably heard a very good account, and will certainly, on leaving, receive, at the hands of the disinterested landlord, a very moderate account indeed.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

We are living in the nineteenth century, we believe. Mr. Punch is living in the nineteenth century, he believes; yet feels certain that if it were the two-hundred and nineteenth century, the censure he would be obliged to pass upon the people's superstitious practices would be of precisely the same character. Men and women of Sible Hedingham forsooth! a very slight alteration in the spelling would mark them for ever as the folks of Silly Headingham. In the so-called dark ages a person of either sex supposed to have devoted his or her time to witchcraft, was himself or herself considered as a witchcraft with powers of floating on the water. These powers were constantly being tested by unmerciful immersion; and now in these days, when the public mind is so far illuminated, and the brain is made so clear, that the result appears to be a general light-headedness, the ignorant country people again resort to the trial of a supposed witch by water, which trial will result in another by jury, that they perhaps had scarcely expected.

There has been a reaction in the theatrical world. Drury Lane and the Strand have produced a piece a-piece. Let any one who finds the present time in London intolerably dull, enliven and interest himself by paying a visit, and something else, to the former of these two theatres, and seeing Mr. BELMORE as *Jacob Vance*, the *Deal Boatman* of Drury Lane. Ordinary points in the delineation of the rough old wrecker which would have been seized upon by the superficial and stagey actor, he has carefully, almost to a fault, avoided. Hence in some parts of the play he appears to lack force where a conventionalist would have torn his passion to rags and tatters. Mr. G. BELMORE, Cannot do well more, To make it tell more. By the way, some brilliant theatrical satellite of a matutinal luminous contemporary, for whose opinion, when it coincides with our own, we entertain the most profound respect, has made, as might be expected, rather "a shine" about a resemblance, which according to his lights, he fancied that he had discovered, between the story of *The Deal Boatman* and the beautiful episode of *Old Peggy* and *Little Em'ly* in *David Copperfield*. How striking this likeness must be, our readers will gather from the following self-evident parallels.

Jacob Vance, of Drury Lane, is a long-shore man, and [has] been a wrecker; Mr. *Peggotty* is and was nothing of the sort. *Jacob Vance* belongs to a class of Deal Boatman-wrecker, shortly described in an old nautical tale, and in a well-known *History of Kent*; and, as Mr. *Peggotty* belongs to Yarmouth, of course he doesn't. *Mary Vance*, of Drury Lane, was found at sea, and turns out to be a Baronet's daughter; *Little Em'ly* wasn't, and doesn't. *Leslie* runs away with and then marries *Mary Vance* of Drury Lane; *Steersforth* runs away with, and then runs away from *Little Em'ly* of Yarmouth. The similarity between the female *Peggotty* and Mrs. *Bridgett*, of Drury Lane, consists chiefly in the fact that there are two Ts in either name; the likeness may, in this instance, be considered as perfect to a T.

Goodness gracious us! Did not these critical eyes see how the resemblance was carried out, not only on the stage but through the entire theatre of Drury Lane? How is it that they failed to perceive the strong likeness between *Prescott*, the expectant villain of the drama, and Mr. *Miscarber* of the novel, who is always waiting for "something to turn up"?

Again, Mr. *Tom Grimaldi Mathews*, who so admirably gets himself up as a Deal Pilot, and dances like an i-deal pilot, what was he but an impersonation of *Uriah Heep*? Of course. And careful Mr. *Barrett*, too, was not he the very image of *Traddles*? We will swear to a dear little *Dora* in the ballet, and it was *Agnes* herself who accidentally fell down (we hope she wasn't hurt) in the spirited dance, on the first night of representation. That indefatigable acting manager, Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON as he stood by the Box Office, could not be mistaken for any one but *Barkis the Carrier*; and that Mr. *FALCONER* standing at the wing, had from his boots upwards plagiarised himself from cruel Mr. *Murdstone*, is a fact too patent to have escaped the notice of such acute powers of observation as were brought to bear upon the new drama.

The other day the Ghost called upon the LORD CHANCELLOR at Hackwood Park, when his Lordship said that he himself had met the shady customer about fifty-five years ago, when he was only half a Ghost or a Ghostling. Mr. PEPPER complained that wherever the Ghost had been done, he had been "done" as well. Everybody laughed heartily, and then joined in a Highland Fling, PROFESSOR PEPPER being the Piper. The company then separated, highly pleased with their rational and sensible entertainment.

The Liverymen of the Honourable Company of Musicians are, we believe, about to give a Monster Concert in the Pre-Adamite portion of the Crystal Palace grounds. The Pneumatic Despatch Committee have engaged to supply the Ichthyosaurus with sufficient wind to enable him to play on the Big Bassoon.

PHILOSOPHY ON FOUR LEGS.

In the *Glasgow Herald*, Mr. JAMES NEILSON announces by advertisement, that he has been commissioned to sell at Stirling "by Public Roup," a lot of quadrupeds, comprising:—

"Fifty Rarely-Picked, Short-Legged, Powerful, CLYDESDALE DRAUGHT HORSES AND MARES,

Mostly 4, 5, and 6 years old,

And which, when at work, seem full of wisdom, and are the very perfection of

trus-drawing animals,

Roup to begin at Twelve o'clock precisely."

At four, five, and six years old, horses that seem full of wisdom have, apparently, much the advantage of human beings who do not arrive at years of discretion till a much later age, if ever. The semblance of wisdom, according to the Scotch auctioneer, displayed by these animals, might be quoted by a moral philosopher with a taste for platitudes to inculcate on proud man a lesson of humility, not, however, quite so edifying as it would be if the creatures, that look filled with wisdom, instead of being horses were asses.

We recollect reading a story, in which a coachman is described as calling to a slow horse:—"Now then, Shakspeare!" The narrator is disgusted at the association of the name of SHAKSPEARE with anything stupid. It was perhaps only ironically that SHAKSPEARE's name was given to a donkey of a horse. But horses that seem full of wisdom might with great propriety be named after the wisest of mankind. JAMIE NEILSON's lot might have included a SHAKSPEARE and a BACON—nay, a DUGALD STEWART, or a THOMAS BROWN; and since they were "the very perfection of trus-drawing animals," any one of them, except, of course, the mares, might have been with equal propriety called DAVID WILKIE.

* SAWNEY, N.B. Nae, there's na allusion to neighin. Dinna suspect your Punch o' brayin.

A Matter of Profession as well as Practice.

In last week's papers we were startled with a paragraph with the ominous heading, "Extraordinary Charge against a Solicitor." Such is our child-like faith in the immaculate purity of the legal fraternity, that we would not read the harrowing details. However, and we are speaking from experience, from which we have gathered wisdom to our great cost, if the same paragraph had been headed "Extraordinary Charge by a Solicitor," we should have felt much more readily inclined to believe in the truthfulness of the alleged offence.

BOUND TO ADORE.

We are repeatedly told that "Love laughs at Locksmiths." It is true to a turn, for there are instances on the legal books of Cupid, not only laughing at the Locksmith, but actually taking his pick of all the wards in Chancery.



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Friend bets Whittlop he won't clear that Haycock. He does it; but afterwards has some difficulty in clearing himself.

SENSATIONAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

We shudderingly beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Works, and implore the Publishers not to send us any more:—

The Ghost and How to Lay Him. Published in White Sheets and a Spirit Wrapper in one of BOXES' Startling Raw-headitions. Also, *The Skeleton Scullery Maid and the Sepulchral Sink.* MOULDIE'S, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Music Hall Handbills have been sent to us containing notices of attractions calculated to improve the public mind:—

Canterbury Hall.—At 9 o'clock the Awful Apparition, with Comic Song. This is accompanied by a picture, to which the illustration of the *Castle Spectre* was of a comparatively jovial character.

Islington Hall, near the Angel.—The Goblin! Steaks and Chops always ready for goblin visitors. The bar has lately been decorated with Goblin Tap-estry.

East an' Western's Treat, near the Cemetery, where the delighted audience will be semi-terrified by the Big Bogie of the Black-a-moor-soleum! From Grave to Gay. Comic Singing and Clog Dancing at 10.30.

The Shades.—The proprietor pledges himself to keep up the celebrated Ghastly Appearances. Clanking chains, Mysterious noises, Spirits and water, Tumblers, &c., every evening. A crowded and trembling audience witness the Spectral Spectacles nightly with Shrieks of Horror!!! A medical staff in attendance, and an Inn-Spectre always on duty. Tea and Coffins. The justly celebrated Jumping Gibberers at 11 o'clock in their Vonderful Vault!! The room, by the aid of small Vampire Traps, is kept Ghoul-ish and comfortable.

Is there any truth in the report that the foundation stones of two new Lunatic Asylums are shortly to be laid?

SAD, BUT TRUE.—Why is it probable that BLONDIE'S sensational performance will be often repeated? Because it is always on cord!

THE INDECORUM OF DRINKING.

To the Editor of *Punch*.

"SIR, "A TRAVELLER, who had been at the Court of Dahomey, lately published a statement describing the manners and customs prevalent in that kingdom. The manners appear to be rough, and the customs revolting, all but one, which is admirable. It is thus described:—

"No one is permitted to see the King drink; all turn their faces away, and a large cloth is held up by his wives while the Royal mouth takes in the liquid."

"Now, Sir, that liquid is generally rum. I need not tell *Punch* that rum is an intoxicating beverage. Next to total abstinence, what, I ask, is more becoming than the practice of drinking only behind a veil? It is an acknowledgment of the ignominy of drinking. This is one of the truly grand customs of the KING OF DAHOMEY. That sovereign, if he does get drunk, is evidently ashamed of drinking, which is more than many Englishmen can say for themselves. His sable Majesty, if he were not sable, would blush whilst he drinks. How many of your acquaintance, inclusive, perhaps, of Bishops, are accustomed to guzzle their port with countenances unblushing, except, perhaps, at the end of the nose!

"According to Mr. DITTON, writing in the *Times*, a similar custom in drinking to that which is honoured in the observance by Dahomey's Monarch, was observed also in the Court of our HENRY THE SEVENTH. What I propose, Mr. *Punch*, on the part of the United Kingdom Alliance, is, that a deputation should wait upon the PRINCE OF WALES with a modest request that his Royal Highness would be pleased to revive this courtly practice by causing a napkin to be held before his face whenever he drinks, at least whenever he indulges in any intoxicating beverage. The example of Royalty would soon render it fashionable for every gentleman to make a point of covering his face in taking wine. Thus, in a short time, the act of drinking would come to be regarded as an impropriety, and the principles of temperance would accomplish at least the same triumph in England as that which they have achieved in Dahomey. I dare say you will call the foregoing suggestion impertinent, and say that its author is an officious ass. I will only reply that I am your humble servant, and

"A MEMBER OF THE MAINE LAW LEAGUE."

"* We should think so.—*Punch*."

A DANGEROUS PUBLICATION.

It is long since we have received anything pleasant in the shape of American news. "Out on ye, owls, nothing but songs of death!" is the exclamation with which we have greeted the senders of each successive batch of telegrams that we have, for the last two years and upwards, received from New York, and the editors of all the newspapers in America. At last, however, one of the latter has sent us a joke, and here it is:—

"*Punch*, a London publication of considerable promise, and no bad imitation of FRANK LESLIE'S *Budget of Fun*, has a very clever squib upon the practice of noblemen putting their names down as directors of new hotels. It represents a number of noblemen, with their coronets on, waiting upon customers."

Now this is really a good joke. It must not be passed over as if it were a broad play upon words, or an outrageous Yankeeism of ordinary impudence. To call *Punch* no bad imitation of FRANK LESLIE'S *Budget of Fun* is a bit of fun, which, if a fair sample of the fun of the last-named periodical, should deter anybody from attempting to read it who is unwilling to burst his sides with laughter.

Varium et Mutabile.

WOMAN is always a variable and changeable thing. Our authority for this statement is pretty widely known, and as a particular example to this general rule, we give the following remarkable instance:—The other day a young lady, whose antipathy to all dangerous gymnastic exhibitions is proverbial among her own immediate friends, actually made a speech on the tight rope.

A NOTE FROM THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

A CONCERT-SINGER having murdered a tune, subsequently tried his voice, and with ease acquitted himself.

AMERICAN POLITICAL CAPITAL.—Abuse of England.



AN ARTIST SCAMP IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ARTIST (entering). "My good woman, if you'll allow me, I'll just paint that bedstead of yours."
COTTAGER (with bob-curtsey). "Thank ye, sir, I' sure it's very kind of ye—but dinara ye think that little one over yon wants it more?"

IMAGE-WINKING AND IMAGE-WORSHIP.

THE truth of the proverb which says that wonders will never cease is illustrated by the miracles, real or pretended, now in course of performance in the neighbourhood of Rome. The Roman Correspondent of the *Post* says:—

"The religious *furor* created along all the upper valley of the Anio and throughout the neighbouring districts, as well Italian as Pontifical, by the miraculous moving of the eyes of the picture of the Madonna in the Church of Vicovaro, a town nine miles beyond Tivoli, goes on spreading and increasing."

Either this picture winks or it doesn't. If it doesn't wink, the belief of those who believe that they see it wink is wonderful. And there are many who believe so. The *Tablet* endorses their faith. According to the other authority above quoted:—

"The Infanta of Portugal, with her suite, and a host of prelates and dignitaries, witnessed the miracle, and deposited their gifts."

And mind, the Infanta of Portugal is not a baby. Moreover:—

"The other day a prelate of the Pope's Palace went and had prayers put up for his Holiness before the miraculous picture, which distinctly moved its eyes during the prayers, according to the written testimony of the prelate and many of the congregation."

How many? Out of a "multitude gazing" at the Lion on the top of Northumberland House impressed with a statement that it has wagged its tail, some, we are told, will seem to themselves to see it do so. This, anyhow, is wonderful delusion. So are the fantasies of electro-biology. It is wonderful that the eyes are made the fools of the other senses; it would be still more wonderful if, in a case like that of the Northumberland House Lion, or the Vicovaro Madonna, they proved to be worth all the rest. Were the Lion actually to wag its tail, that would be a great wonder; but not so great as the motion of the Madonna's eyes. At a certain temperature the tail of the Lion, being metallic, would be flexible, and, given the spiritual force that hoists Mr. Home to the ceiling and moves tables, and the requisite temperature, which would be no difficulty to a certain class of spirits, the Lion's tail might be wagged by intelligible means. But there is no understanding how particles of dry paint can move instantaneously one upon the other, and resolve themselves into new arrangements. The wonder, therefore, of a really winking picture would be exceedingly wonderful. Yet this wonder is alleged to be not only occurring at Vicovaro,

which, we are informed, "has become a little Loreto;" but, adds the *Post*:—

"Fifteen miles farther up the valley, however, is the more important town of Subiaco, with the ancient Benedictine Abbey, of which the Pope himself is abbot. It appears that Subiaco has taken *nulli secunda* for her motto, as a miraculous image of the Madonna manifested itself there at 9 A.M. on the 15th instant, by the same prodigy as at Vicovaro. The miracle took place in the oratory of St. Andrew, was attested by the pro-Vicar FERRARI, and announced to the population by the clangour of all the Church bells in the town."

Who has witnessed this same prodigy besides the pro-Vicar FERRARI? If not every beholder of the image, but only certain persons, then, at any rate, there is no room for unpleasant suspicion. Ingenuity of priestcraft is out of the question; and the Winking-image is attested by the same sincerity as that which might honestly depose to having seen the Lion on Northumberland House wag its tail. When we are credibly informed that this appearance has been visible to a whole congregation at once, and not till then, we shall inquire whether it is a miracle or a humbug.

In the meantime we are further informed that:—

"By especial permission of his Holiness, the ancient image of the Saviour is to remain visible to the public in the Church of San Giovanni until to-morrow evening."

Hence it appears Image-winking and Image-worship at Rome go together. The phenomenon may be supposed to commend the practice. There was a time when images are said to have winked in the Papal States considerably, once before. This was in the course of 1796, according to M. LE CHEVALIER DES MOUSSEAUX, author of *La Magie*. Images and pictures, these painted on linen, panels, paper, in fresco, upon high relief; those made of wood, wax, or stone, not only rolled their eyes, and changed colour, but appeared to live and breathe; their eyes sparkled; one perspired, another shed an abundance of tears. Can we, as DR. JOHNSON said of hearing his distant mother call "SAM!" say that "nothing came of it?" All we know is that the Papacy almost immediately came to grief. Suppose it comes to joy this time. Suppose, instead of invading Rome, a French army remains there; suppose the Pope lives to a good old age. Suppose that neither he nor his successor is dragged through the dirt to crown a despot and consecrate what they believe to be usurpation, with deposition for their pains after all. On the contrary, suppose VICTOR EMMANUEL restores Umbria and the Marches, what conclusion are we expected to draw? Perhaps, that the image-worship ordained by his Holiness has averted the calamities which were portended by the winking images and pictures. But if nothing comes of it, or nothing but grief, how then?

ALL ONE.

THE *Pays* of Thursday evening last week contained the following announcement:—

"The French and Austrian Ambassadors in London had a long conference yesterday with EARL RUSSELL. A perfect understanding continues to exist between the three Powers relative to the Polish question."

On this statement the *Times* remarked in a note:—

"Unfortunately for the veracity of our Parisian contemporary, EARL RUSSELL is in Scotland."

It is all right. Although EARL RUSSELL was, at the date in question, as the *Times* says, in Scotland, there is no essential inaccuracy in the assertion of the *Pays* that the French and Austrian Ambassadors had a conference with him. The noble Earl had engaged a brother Peer and fellow statesman to act in his place during his temporary absence. He had left EARL PUNCH as his representative at the Foreign Office. The French and Austrian Ambassadors had an interview with EARL PUNCH. It extended to a conference of great length, although its duration appeared much too short to their Excellencies, who declared that they had never known two hours pass so quickly before. This explanation will suffice to clear up a natural but thorough misunderstanding.

Conditions of Peace with America.

THERE is a consideration which may have some weight in determining the Yankees not to force us into a war with them, whilst they have on hand any such work as the siege of Charleston, and whilst we have a Channel Fleet of Ironsides disengaged. Two circumstances render it inexpedient for them to quarrel with us. They have too many irons in the fire, and we too many in the water.

GHOSTS WITHOUT SPIRIT.



SINGULARLY, there is just now a glut of ghosts everywhere. There is a ghost at the Adelphi, a ghost or ghosts at the Britannia, a ghost at the Alhambra; there are three distinct ghosts at the Crystal Palace, the Loving Ghost, the Military Ghost, and the Nautical Ghost, besides a lot of other ghosts under the name of Lost Ghosts. In addition to all these ghosts there are divers ghosts at sundry Music Halls. "The air is thick with phantoms;" ghosts swarm like gnats.

Now, if, whilst these factitious ghosts are in course of exhibition for public amusement under the well understood denomination of optical illusions, real and genuine departed spirits, in private "circles," are actually showing their hands, and making use of them by patting people's legs, drawing flowers and other objects, ringing handbells, and lifting *Mrs. Home* into space, how is it that these *bona fide* ghosts allow themselves to be insulted by mimicry? The ghosts that were invented by PROFESSOR PEPPER are exhibited with the avowed design of demonstrating the unreality of those ghosts which spiritualists believe to be real. If there are any real ghosts, and if they can communicate with the living by raps, why do they suffer their authenticity to be impugned without a sensible protest against a calumnious misrepresentation? Why do they not give PEPPER, and the other philosophers who produce these sham ghosts, a rap over the head, or at least a rap on the knuckles? Take a theatre containing a crowded audience; the deuce is in it if there is not at least one medium in it out of so many people, mediums being actually as plentiful as they are alleged to be by those who believe in them. Under these favourable conditions, cannot the true ghosts contrive to vindicate their existence and character by a single rap? Have they not one rap to afford their friends as well as enemies? Do they consider neither worth a rap? They are mocked with a nightly defiance in all quarters. How can they stand it?

If I were a ghost, thinks every thinking person, I would take care to let opticians and actors know that I would not have my species aped and taken off with impunity. It would rather astonish both the man of science outside the scenes and also the performer on the stage in a ghost piece, if, in the place of the expected spectre, there were to appear a living, walking ghost, a regular ghost come from the grave, or rather from beyond the grave, from that bourne from which no traveller returns, as *Hamlet* says, although he has just seen one who has returned from it. If the spirits asserted to manifest themselves to mankind had any proper spirit among them, they would not submit to be triumphantly demonstrated to be all humbug, as they now are, in the face of the public, by PROFESSOR PEPPER and his followers.

"Entertainment for Man and Horse."

THE name that they give to a hippophagistic restaurant in Berlin is appropriately enough, since it is evidently done out of compliment to the animal devoured, "*La Saitte à Manger*."

LATEST LEGAL SHAKESPEARIANITY.—"We're not Solicitors-General. No, for then we should be COLLINGS." (By 20 disappointed Candidates.)

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

UNPLEASANT undecided sort of weather this! Just as if ADMIRAL FITZROY hadn't made up his mind long ago on the question of wind and rain. Club-rooms are once more beginning to look cheerful. Lawyers and Barristers are returning to the service of the Temple, and Theatrical Managers are bestirring themselves to see how they can most profitably fill up the interval between this and Christmas.

Talking of Theatres, MRS. SELBY and her corps of talented assistants at the small New Royalty Theatre deserve all praise for the hearty and energetic manner in which they have individually and collectively laboured for the success of the new extravaganza, which is called *Ision*, or *the Mus at the Wheel*. "Tis not in mortals to command success," but the Immortals who nightly appear in Dean Street, Soho, are of course far above even the slightest shadow of a failure. It certainly is the praisiest and best "got up" piece that we have seen for a long time. We hear that the experienced Directress is not only turning a pretty penny, but is also, every evening, obliged to turn several very pretty pennies away from the crowded front of the house.

Then at the Adelphi there is MISS BATEMAN, who, as *Leah*, reminds us of RACHEL. In answer to numerous correspondents, we must observe that the Drama has nothing in common with SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear*. Nightly is the *Leah* on the stage greeted with smiles in the pit.

Mrs. TELBIN, who, on account of his forthcoming comic effects in *Alfred*, has not been able to visit the Alps this vacation, is going to bring the mountains on the Drury Lane stage simply out of Alpine pique.

By the way, the KING OF DAHOMEY has not taken a private box for the ensuing English Opera Season at Covent Garden. He principally objected to wearing evening dress.

There is to be a grand meeting of Railway Officials, to discuss the subject of Fees. One of their number, who has devoted his time to French Literature, will at Christmas time produce a translation of the *Comtes des Fées*. A history of the system will be most interesting.

The other day at the sea-side, the report goes that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH saw a whale on his back. This is the only sign of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ever having been beaten.

The aspect of the Country is dull: but Horticulturists fear lest there should be great disturbances during the winter, in consequence of all their pretty well filled flower gardens becoming mere bare gardens. A truly mournful spectacle is it when the flowers being dead the garden is still laid out. Hoe, dear!

THE GOTHs AND VANDALS RAILWAY.

HEAR DEPUTY FRX, at the Court of Common Council, on a subject which is a disgrace to the Legislature. Mr. FRX brought up a report from the Improvement Committee to whom had been referred the question of means to obviate the disfigurement of Ludgate Hill, and the eclipse of St. Paul's by an unsightly viaduct. He said that the company to whose private interests Parliament has sacrificed the City of London, having expended much money in constructing their works, of which the viaduct was an essential part:—

"The directors, with whom the committee put themselves in communication, declined under these circumstances to consider any alternative plan, and the committee had to relinquish an opposition which was hopeless. The company, however, had undertaken to build a viaduct highly ornamental in design and appearance; but he believed that, decorate it as they might, the thing would be a great eyesore in that part of the Metropolis for all time. (Hear, hear.)"

Yes truly; hear, hear. The hideous obstruction in the shape of a Viaduct over Ludgate Hill will, as Mr. FRX justly observes, be "a great eyesore in that part of the Metropolis for all time." It will be also a monument to the barbarism of a crew of sordid speculators out of the Legislature, and of their representatives within it; the Members for Pelf, the delegates of the money-grubbing Snob interest. It is to be wished that the names of these legislators could be indelibly engraven on the "highly ornamental" Viaduct, with which they have empowered avarice to disfigure Ludgate Hill. The proper height of ornament for the monstrosity would be those honourable names of theirs illuminated with glaring colours. They would thus be held up for ever to the scorn of posterity; in the mean time they deserve to stand exposed, the whole lot of them, in a highly ornamental pillory, large enough to afford them sufficient accommodation for pandering to the barbarous covetousness of the spoilers who direct the London, Chatham, and Dover, henceforth to be called the Goths and Vandals, Railway.

Retaliation.

THE Nile has risen this year in an astounding manner, has swept away part of the railway, and menaces Egypt generally. Just what we expected. Old Nilus is revenging himself for the outrage committed on his privacy by CAPTAINS GRANT and SPEKE. The Pasha will have a good action against SIR RODERICK VICH MURCHISON.

MR. SHYCOCK'S REFLECTIONS

OVER AN HOTEL BILL.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH, "It is over—that painful moment, which winds up my week's stay, in this well-appointed Victoria Hotel—at St. Vincent's-on-Avon. I HAVE SEEN MY BILL! That was a shock. I HAVE PAID IT!! That was a greater shock still. I did not remonstrate at the moment. Perhaps I was stunned. I know I felt extremely ashamed of myself, and somewhat ashamed of my host. My wife, with the honest house-wifely feeling of one accustomed to take stock of the weekly items of her own family expenditure, and with a womanly aversion to being imposed upon, was for resistance. I over-ruled her. We had only half-an-hour to get to the station. I did not wish to embitter our last moments in a pleasant place; [where we had been very happy—till the bill came. I was doubt-

ful if resistance would help us. I felt that something of the blame was due to myself. I hate squabbles about shillings. In short, I winced but paid, when my wife—(bless her honest heart!)—was for firing up and protesting. But I pondered on the bill, during our journey to town. And some of my reflections, I think, may have an interest for *Mr. Punch* and his readers—the middle-classes at all events.

"To make matters worse for my digestion of this bill, I had come to St. Vincent's-on-Avon, from the pleasant paths of Ilfracombe—leaving a lodging where I, Mrs. S., our little hope SYLVANUS SHYCOCK, and his nurse, had been boarded and lodged, for some three weeks, at an average rate of some £5 per week . . . boarded and lodged, mind, with the perfect comfort and sufficiency, out of which my heart spake in last week's letter of lauds over Ilfracombe and all belonging to it.

"And now there was unrolled before me, for a week's board and lodging under the statelier, but not more comfortable, roof of the Victoria Hotel, St. Vincent's-on-Avon, a bill amounting to £25 16s. 3d. I had entertained three friends—a papa and two daughters—twice to dinner in this time. We had consumed on each of those occasions, a bottle of sherry and a bottle of champagne. Besides this, we had ourselves disposed of some four pints of sherry during the week. But these mild excesses set aside, there was nothing to account for this vast discrepancy of charge between St. Vincent's Hotel and our Ilfracombe lodging, in the shape of any comfort or convenience that I can think of, after much reflecting. My dinners had not been better, but worse, than those in my Ilfracombe lodgings, inferior in quality and cooking, less various, and less copious. My nurse and her charge had fared still worse than Mrs. S. and myself, at the second or servants' table, down-stairs, as to the supply of which I heard sundry grumblings. How was the difference accounted for? To find out this, I was forced to come from generals to particulars,—and so to a dissection of this disagreeable document—item by item.

"I arrived at St. Vincent's late—about nine o'clock—on Saturday. We ordered coffee and an omelette, and were in bed by ten. I find apartments charged 12s. 6d., attendants 3s. and lights 1s. 6d. for that night. For this 17s. I had an hour's use of a sitting-room, two bedrooms for the night, the gas-light in the sitting-room—which I could have thankfully dispensed with for a lamp or a pair of best composites—and, say half-an-hour's consumption, at furthest of two bed-room candles.

"Next day we entertained our three friends; dinners, £1 5s.—5s. a-head—not bad for a woolly piece of cod, a pair of fowls, a dish of cutlets, and a tart—my bottle of champagne (indifferent), 10s.; my bottle of sherry (very fair average wine), 6s.—When will this shameless adherence of hotel-keepers to this old scale of prices for wine be put down by the indignation of consumers?—the ale (say three pints of draught pale), 2s. 6d.; dessert (a plate of filberts, ditto of squashes pears, and hard apples), 4s.; teas (with probably a plate of toast or a little bread and butter), 7s. 6d.; apartments as the night before, 12s. 6d.; attendance, 3s.; and lights, 1s. 6d.; bringing up my day's bill to the imposing figure of £4 10s. Here I pause. If I had been as wise as I

am now on reflection, I should have asked for my bill on Monday morning, and seeing the sum total, should have respectfully informed my amiable host that I could not afford this style—not of living—but of paying; and that therefore, though I could not deny that his house was handsome, his beds comfortable, his waiters attentive, (sorry I could not extend my praise to his cook,) still, my means (even with the well-known liberality of *Mr. Punch*) would not permit me to live at this rate, and I should therefore betake me to a lodging—in the hope that the cost and comfort of Ilfracombe might not be altogether unattainable in St. Vincent's-on-Avon—a great haunt, I was told, of retired Indians, old officers, and delicate invalids, during the winter, and therefore likely enough, one would think, to be provided with accommodation suited to somewhat fastidious lodgers and not over-heavy purses.

"I did not take this course. I was comfortable, essentially; I was uncertain as to the length of my stay; I easily settled down, and have great difficulty in weighing another again.

"So I staid where I was, and bled, during the week, at the rate I have indicated by the above items of charge.

"The result was that disagreeable sum total of £25 16s. 3d. During the whole of this time, I only burned sitting-room candles (four) on one night. I and my wife may have used a single bed-room candle, and my nurse, four. For these and our share of the gas, I find myself charged 17s. for the week. My nurse's board is charged 5s. daily; SYLVANUS'S (four years' old, bless him!) 4s., and once, when a little companion occupied an empty bed in his room, I find an extra charge of 2s. 6d. for that—making 15s. instead of 12s. 6d. for apartments that day.

"Now, I have no wish to set myself up as a victim, more than other men, or my host of the Victoria as an extortioner beyond his fellows. He was very civil to me, personally, and I dare say, will consider it extremely unhandsome in me, to reflect upon his bill.

"But I wish to deduce some conclusions from that document.

"First, that £25 16s. 3d. a-week is £102 15s. a-month, or £1233 a-year, and that this may therefore be fixed as the limit of income which justifies people in resorting to an hotel of this pretension. I did not discover, however, that there was any other hotel in St. Vincent's-on-Avon, to which any one, accustomed to the ordinary comforts of a well-appointed middle-class home, could resort at all. If I am right in this notion, the only alternative in this case would be lodgings, with their chances and charges—which can hardly, however, make the resort to them in preference to the Victoria, a change 'from the frying-pan into the fire.'

"Next, I reflected with some bitterness, that I had been an ass, in not calling for my bill daily; by which course I should certainly have saved myself from the cost of the Victoria comforts, for at least six out of my seven days.

"Thirdly, it occurred to me, whether it would not be an excellent speculation to set up an hotel at a place so much frequented as St. Vincent's-on-Avon, at a reasonable system of charges—with visible tariffs, everywhere hung up, instead of pompous placards boasting a great deal in generalibus, but giving no particulars.

"Fourthly, I admitted to myself, with some shame as an Englishman, that in all my experience of continental hotels, in the most frequented European capitals, I had never been so freely bled, as here, in my beloved native land, and by a brother Briton.

"Fifthly, I registered a vow that if ever I returned to St. Vincent's-on-Avon, I should give the Victoria a wide berth.

"Sixthly, I felt it a duty to put on record my own experience, for the benefit of any of my friends—(I include all my readers in the number), who, arriving at St. Vincent's, and attracted by the substantial, handsome, and well arranged air of the Victoria, or by the bills, profusely distributed about its walls, vaunting its cheapness and promising *monts et merveilles*, in every way, might be tempted to put up there as I had done, and lulled in a fatal security, might postpone, as I did, asking for a sight of the bill! If knowing what they are paying they continue to pay, on their heads be it! Though I feel sore at most of these charges, I could digest every item more easily than I can those candles.

"I shall be obliged by a remittance, and am, my dear *Mr. Punch*, your repentant contributor,

"S. SHYCOCK."

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU'S LUCK.

At the Annual Dinner of the Huntingdonshire Agricultural Society at St. Neot's the other day, LORD R. MONTAGU, in a speech after dinner, observed that:—

"In his (LORD R. MONTAGU'S) journeys through the country he frequently drank most excellent beer."

Did he? Then he is a fortunate man. LORD R. MONTAGU is implored to publish a list of the public-houses at which he has been so lucky as to find a really good tap, flowing with genuine old English ale. The best liquor drawn by too many landlords is stuff called bitter beer, of which bitterness is the best quality, and which is more than bitter enough. By the publication of a guide to good liquor, his Lordship would do the State some service, and benefit the public.



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Keeper (who has never seen a breech-loader). "I DON'T THINK WERRY MUCH OF 'IM; WHY HE'S BIN AND BROKE HIS GUN THE WERRY FUST SHOT!"

ULYSSES.

Freely translated from the Twelfth Book of the Odyssey of HOMER, whoever he was, or they were.

THEN spoke JACKIDES, England's briefest Peer,
 "Have no vain terrors, friends, for I Am Here,
 Through direr straits than these, and seas more dark
 This hand hath safely steered the Lion bark.
 Remember former perils, not a few,
 And how triumphantly I brought you through.
 'Twas I who rode the master of the storm,
 When three roused nations rose and roared 'Reform!'
 I gave Reform, but gave with cautious hands,
 And stronger fixed our Constitution stands.
 Remember when large WISEMAN dared assume
 An English title given by POPE of Room,
 I clove his mitre with a downright blow,
 And quick abased your Ultramontane foe.
 So never need BRITANNIA blanch and pale,
 Until she sees her tried JACKIDES quail.

"Such as I was, I am, with courage high,
 A daring pilot in neutrality.
 The waves are rough, I own, and fearful shocks
 Threaten to dash our vessel on the rocks.
 'Twixt North and South to keep our steady course
 Demands the wise man's skill, the strong man's force;
 But wait in trust, and you shall surely see
 Wiseman and Strongman both combined in me.
 The Yankee Scylla vainly scowls on you,
 As vainly scowls the Slave Charybdis too.
 I see no terror in those Federal glooms,
 Whence LINCOLN's long and rugged visage looms,
 I see no terror in that Southern cloud
 That wraps the face of DAVIS, keen and proud.

Let ABRAHAM disport in jocund tales,
 And split his Union as he split his rails;
 Let JEFFERSON renew his fierce attacks,
 And whip his foemen as he whips his blacks:
 Neither shall hail JACKIDES as his friend,
 JACKIDES, sternly neutral to the end.
 Only be ruled by me, whom kindly Fate,
 Or Providence, hath sent to save the State,
 And who, serenely leaning, as of yore,
 On Magna Charta, and LORD GRENVILLE's lore,
 Smiles at the Tory's fears, the Liberal's dreams,
 And rears the Whig's blue motto, 'No Extremes.' "

LITERARY FLAT-FISHING.

THE race of fools and nincompoops is not yet quite extinct, at least if we may trust the following advertisement, which appeared the other morning in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

WANTED, by Miss J. M. BROOKE, who Advertised for a HUSBAND on the 21st inst., ALL the YOUNG LADIES of ENGLAND to Read 800 Replies, now publishing in the MORNING MAIL.

This of course is merely a bait thrown out for catching people to buy the *Morning Mail*, and we have no doubt the "replies" now being published in that paper are manufactured by the gentleman who, when he advertised for a husband, announced his name to be "MISS BROOKE." The joke is rather stale, and we should fancy that a paper must be sadly short of readers when driven to such dodges as that quoted above. If we could believe the announcement to be genuine, we should say that of the fools and nincompoops now extant, eight hundred of the biggest were they who wrote replies to "MISS BROOKE's" advertisement; but we prefer to view that lady as a myth, and therefore think the fools and nincompoops to whom we have referred are simply those who simply purchase a cheap newspaper on the faith of such advertisements as that quoted above.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 10, 1863.



SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS, OR THE MODERN ULYSSES.

SCOTCH AND CIVILIZATION OF THE MODERN NATIONS



THE SCOTCH OF THE MODERN NATIONS

FROM OUR BILIOUS CONTRIBUTOR.

To MR. PUNCH.



No Board the *Ionas* the salmon cutlets and hot coffee, Sir, were worthy of praise, but as I was not going to demean myself by speaking affably to a steward or a waiter, that praise has necessarily been withheld until the present moment.

The scenery down the Clyde has already been applauded by many people, and therefore I have little to say on that subject. I believe that even artists who are usually the last persons to discover the merits of nature, have found out that the Clyde offers them materials to be spoiled by pictorial manipulation. I am happy to say, however, that I have never seen any productions of this kind.

There were many tourists, especially females, infesting the deck, but I kept out of their way (as much as I could, not wishing to be edified by their incessant raptures, let off whenever—

I pause at this word to remark that in the north of England, that is, Scotland, the natives use it—the word—in a peculiar sense, and quite wrongly. They say “whenever,” meaning “as soon as.” They manage, thereby, to convey ludicrous impressions. A pretty Scotch girl will say to you, “Whenever I came into the cabin I had a glass of Sherry,” and as you have seen her go out and come in about twenty times, you are glad that you have not to settle with the steward for her rejection. I proceed.

—let off whenever (which may here be interpreted in both the Scotch and English sense) they find my friend MR. ADAM BLACK telling them in his *Picturesque Guide* that they ought to be rapturous. But presently a very extraordinary and unusual phenomenon occurred. It began to rain. Now, rain scarcely ever falls in Scotland, and the Scottish people on board exhibited the utmost astonishment, and then ran under cover. The English, who are accustomed to behold rain, did not stir until the others ran, but then, with our usual imitative and gregarious readiness to follow somebody else’s lead, they also sculked into the cabin, and the deck was left to your correspondent. I then had a few moments of enjoyment, which is always marred for me by the feeling that anybody else is pleased with what I like. I stood in contemplation, and gazed on the hills and the waters, and I watched the flight of the eagles. I imagined myself a sea-rover of the old days, commanding my glorious pirate vessel, and about to make a dash upon the unsuspecting inhabitants of yonder hamlet. “Come to me,” I wildly shouted to the eagles, “and I will give you flesh.” Then I raised my magnificent bass voice in song, and I sang—

“Soon ye feast on dead and dying,
Fair-haired HAROLD’S flag is flying!”

(By the way, a rihald sailor told me afterwards that what I had beheld were not eagles but crows, but he was a fool.) I had lashed myself into a fine frenzy of imagination, and had slightly astonished the steersman by my bold gesticulations, when a gun was suddenly fired on our lee, which means our left. I turned and saw a small but peculiarly neat-looking steamer signalling us, and we slackened our speed. Presently a boat from the lesser vessel came alongside, and a gentleman of manly proportions, and with a voice to match, awoke all the echoes of the Clyde by demanding in enormous tones,

“Is MR. EPICURUS ROTUNDUS aboard?”

He did not call me by those names, of course, but I prefer to be

strictly pseudonymous in print, as I am thus enabled to contradict myself as often as I like.

“That is me,” I observed, with my usual attention to the rules of grammar.

“Ah!” shouted the gentleman. “All right. Then you and yours just come into this boat. Send on your traps to Oban.”

I make a rule of always doing as I am bidden, and asking no questions, *Mr. Punch*, as you must frequently have observed. I and mine were speedily transferred to the boat, which pulled away, and the *Ionas*’s huge screw again began churning the Clyde.

“I’ll tell you all about it, MR. EPICURUS, when we get on board, meantime I’m delighted to have caught you,” said the gentleman, who seemed the incarnation of all joviality. My mood is habitually pensive, and I am averse to much conversation, but I can unbend at times, and revel with the gayest, so I said, joyously,

“I am delighted to be caught, whoever may have hooked me. But when am I to be landed?” I added, with a happy and facetious allusion to salmon-fishing, a favourite amusement in Scotland.

“All right, my boy,” replied my new friend. “Pull away, lads.” A few moments more, and we stood upon the nice, clean, bran new deck of the smaller steamer.

“I should like something to drink,” I said, wishing to show that I was at home.

The words were hardly uttered before the neck of a bottle of champagne lay on the deck, and the contents of the dexterously decapitated flask were foaming into a huge goblet.

“Strange,” said I. There was no particular reason why I should speak Gaelic, and I might as well have said “Your health,” but it is well to ventilate one’s accomplishments.

“Dramakky,” says the gentleman, laughing. He also spoke very good Gaelic, which was the more remarkable as he was an Irishman.

“Now,” he said, “the state of the case is this. You are on board a vessel which has just been built for the President of the Republic of Haiti.”

“And are we going to Haiti, Sir?” I asked humbly.

He laughed in a jolly manner, and then stated that we were not going so far as that, but that the vessel, which was named the *Mariani*, was on her trial trip, and was going to run the Lights. That there was a select party on board, and the select party was at the moment beginning a select lunch. That he had heard from persons in Glasgow that I was on board the *Ionas*, and that he had resolved on impressing me into the temporary service of the President aforesaid, my wages to be as much grouse pie and effervescent fluid as I liked.

“But—but—I am not very sure where Haiti is, but I believe that the President is—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—not exactly what you would call a white sovereign,” says I.

“Well, you’re not a Yankee,” says the gentleman, “and you’ve no prejudices against a dark skin, have you?”

“I am not a Yankee, Sir,” I replied, “and I have no prejudices at all. Still, I have always been accustomed to a white monarch.”

“The President of Haiti,” says my friend, “is a truer gentleman than nine-tenths of the European sovereigns. He is as brave as a lion.”

“Lions are not brave,” said I, “they are cowardly cats. Read JULES GERARD.”

“And as kind as a woman,” he continued, not being able to encounter my natural history.

“Women are not kind,” said I, “they are cruel cats. Read any French novel you like.”

“I don’t like any French novel,” says he. “I wish you could be presented to the President,” he went on. “He is an honour to human nature. A bold, wise, liberal statesman! who, when he had in his hands the most complete vengeance for the deepest injuries, would shed no blood, and forgive his enemies.”

“Let us drink his Excellency’s health,” says I, “and apropos of nothing, who are you?”

“That’s my name,” he said, pointing to a line in an inscription near the funnel, “and I have the honour of representing the President of Haiti.”

“Sir,” said I, “you represent him as a ruler whom I am delighted to honour. What’s all that boozing about?”

“Our friends have learned that you have come on board,” says he. “Let us join them. Fire the guns,” he added in a voice of authority.

“What for?” said I, as I always like to have a reason for everything, *Mr. Punch*, as you must frequently have observed.

“In honour and glory of *Mr. Punch*,” says he.

Bang!

Bang!

Veiled in smoke and bathed in blushes, I entered the chief cabin of the *Mariani*.

I will write the rest next week. I date from a mountain at Inverness. It is haunted by fairies, and is also a cemetery. Its name literally translated, is Primrose Hill, but it is higher than Ben Primrose,

Regent's Park. It is covered with trees, or else, I dare say, you would see a fine prospect from the top. I have never been there, but I have looked at it through my opera-glass from a wood, and a field opposite, and on the other side of the River Ness, which comes from Loch Ness, which is the deepest of all the lochs, deeper than the German Ocean, or even old FAN.

Yours respectfully,

Tomnahurich, Inverness.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE ?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



HE Serenely happy Tourist will now remember that he has just arrived at Mayence, without his rug, hatbox, umbrella, carpet-bag, portable bath, race-glasses, walking-stick, campstool, and writing desk, all of which he has accidentally left on board the steamer that is now bearing his treasures to Mannheim. As he reaches the door of the Rheinischer Hof, the sense of the fearful loss comes upon him like a flash of lightning. He claps his hands to his pockets, not meaning as it were to applaud them for having done something clever, but with a vague idea that the portable bath, campstool and carpet-bag may not be so far off after all. What before were luxuries, now assume an importance that makes them appear absolutely necessary

to the traveller's existence. "Everything," he cries, "was in my carpet-bag! I can't get on without a rug! and what the dash can I do at Baden-Baden if I haven't got a hat-box? My soap's in my carpet-bag, so's my brush, and comb and—and—my other boots!" By the way, those other boots, always carried and not required, or if not carried invariably wanted, are sure to be lost during the trip. *Apropos de Boots*, however, we will just stop for one minute to say that, if any traveller, fond of grandly romantic scenery, wishes to make certain of seeing a good fall of water he had better trip up the Rhine with his boots.

To return to the missing articles.

As landlords and waiters everywhere are supposed to know everything, the obvious course will be at once to question them on the subject.

"Were the articles directed?" asks the host.

The Tourist patiently explains that he doesn't generally label a rug, a great coat, and an umbrella, but inwardly regrets that he had allowed the direction "Mr. SMITH, Passenger to Bristol," to remain upon his portable bath.

"Monsieur knows the name of his *bateau à vapeur*?" the landlord suggests, mixing a little French and English in order to show that he is prepared for his customer whatever he may say.

Monsieur however hasn't got the slightest notion what was the name of the "battue a vampire," and prides himself upon having pronounced the name right *that time*, anyhow.

"Ah!" says the Landlord, "Monsieur knew the Captain?"

"Good heavens! No: nor the Stoker, nor Boiler, nor Man at the Wheel, nor anybody connected with the steamer."

"Did they see where you got out?" asks the Landlord.

The Tourist had been so engaged with his large luggage that he had not seen if, in stage phrase, "he had been observed."

"The boat stops at Mannheim," the Landlord remarks.

"Well, there I suppose," suggests the traveller, "they take out all the luggage."

"Yes," replies the Proprietor of the Rheinischer Hof, "and if the things are not claimed at once—"

"Well!" inquires our friend, anxiously noting a slight hesitation on the speaker's part in arriving at the catastrophe.

"Well," resumes Rheinischer Hof slowly, "if they're not claimed at once—they sell them."

"Tourist! a blight is on thy path!
What'll become of the portable bath!"

Whistle the air of the "*Mistletoe Bough*" and sing,

"Oh, my portable bath!
O-o-h! My por-tar-blebath!"

Chorus, in which the sympathising Landlord and waiters will (if not otherwise engaged, and if conversant with the air,) join,

"O-o-oh his portable bath!
O-o-oh his por-tar-blebath!"



After this, order dinner, see your room, shake hands with the Landlord, and determine to let bygones be bygones.

The most remarkable object in Mayence will be of course yourself. Do not let the knowledge of this importance prevent you from visiting the Cathedral. Protestant though you may be, you will be here received into the Church by the Suisse, who is generally a fine handsome looking man, of whom the ladies say in Suisse-whispers, "Do look at his Suisse-whiskers?" The French, ever attached to the lightest possible literature, once converted this Cathedral into a Magazine. It soon, however, fell to the ground, and now-a-days very little that is original remains, as the people subsequently took all their articles from the French.

Even though you, or any other Tourist, may have given up all idea of laying hands upon the lost baggage, yet you, as a pedestrian, should walk to Mannheim. At this place you'll halt, and probably begin to limp as one maimed by the unwonted exercise, unless you have been previously accustomed to do the same thing, or as the French call it, *marm-chose*, or shoes, as in this case.

A pleasant wet day may be spent at Mannheim, by trying to find out by the aid of the Mannheim Directory, the address of your old friend who has performed the Samson-like gymnastic feat known as "Taking up his Residence" in this ancient town. We've often heard of Dramatic critics being able to "give a theatre a lift with their pens," and we suppose that these expressions are the results of a strong muscular creed.

But to the Directory.

Mannheim houses are not as other houses. They are arranged in blocks, chiefly blocks of stone. The streets intersect one another at right angles wherever they can, and at wrong angles wherever they can't, and by generally interfering with one another in the most unaccountable manner, produce upon the mind of the stranger the feeling that he might as well be in Fair Rosamond's Bower, or the Maze at Hampton Court, without the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft and sings out "To your Right—To your left," and other intelligible instructions to help him on his way.

The streets have no names, though they will have, and pretty hard ones too, after you've been puzzling and meandering about them.

The simple direction for finding out where anybody lives is, ask him himself on the first opportunity; but if you can't see him, and haven't got time to write, take the Directory, and observe that all the blocks are arranged alphabetically, that the houses are numbered, and that there are many blocks more than the Alphabet has letters, and that then you begin again and make the best you can of it. That's plain so far, isn't it? Well, let's say you want to call on Mrs. B. Very good. Mrs. B. you find lives at A, now on this point you will not be at Sea. Then A being a block, you find the number; now, we forgot to mention that each block is numbered as well as every house, so that when you've ascertained the number of the house, you must take care not to confuse it with the number of the block, and when you've carefully arrived at a knowledge of both numbers, your next step will be to retrace your former ones, and see whether you were correct in the first instance. After this, take care that the block is the block in the Alphabet and not one out of the Alphabet; then see that the number is the same as the one you had fixed upon, and finally learn whether or no B lives at this

number or not. After this it will be time for you to brush your hair and go to bed.

Visit the Theatre, which was once reduced to a mere shell by the Austrian bombs. Ever since then all the Pieces have gone off well.

The Cathedral was pretty considerably knocked about by the French, who chipped and clipped pillars and statues and sepulchral monuments. Here some Margraves are buried; the iconoclastic French, however, appear to have been the principal mar-graves. They compelled the ecclesiastics to fly for their lives, and each one of the good monks was forced to take up his breviary and mizzle.



There is no inducement for the traveller to follow the Rhine above Mannheim, and the Rhine might look upon such a proceeding as going rather too far. You're not GRANT and you're not SPEKE, so none of your saucy observations, if you please. Come, move on! will you, and just drop in at Spires. This place was built by the same ingenious architect who raised the one spire in Langham Place, Regent Street, of which this town is merely (as the name implies) an ample development. Keep your eyes open and you will be Spicers too. Mind you ask for the celebrated Diet of Spires at the *table d'hôte*. Don't be put down by the unseemly jests of the landlord or the gibing of the *kellners*. Very interesting place, Spires, full of historical reminiscences, and so on we go to Heidelberg.

WORDS IN SEASON.

Le Follet begins its account of the Fashions for October with the following devotional words:—

"Now that the Autumn has decidedly made its appearance among us all, our thoughts and energies must be directed to the study of the most becoming and appropriate styles of dresses and materials for the Season."

"All our thoughts and energies?" What all, love? All our heart, soul, and strength, dearest? Well, then, we shall be worshippers of Fashion, indeed. Now that the Autumn has decidedly made its appearance, some of us begin to think that Christmas is coming. Some others of us have gloomier views, most of us are inspired with thoughts more or less serious. But you and I, sweet, will devote our whole minds to the decoration of our bodies.

A Craniological Puzzle.

(From the German.)

TIME WAS, as wild *Macbeth* declared with dread,
Men wanting brains, lack'd all that wins renown.
But now a King will wholly lose his head
And still retain—strange paradox—the Crown.

THE BEST FRUIT FOR PRESERVING LOVE.

KATE was talking glowingly about "love-apples." "That's strange!" exclaimed CHARLIE, her accepted lover. "Why should 'love' be associated with 'apples'?" On the contrary, I thought that love always went in pairs." KATE smiled approvingly.

THE IRREMOVABLE RICH.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Cato Cottage, Thursday.

"HAVING nothing else to write about at this dull time of year, the papers have been full of letters about labourers, and the want they have of change in their homes and habitations. Now, Sir, you must remember that a Session or two since (at least so my husband tells me), an Act of Parliament was passed for the benefit of people called the Irremovable Poor; and as surely their condition has been enough looked after, I do hope the attention of the nation and the Government will be ere long directed to the pitiable case of the Irremovable Rich. I need not tell you, who know everything, how many families there are in pretty comfortable circumstances, where the Mamma, poor thing! has annually the very greatest difficulty in getting her dear children removed to the sea-side, as it is essential for their health that they should be. I have at my pen's point a hundred cases of this sort, but I will not take your space up with more than one or two. Calling on my dear friend Mrs. SM-TH last August, I found her in a sadly dejected frame of mind, and on asking her the cause she told me that her husband had *actually refused* to take her out of town!—at least he had said he didn't mind escorting her to Margate, but as for Scotland or Killarney, or a trip upon the Continent, he really couldn't afford it, and though Scarborough was nearer, it was so extremely dressy that she'd want a *heap of things* (it was so the wretch expressed himself), and he was rather short of money, and so really *must* say no. With which cruel coarse refusal the brute positively *kissed her*, and then walked out of the house to catch his usual train, as cool and unconcerned as though nothing had occurred!

"The other case of real distress, I think, is still more pitiable. Another friend of mine, Mrs. J-N-S, of T-r-n-h-m Gr-n, was advised by her physician, the eminent DR. WHEEDLEM, to remove herself and children to the sea-side for a month or two, and upon her asking where she had better go, DR. WHEEDLEM prescribed Cornwall, or Llandudno in North Wales. MR. J-N-S, however, wouldn't *hear* of such a thing; said that Herne Bay or Southend would do the brats (for so the monster spoke of *his own children*!) would do the brats as much good as any other watering-place, and as for DR. WHEEDLEM, he had recommended Cornwall because he *knew* that Mrs. J. had set her heart on going there, for she knew quite well she didn't care an atom where the children went. Saying which he slammed the door, and heedless of her hysterics then stormed out of the house; and the only reparation, he has made for his gross cruelty is by giving her a little dinner at the Star and Garter, and taking her to Brighton for a fortnight at the Bedford, while the children went to Putney on a visit to their aunt.

"Cases such as these are continually occurring, and in this age of Christian charity, I think it is high time that something should be done for the relief of such poor sufferers. If Parliament refuse to take the matter up (and as our Members are all *men*, I have no doubt that they will), private means must be devised to furnish ladies with assistance to remove themselves and families when wanting change of air, without having to trouble their mean husbands to escort them. Benevolent societies should at once be set on foot for taking ladies and their children to the sea-side in the season, and defraying for a month or so their necessary expenses, including a few extras, such as buns and shrimps and photographs, without which *little luxuries*, life at a dull watering place would hardly be *endurable*, at least by the dear children whom it benefits so much. With regard to the providing of the funds for such a charity, I should suggest that stingy husbands should be bored till they supply them, or else that they be raised by a tax upon old bachelors, who surely should do something to contribute to the nurture of other people's children, seeing they have none to bring up of their own.

"Begging you, Mr. Punch, who have a large bump of benevolence, to bring my scheme before the charitable public, and lend your *valuable assistance* towards securing its success,

"I remain, Sir, yours admirably,

"SOPHONISBA SMITH."

"P.S. I have myself (at present) only three *small* children, and so we're not so irremovable a family as most. But MR. SMITH has thrown out hints about the cost of travelling and the dearthness of sea lodgings, and so if the Society be started by next summer I think it sadly possible I may have to apply to it. At any rate, be kind enough to put my name among the *first* who will perhaps require relief."

"P.P.S. I have saved three pounds and threepence out of house-keeping this autumn, and so, if MR. S. refuses to subscribe, I can pay something towards a *Petition* to LORD PALMERSTON, if you think that it be necessary to ask him to assist us, and that I'm sure he would, for he is such a *dear*."

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.—Instead of *Habeas Corpus* in the United States, which has been suspended, it is now, in the case of the prisoner who has been arbitrarily arrested, *ABE* who has *corpus*.



SUGGESTIVE.

DISSIPATED BALLAD HOWLER. "Sweet Spirit, 'ear my Prayer!"

THE PRINCESS AND THE PUFFERS.

PEOPLE have ceased talking of the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA and her rare and matchless beauty, but tradesmen do their best—or worst—to keep her charms from fading in the memory of the public. One man coolly writes a puff about his "Alexandra Corset," which "imparts the graceful slimness" of the Princess to the figure: while another recommends his "Alexandra Crinoline," as being framed precisely on the model of that worn by her. Alexandra Boots there are in copious abundance, all warranted of course to make the biggest feet as small and neat as hers are; and the other day we noticed the Alexandra Knickerbockers, though we are sure our sweet Princess would never dream of wearing such masculine attire. Still more impudent, we think, are the puffs of the perfumers, who appear almost to hint that the Princess owes her beauty in great measure to their art. Thus the Alexandra Dentifrice is said to be "much used" by her, and is stated to impart a pearly whiteness to the teeth; while the Alexandra Hair-waver, which she condescends to "patronise," is puffed in such a manner as might lead one to imagine that she owes to its improving influence the chief capillary attractions which beautify her head.

We expect soon to be told of the Alexandra Pearl Powder for blanching the complexion; and we shall not be surprised if some one has the cheek to advertise the Alexandra Rouge-pot, and endeavour to persuade us (which would certainly be difficult) that the Princess buys her facial roses at his shop. Indeed while they are about it, we wonder that the puffers don't invent a quack specific for making the eyes sparkle as do those of the Princess, and the Alexandra Eye-brightener would doubtless succeed well, and so, we make no question, would the Alexandra Smile-sweetener, if ladies could be led to fancy that by using them they could imitate successfully the sweet smile of the Princess.

Mr. Punch well knows the nuisance of being so good looking that one's always being stared at, while every one is copying one's complexion or one's clothes. So he can sympathise sincerely with his sweet little Princess, for whose relief from the impertinence of puffing pushing tradespeople a stringent Act of Parliament should speedily be passed.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

BEHOLD our trusty Pilot, JACK,
Between two whirlpools steering,
And, whilst from Scylla drawing back,
Charybdis deftly clearing.
Not winds around his bark that sweep,
Nor roaring waves affright him,
Nor sharks, nor monsters of the deep,
That grin and threat to bite him.

Him not the Great Sea Serpent can
Disturb with giddy terror,
Nor either larboard drive the man,
Or starboard, into error,
A hundred yards its head in vain
Towards the stars upraising,
Shaking aloft its horrid mane;
Its eyes like meteors blazing.

Its tail, half severed from its head,
With dire contortions lashes
The billows into foam, blood-red,
Which mess our Pilot splashes.
Yet holds he on his middle course,
And does not swerve or blunder,
But leaves the Snake with its own force
To writhe itself asunder.

Something for the Antiquaries.

MRS. FONDLECHICK was much amused the other day by reading in a paper that a medal had been found at Oswestry, bearing the legend "AUGUSTUS IMP." "Bless me," she said, "that's what I say to my troublesome little GUSSEY twenty times a day. Well it shows that Greek mothers had their troubles, like us." Her husband, who collects QUEEN ANNE farthings, rushed out of the room.

BANK-NOTES AND QUERIES.

Q. WHAT is the meaning of "a Cool Thousand?"

A. Allusion is made in this phrase to the thousands that are kept cool in the Bank cellars.

PROTECTION OF PROPERTY FROM CRINOLINE.

So many girls continue to be burnt to death in consequence of wearing dresses of excessive circumference over a ventilator of Crinoline, that manufacturers of dress-stuffs are urgently called upon to make them fire-proof. It is not that vain and foolish females require to be protected from the results of their own tasteless vanity, or gregarious imitation; and if those results were limited to the combustion of a quantity of clothes, containing a simpleton, they might be accepted as a salutary example of the working of natural laws. If a moth will flutter round the candle, let it. If a young lady will surround herself with a grate piled with fuel, and not take care how she approaches the fire, she likewise might be allowed to find out her mistake; if she could with perfect safety to wiser people.

A cage was very properly placed round the top of the Monument and the Duke of York's Column, to stop lunatics from jumping off those structures; not indeed to prevent any fool from relieving Society of himself, but lest in so doing, he should tumble upon some rational being. In the same way, ladies' dresses ought all to be rendered incombustible, not to hinder any of the daily occurring "Deaths from Crinoline," to the detriment of penny-a-liners, but because a foolish woman cannot get burnt to death without being likely to set the house on fire.

Orthodoxy and Port.

THE REVEREND TOBIAS PHILPOT, D.D., one of the few remaining specimens of the good old school of English divines, in looking over a newspaper, observed a paragraph headed "BISHOP COLENSO and the South African Clergy." "South African Clergy! Hah!" exclaimed DR. PHILPOT, "Sir, the South African Clergy would never have had to complain of BISHOP COLENSO, if BISHOP COLENSO had not been accustomed to drink South African port. Stick to sound port, Sir, and you will persist in sound doctrine!"

THE BEST EXCUSE FOR SMOKING A PIPE.—The difficulty of getting a good Cigar.



THE EARTHQUAKE WAS FELT, TOO, IN MANY PARTS OF LONDON. THIS IS OLD BEERY, THE CHURCHWARDEN, WHO DECLARES THAT WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY THE PAVEMENT HIT HIM ON THE NOSE, AND THAT HIS STREET DOOR WOULDN'T LET HIM GET HIS LATCH-KEY IN.

ANTI-PUNCH LEAGUE.

THAT part of the public which is unfortunately obliged to look, occasionally, at the Inferior Press, must have been struck with the recent appearance of a large crop of paragraphs in abuse of *Mr. Punch*. The simultaneous apparition of these things, and their clumsy family likeness, naturally indicate confederacy, and at this slack season of the year, *Mr. Punch* thinks that it may amuse some of his readers to be informed as to the little game of the accomplices. As a rule, of course, any person who abuses *Mr. Punch* is either a fool, or a would-be contributor whose writings have been rejected, but there is a trifle of novelty about the little shower of mud which has been lately flung at that gentleman's windows, and the onslaught has been made for a sort of reason beyond mere folly or spite.

Mr. Punch will own at once that he should have known nothing of the terrible conspiracy if one of the accomplices had not split upon his friends in the hope of obtaining a reward. He has furnished the following particulars, for which, of course, he has been paid, but he has not been engaged by *Mr. Punch*, and is not likely to be.

It seems that a Meeting of distinguished literary men, held a short time ago in a private room at a tavern near Holborn, suddenly awoke to the conviction that something ought to be done to "put down *Punch*," and set up a successor to that gentleman. The first gentleman who put words to the idea was loudly cheered and promptly chaired, and he assumed the headship of the meeting, with some little expenditure of affidavit at being bothered with changing his seat. (We see no necessity for giving names, which nobody cares to know, but they have been supplied by the faithful traitor, and are also appended to letters in *Mr. Punch's* desk.)

The Chairman said that there was no need for much cackle, as they all knew what they wanted. Here they sat, perhaps as gifted a set of men as were ever touched with the fire-coal of genius (*cheers*), and yet there was not a man in that room who had not been insulted by *Punch's* rejection of his contributions. (*Yells.*) Let 'em scrunch *Punch*, and have a *Punch* of their own. (*Loud cheers.*)

A Speaker said that there could be no doubt that *Punch* was very inferior to what that meeting could produce. He would back himself, for a new hat—

A Voice. "Not before you want it, my boy."

The Speaker said that such coarse and vulgar allusions were worthy

of the person who made them. If the meeting encouraged such brutality, he would decline to associate with them. Some trouble was caused by this literary gentleman's irritability, but having had a little more stimulant, he suddenly began to cry, and declared that he loved the entire room, waiter and all, like brothers.

The Chairman said that this statement was uncommonly gratifying, but a little from the point. He called attention to the necessity of attacking *Punch* right and left, and he supposed that everybody in the room had some channel through which he could do it.

A Speaker said that he had been abusing *Punch* without cessation in the columns of the *Dirtyborough Liberator* for seven years, and he would do it for seven more; for *Punch* had sent him back some verses which he had offered for nothing, and which were—

A Voice. "Exactly worth it." (*Laughter.*)

The Speaker would like to see the flippant idiot who had emitted that asinine howl write anything half so good.

The Chairman said that such language was spicy, but had better be kept for the journal which he hoped they would soon start.

Another Speaker said that *Punch* was a mere clique, and he hoped they would take precious good care that none of the *Punch* men were allowed to join the new journal. (*Cheers.*)

The Chairman asked, whether anybody had got a good name for the new affair.

A great number of names were suggested, but in each case somebody or other recollected that a journal had come out with the name—and gone out. *The Bohemian* seemed to find most favour, until somebody suggested *The Cad*, which was instantly and outrageously cheered, and glasses were ordered to christen the new sheet.

"THE CAD" having been drunk with all the honours.

The Chairman said that there were a few details to be considered, such as finding a publisher who would trust them, artists who could draw, and so on, but these might be discussed another time. He would renew his urgent appeal to them all to bombard the old humbug, *Punch*.

A Speaker pledged himself to go the entire hog in the *Commercial Lavatory*, and he thought he could get what he wrote copied into the *Morning Starfish*.

Another Speaker said that he was for pitching into the *Times* also. That was as much a clique as *Punch*, and he could say himself that though he had been on the press for years, and had sent to the *Times* a book full of leading articles as specimens of his style, his contributions had been returned unread. He knew that, for he had stuck little pieces of paper between the sheets, and, when he came to examine them, they hadn't tumbled out. This was sheer insolence, and he would say, pitch into the *Times*.

A Speaker said that he never gave the *Times* any quarter in his letter to the *Duffers' Gazette*. He would henceforth also give it to *Punch*, hot and hot.

The Chairman said that they knew of course what to say. Let 'em keep on declaring that *Punch* was not what it had been, that there were days when it showed talent, but now its pictures were bad and its writing worse, and that the public wanted a good slashing, dashing, free spoken thing, that would make people feel uncomfortable, not knowing who was to get into hot water next. That's what they would make the *Cad*.

A Speaker said he hoped they wouldn't be too prudish. *Punch* was read by the women, but he would write for men. They had no such timid notions in Paris. Besides, he flattered himself he knew women well, and he knew that they didn't think worse of a paper because they could only enjoy it on the sly. (*General applause.*)

It was then agreed that the forthcoming *Cad* should be puffed in every way, that such papers as could be "got at" should be loaded with paragraphs in abuse of *Punch*, and that in all public houses frequented by the meeting, the gentleman present should lose no opportunity of saying loudly to waiters, or to one another (if the waiters were too haughty to discuss the matter with them), that *Punch* was very bad indeed.

The question of editorship then came up, upon which so fearful a row ensued, that the landlord came up also, attended by a policeman, who turned the literary gentlemen into the street. They have kept their word, though, and the result has been, as *Mr. Punch* mentioned, the shower of mud which has splashed his windows.

Silly snobs, go and pelt St. Paul's with your paragraphs. Or better, wash and work, and be honest and civil, and don't be envious, and some of you may come to a decent ending.

Obadiah on the Earthquake.

AMONG the numerous Correspondents of the *Times* on the subject of the Earthquake, there was one gentleman who began his letter with "Respected Friend," and signed it with "Thine" instead of Yours. A particular account of the Earthquake was to be expected from a Quaker. The Friends dislike titles of honour, but *Mr. Punch* hopes that this gentleman will permit himself to be called in future an Earthquaker.

TEMPERANCE AND MODESTY.



example which he has thus set the people. I shall be happy to wait on Mr. GLADSTONE at the head of a deputation from the Alliance, to inform him of the vote of censure thus passed upon him, I am, *Mr. Punch*,

Coscomb's Place, Oct., 1863.

O MR. PUNCH,—Allow me, Sir, a space in your instructive columns for the purpose of calling on the United Kingdom Alliance, in the exercise of their duly self-constituted authority, to take proper cognisance of the conduct of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, thus described in the *Times* :—

“MR. GLADSTONE IN THE HIGH-LANDS.—On Saturday last the Right Hon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER honoured Mr. Ross, of the Royal Lechnagar Distillery, with a visit, and inspected the whole works and operations in the mashing, washing, and distillation as carried on at his works, expressing himself much pleased with what he had seen, as well with the quality of the whiskey manufactured, which he was pleased to taste.”

I propose that the advocates of the Maine Law should instantly convoke a Meeting to pass resolutions condemning the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for personally sanctioning the use of ardent spirits, and remonstrating with him on the bad

Your humble servant,

ANTI-TODDY.

A SONG FOR A JUDGE.

With which, if he is in the habit of singing, the new and excellent Judge, Mr. JUSTICE PIGOTT, may favour the Bar on the first day of term.

O BLESS the good DUKE OF ARGYLL,
And bless the good DUKE OF ARGYLL,
If it's true, as they say,
That he would have his way,
And let off his Protestant bile.

O bless the small DUKE OF ARGYLL,
And bless the small DUKE OF ARGYLL,
For the brave SERJEANT SHER
Nearly runs, else me:
But a miss is as good as a mile.

Yes, bless the fierce DUKE OF ARGYLL,
And bless the fierce DUKE OF ARGYLL,
Who declared he would hudge
If a Catholic judge
Should sit in this Protestant isle.

And bless the strong DUKE OF ARGYLL,
Yes, bless the strong DUKE OF ARGYLL,
Who brings Ministers down
With his strong little frown,
Or keeps them in place with his smile.

So bless the good DUKE OF ARGYLL,
Yes, bless the good DUKE OF ARGYLL,
And health to old PAM,
Who behaved like a lamb;
And now, what's the first case for trial?

A Nail into a Board.

THE Board of Guardians of a certain district in the east of London, who resolutely close their eyes to the atrocious nuisances by which the poor of that part are killed, are now known as the Blind Beggars of Bethnal Green.

GERMAN DECLARATION OF WAR.

GERMANY is about to declare war with Denmark. *Mr. Punch* has been favoured with an early copy of the Declaration of War. It states the whole case with the energy and precision characteristic of the German mind, and he has much satisfaction in preserving it for posterity :—

TO THE (SO-CALLED) DANES.

(With reservation of right to an alternative of nomenclature.)

SUBJECTIVELY, as well as objectively, the annihilation, or even the debilitating distribution of inherent or accumulative rights approximates unto an analytical propinquity to an infinitesimal re-integration of political relations.

Schleswig and Holstein, Holstein and Schleswig, both with co-ordinate compatibilities for an unrestricted development, claim territorially as well as aesthetically an invigorative restoration of entities, based on analysis, verified by synthesis, and hallowed by sentiment.

Self-consciousness and conscientiousness are alike violated for the few and for the many when a sceptical centralisation disturbs either by traditional force or complicated legalities, the meannish adhesion of individuality to the progress of idealism.

[Here follow about seven columns of argument, proving in the most resistless manner that if one person is weaker than another, the latter is stronger than the former.]

Disquisition upon the inherent right of mankind to associated opposition to undesirable agencies may be regarded as precluded by precedent, but it may be logical to interpolate a series of evidences which if examined with due elaboration will serve as basis for a superstructure of irrefragable and adamant tenacity.

[Here follows a careful and voluminous digest of the history of all the wars that have been undertaken since the fall of Troy.]

Schleswig-Holstein, Holstein-Schleswig, naturalised into the great European family, claims all the rights of her brethren and sisters, and who shall thrust her hungering away from the great table spread by nature for the sustenance of her tender offspring?

Finally, but not exhaustively, and with reserved right of expatriation, we appeal to intellectual Europe with two watchwords that beam like the stars in the blue empyrean of liberty. These are—

Beer, and Tobacco!

And we therefore decree Federal Execution, and the German Fleet will immediately be built and ordered to sail into Schleswig-Holstein. Done at Frankfort.

(Signed)

VON MOONEY.

(Countersigned)

VON SWIPES.

PANIC IN BLOOMSBURY.

Now, capitalists, now is your time to buy houses. There is the most awful commotion in what used to be thought the Genteel District all round the British Museum. All the inhabitants are moving. Half a dozen earthquakes wouldn't have done it. It reminds one of the rush made in the same quarter when MR. DISRAELI's friend, His Excellency Captain Papanilla was in town. A wit had made an epigram against the quarter, and everybody was rushing Westward. The same phenomenon has occurred again. On Wednesday last, the *Times* explained that the district in question :—

“Is now the economical quarter for Trading Respectability, as it was formerly the splendid quarter of legal eminence and mercantile wealth.”

The row at the breakfast tables that morning, when these lines were incautiously read out, was something appalling. If the writer of that paragraph values his life, and does not wish to encounter the fate of Orpheus, let him keep outside the radius of a mile from Mr. PANIZZI's bust over the reading-room door. “Trading Respectability.” Many a wretched husband got, that day, a stormy breakfast and a frigid dinner. Many a domestic tragedy was enacted, the principal part by an enraged matron who “never thought” to have been stuck down by a respectable tradesman's wife. Many a street door was slammed—many—

But why dilate upon the melancholy part of the business? If this distinct notification that the inhabitants are all plebeians frightens them away, we shall get the property cheap for PROFESSOR OWAN and his Animals.

Literary Announcement.

THE *Court Journal*, usually so preternaturally well informed, states that—

“MR. S***** B***** has a novel, on the Stocks, to be published,” &c. &c.

We believe that we have authority to say that the subject of the novel in question is *not* the Stocks, nor yet the Pillory. Either sensational topic, therefore, is at the service of other gentlemen.

MR. PUNCH'S EARTHQUAKE PROPHECY.



THERE IS BUT ONE PUNCH, AND HE IS HIS OWN PROPHET.

ONLY for the sake of record, and not in any unseemly triumph at being right—for why should he be proud of being right who never can be wrong—*Mr. Punch* requests the whole world to take up his

POCKET-BOOK for 1863.

Having done so, the world will next be good enough to turn to

Page 190

of that little volume. The following paragraph will be found in the article entitled

CHRONOLOGY FOR 1863.

"October.

"S. SEVERAL SHOCKS OF AN EARTHQUAKE FELT IN LONDON, and most of the new houses built by Contract, fell ten years sooner than was expected."

The Sixth of October. Look for yourselves.

The Earthquake, punctual to *Mr. Punch's* appointment, came on Tuesday, the Sixth. As we knew it would. The houses are going to fall, but that is their business. Ours is merely to say, as we have said a thousand times,

THE EARTHQUAKE.

A SHUDDER through this English land
From South to North; a moment's shock!
Unmoved the towers and temples stand,
Only the houses somewhat rock,
And, being in their slumber shaken,
Sleepers in consternation waken
Near upon half-past three o'clock.

Stools, chairs, and tables stir and jump,
From mantelselves some objects fall;
Some beds beneath their speakers bump;
Some plaster crumbles from the wall:
The frames of the awakened quiver,
Around them whilst their dwellings shiver,
And noises strange their minds appal.

Clocks stop, and bells in places ring,
Whilst to and fro foundations heave;
Gates, jangling, on their hinges swing;
Doors slam, panes rattle; folks believe
That thieves are breaking in; and under
There rumbles subterranean thunder,
As though of rocks in act to cleave.

Dogs howl, or slink away in fright,
Brute cattle low; a sense of dread,
Dim consciousness that all's not right,
Confounds the horned creature's head
Not less than man, upon his pillow
Tossed by an earth-wave, like the billow
That rolls along on Ocean's bed.

'Tis well the human herd has felt
In Mother Earth how frail their trust,
Divided from the molten belt
Of Vulcan by how thin a crust;
Instructed, by the gentle wag
Of underlying fiery quag,
O'er what a gulf they tread the dust.

But minds, within the mortal brains
Which they inhabit, pondering, know
In what yet thinner tubes of veins
And arteries hath man's blood to flow
Throughout the finest nervous tissue:
And giving but a mere drop issue
Life's pipes were burst: all over so!

Such minds, that think above the hog,
The bleating flock, the bellowing kind,
Need no admonitory jog
Beneath them from the lava mine.
So, JONES, thou art serenely able
Earth and thy frame, alike unstable;
To trust alike in hands not thine.

"TIGRIBUS AGNI."

It is difficult to comment lightly upon profanity, without manifesting apparent irreverence. Yet who can write gravely on a Frenchman's profanity? His theology is theatrical, like all else that is his. In fact he "thinks theatre." So, when GENERAL FOREY told his Mexican army that his master—

"Had in China planted the Cross of Christ, side by side with the French flag."

the poor, foolish, brave horse-soldier meant nothing but a sentimental clap-trap. He was not reproducing the emasculated blasphemies of M. RENAN. He was thinking of the final tableau in a melodrama at the Hippodrome, orchestra braying, red fire blazing, populace shouting. And with the FIRST NAPOLEON in a front place among the arch-angels in the Madeleine, it is not wonderful that a servant of the THIRD NAPOLEON should judge his employer entitled to place a flag anywhere. Only it is half a pity that such things are translated for readers who also read history, and may be disposed to think that if the French flag is to be planted near any cross, it has sometimes merited a position near a cross to which reference was made by DANIEL O'CONNELL when deducing an insulting pedigree for a political antagonist.

ORTHODOX CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Is cruelty to animals contrary to Christianity? Not at all, must be the answer, if the Censor at Rome is any authority on that question, and has penned the subjoined judgment on a little book entitled *A Short Catechism on Humanity to Animals*, submitted to him, according to a statement in the *Times*, by a lady who had translated it, printed it, and was going to publish it for the edification of Italians addicted to the torture of the lower creatures, horses in particular:—

"The little work has many inaccuracies. It supposes that humanity towards animals is a Divine precept. It supposes that there exists in animals a right which a man ought to respect, and it supposes that to be a good Christian one ought to be compassionate towards the beasts. The mode in which the author proceeds to prove his theme makes manifest that he has recourse only to the Bible, and to this interpreted according to his caprice."

There is a declaration somewhere to the effect that a good man is merciful to his beast, but this, by the rule of the decision above-quoted, is interpreted according to private caprice if it is understood to mean that one ought to be compassionate towards the beasts in order to be a good Christian. But is this morality? If the Pope's Censor is allowed to say so, the answer must be, "Ay, marry is't; Infalible Church morality." If he has erred in so saying, he is not fit for his place, and the Holy Father, who gives Hats to sound Doctors, should immediately give this unsound one the Sack. But there is good reason to suppose that the orthodoxy of this Roman is at least as sound as that of any Spaniard; and if his doctrine about humanity to animals, as above expounded, is a specimen of it, his master might assign him the office of a bishop in Spain, in which capacity he might be empowered to bestow the Apostolical benediction upon Bull-Fights.

THE SIMPLICITY OF A WAR CHRISTIAN.

THE REVEREND HENRY WARD BEECHER so worships the Union that he is ready to sacrifice his son to it "faster than ABRAHAM was going to offer up ISAAC." This looks like pretty considerable idolatry. One would think that Mr. BEECHER must be a queer sort of a Christian. So he is. Mr. BEECHER is a War Christian. The less he says about ABRAHAM the better. His only ABRAHAM is ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From Mr. BEECHER's speech at Glasgow we are surprised to learn that the deadly offence which we have given the Yankees, and for which they rail against us with such rabid malice, and vow robbery and murder against us with such venomous hate, is want of sympathy. What! Want of sympathy with a people who are struggling to prevent the disruption of their Empire? How can we, whose forefathers experienced the calamity of revolted colonies, fail to sympathise with the loyalty of the descendants of their revolted colonists?



Georgina. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY LITTLE POPPET?"

Little Poppet. "OH, AUNTY DEAR, WALTER CAN'T FIND HIS STUMPS, SO HE IS MAKING A WICKET OF MY BEST DOLL!"

BRITANNIA HOISTS HER STORM-DRUM.

Up with the drum that storm forebodes,
From the signal rigging flown;
The only puzzle's about the modes
In which to point the cone—
For upwards tells of storms from East,
And downwards from Westward blown.

But if upwards or downwards who shall say,
Or opposite cones together,
When clouds so bank and blacken each way,
Portending awful weather?
That not the most sky-piercing sense
That Europe holds dare speculate whence,
Or, still less, prophesy whither.

Will the storm come from the nor'-nor'-west:
About the Great Black Eagle's nest?
Where red stains freeze along the snow,
That fain poor Poland's dead would hide,
But up the accusing corpses show,
With teeth set hard as when they died,
With face to Heaven, and breast to foe,
Their hands still clenching scythe or spade
That served for bayonet or blade.

Where skeleton-like the charred beams peep
Out of those sheets of winter's sleep,
That look so pure and shroud such sin;
Or a little hand shows here and there,
Or a silky curl of infant's hair,
Still clasped the mother's hand within,
Who died so hard, yet could not save
The little one that shares her grave?

The clouds they draw to the nor'-nor'-west,
About the Great Black Eagle's nest,

So thick, so charged with vengeful ire,
So laden with God's own levin-fire,
It scarce may be but the storm must burst,
On the nest of the Great Black Eagle first.

But farther to South and more to West
The storm-clouds gather grim,
Where Dansker and Dutchy-man are prest
On Baltic's West-land rim,
Spirits of Vikings wake from sleep,
Who living loved the loud wild roar
Of elements upon the deep,
Or charged as fiercely on the shore,
And Swede and Norseman to Dansker calls,
And bids be of good cheer,
And forge-fire glows, and hammer falls,
Welding the armour for wooden walls,
Or shaping sword and spear,
And the white-hot metal splashing runs
Into the moulds of the mighty guns,
And growling thunder, near and far,
Roll up the sulphurous clouds of war.

Or comes the storm from the Banks of Spree,
Where "a little game" they're at,
With the Hohenzollern's crown for pea,
And for thimble DOLLÉ's his hat?
Comes the storm from the people's wrath,
Slow-roused, to sweep away
The bauble sceptre that bars the path
Of Prussia to breathing day?
Comes the storm from the smouldering fires
Of "Federal" Execution,
The breath of the Diet that never tires
Of its threats of Retribution?
Comes the storm from the clash in air
Of Pruss and Austrian Eagles?
Or from Franks with Prussians proud to wear
Their collars as Russia's beagles,



THE STORM-SIGNAL.

We know not whence the storm may come,
But its coming's in the air,

And this is the warning of the drum,
Against the storm, PREPARE!



THE STOKES-SIGMA

THE STOKES-SIGMA

THE STOKES-SIGMA

To hunt the Polish patriot down,
Or the baser bound, that for the crown,
Betrays whom he inveigles?

Comes the storm from the bed that heaves
With the groans of "the sick man" lying,
With his hairs all cursing him in their sleeves,
Because he's so long a-dying?
Comes the storm from Venice or Rome?
Or comes the storm from across the foam?
Where, as North and South, the tempest rages,
And threatens e'en their ancient Home,
Once place of Pilgrimages,
But now their scold and scorn and hate,
Because we have watched their storms rage on,
And only prayed they might abate,
Nor catch up Englishman, Frank, or Don,
And tangle Europe with Union's fate?

But howsoever we hoist the drum,
Or whencesoever the storm may come,
A watchful, wily, Eagle I see
With the banks of the Seine for his airy,
That wheels and wheels about the piles
Of cloud, all sullen with stormy war,
Now soaring, sinking otherwhiles,
As if he scented the prey a-far,
And meant that the storm where'er it break,
Should bring him food for his yellow beak.

We know not whence the storm may come,
But its coming's in the air,
And this is the warning of the drum,
Against the storm, PREPARE!

A HANDFUL OF HAWTHORN.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, author of the *Scarlet Letter* and the *House with the Seven Gables* (you see we at once endeavour to create a prejudice in your favour) you are a 'cute man of business besides being a pleasing writer. We have often credited you with literary merit, and your style, dear boy, puts to shame a good many of our own writers who ought to write better than they do. But now let us have the new pleasure of congratulating you on showing that you are as smart a man, as much up to snuff, if you will pardon the colloquialism, as any Yankee publisher who ever cheated a British author. You have written a book about England, and into this book you have put all the caricatures and libels upon English folk, which you collected while enjoying our hospitality. Your book is thoroughly saturated with what seems ill-nature and spite. You then wait until the relations between America and England are unpleasant, until the Yankee public desires nothing better than good abuse of the Britisher, and then like a wise man, you cast your disagreeable book into the market. Now we like adroitness, even when displayed at our own expense, and we hope that the book will sell largely in America, and put no end of dollars to your account. There was once a person of your Christian name, who was said to be without guile. Most American pedigrees are dubious, but we think you would have a little extra trouble to prove your descent from NATHANIEL of Israel. In a word, you are a Smart Man, and we can hardly say anything more likely to raise you in the esteem of those for whom you have been composing. Come, there is none of the "insular narrowness," on which you compliment us all, in this liberal tribute to your deserts. You see that in spite of what you say, "these people" (the English) do not all "think so loftily of themselves and so contemptuously of everybody else that it requires more generosity than you possess to keep always in perfectly good humour with them." You will have no difficulty in keeping in perfectly good humour with us.

We are pleased with you, too, on another point. You stick at nothing, and we like earnestness. Not content with smashing up our male population in the most overbearing manner, you make the most savage onslaught upon our women. This will be doubly pleasant to your delicate-minded and chivalrous countrymen. And we are the more inclined to give you credit here, because you do not write of ladies whom you have seen at a distance, or in their carriages, or from the point of view of a shy and awkward man who sculks away at the rustle of a crinoline, and hides himself among the ineligible at the ball-room door. Everybody knows that you have had ample opportunity of cultivating ladies' society, and have availed yourself of that opportunity to the utmost. Everybody in the world knows that the gifted American Consul at Liverpool is an idoliser of the ladies, and is one of the most ready, fluent, accomplished talkers of lady-talk that ever fascinated a sofa-full of smiling beauties. His gay and airy entrance into a drawing-room, his pleasant assurance and graceful courtesy, his evident revel in the refined atmosphere of perfume and *persiflage*, are proverbial, and therefore he is thoroughly acquainted with the nature and habits of

English women. Consequently his tribute has a value which would not appertain to the criticisms of a sheepish person, either so inspired with a sense of his own infinite superiority, or so operated on by plebeian *mauvaise honte*, that he edges away from a lady, flounders and talks nonsense when compelled to answer her, and escapes with a red face, like a clumsy hobbadehoy, the moment a pause allows him to do so. No, no, this is the testimony of the lady-killer, the sparkling yet tender Liverpool Lovelace, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, to the merits of our English women.

"English girls seemed to me all homely alike. They seemed to be country lasses, of sturdy and wholesome aspect, with coarse-grained, cabbage-rose cheeks, and, I am willing to suppose, a stout texture of moral principle, such as would bear a good deal of rough usage without suffering much detriment. But how unlike the trim little damsels of my native land! I desire above all things to be courteous."

Courteous. Of course. How can the drawing-room idol be anything but courteous? He simply sketches our young ladies truthfully. Indeed he says so:—

"Since the plain truth must be told, the soil and climate of England produce feminine beauty as rarely as they do delicate fruit, and though admirable specimens of both are to be met with, they are the hot-house ameliorations of refined society, and apt, moreover, to relapse into the coarseness of the original stock. The men are man-like, but the women are not beautiful, though the female Bull he well enough adapted to the male."

"The female Bull." Cow would have been neater, and more entertaining, perhaps, to Broadway; but one would not mend after a master.

But our matrons. We rather, in our weakness, piqued ourselves upon our matrons, with what we've thought their handsome faces, ready smiles, cheerful kindness, and tongues that talk freely because the hearts are innocent. Thanks to our Lovelace-Adonis, we now know that we must abandon this superstition. Here is his sketch of the English married lady of middle age:—

"She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the mucousness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, seldom positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible."

Calmly terrible. Is not this a momentary weakness, NATHANIEL? Can any created woman be terrible to you? Away, eater of hearts. You don't fear any matron. You show it in your next passage:—

"You may meet this figure in the street, and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ball-room, with the bare brawny arms that she invariably displays there, and all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossom, but a spectacle to howl at in such an overblown cabbage-rose as this."

Well painted, NATHANIEL, with a touch worthy of RUBENS, who was we think, your great uncle, or was it MILTON, or THERRITES, or somebody else, who, in accordance with American habit, was claimed as your ancestor. Never mind, you are strong enough in your own works to bear being supposed a descendant from a gorilla, were heraldry unkind. Mr. Punch makes you his best compliments on your smartness, and on the gracious elegance of your descriptions of those with whom you are known to have been so intimate, and he hopes that you will soon give the world a sequel to *Transformation*, in the form of an autobiography. For he is very partial to essays on the natural history of half-civilised animals.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE POPE.

THE *Tablet's* own Correspondent at Rome writes as follows about VICTOR-EMMANUEL, whom most people in their senses call the KING OF ITALY:—

"THE KING OF PIEDMONT has been seriously ill, but has, however, recovered his usual health by means of very severe remedies, and the popular mind in Rome connects his indisposition with the late devotions, a pretty clear indication that the people have not lost their faith."

That is to say, we presume, the faithful Romans believe that the Sovereign abovenamed owes his recovery from his indisposition to the devotions ordered by the POPE, which have rendered the operation of the very severe remedies, resorted to for its cure, effectual. We rejoice to learn that his Holiness prays for his enemies with such success as that which is attested by the restoration of the KING OF ITALY's health.

Black and White.

THE KING OF DAHOMBY is expected at St. Petersburg on a visit to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. After a short sojourn with ALEXANDER THE SECOND, his sable Majesty will proceed to Wilna, and stay some time with GENERAL MOURAVIEFF in order to witness the butcheries which are going on in Poland.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



HEIDELBERG, or the Bridge, the Town, and the Tower! This is our next point. A lazy old place, sure enough, with all the H'Idle burghers lounging in their shop doors, if there's nothing doing.

Every one here seems to have suddenly, in printers' phrase, been set up in small caps, for caps of all sorts, sizes, and colours, ornament the heads of the University youths. They are very free with their swords, and the following University rules are found necessary:—

1. Any Student refusing to give his name to the Proctor in the streets, may be immediately cut down by the bull-dogs.

2. That in cramming for examinations the armed Students *in statu pupillari* shall run through several authors.

3. That every candidate at Matriculation shall be able to translate ARNOLD'S *Roman Sword Exercises*.

You will be considered a great man among them if you appear as a Professor of the Noble Art of Self Defence, and give Lectures on the New Cut, Lambeth.

Of course the first thing you'll want to go and see is the Castle. Well, you'll have to go up a hill. This Castle was taken once by the French, and once by MR. TURNER, the celebrated artist. The Electors Palatine, who used to live here, were people of *bon Tun*, as may be seen if you visit the cellar, where stands the celebrated Tun, on the top of which the peasants, when they were very jolly, used to dance. This was when the vintage had been a good one, and the happy rustics were living on the vat of the land. There is some trick connected with a fox's brush, that starts out of somewhere suddenly, and hits you anywhere when you pull a string, of which we have some vague and unpleasant recollection; if you don't want to know anything about it, don't pull any string, and you'll be safe.

Of course, while you are at Heidelberg you will stop at an Hotel. Now the mention of an hotel naturally leads us to the subject of pickles. You will be in a hurry to see the sights of the town, and desirous of making a rapid act of feeding. No more rapid act can be made than an attack upon cold beef and pickles. Tourist, beware in every place of pickles. Few and far between are the instances of jars of these luxuries being unadulterated. As a rule they *are* adulterated, and, specially in Germany, with copper. Now copper in this form is first cousin to poison, and it is admitted on all hands that it is unpleasant to be poisoned anywhere, but specially in Germany, and more particularly in Heidelberg. Now then the question is, do you understand the science of Toxicology? If you can't pronounce this word, use any other you like; such names are but arbitrary; but bear in mind that this science has nothing to do with bows and arrows. On arriving therefore at your inn, immediately inquire of the landlord if he is a Toxicologist; the word may be sung or said according to fancy, powers of vocalisation, or special opportunity. He may stammer out a reply, or he may not understand you: in either case, Tourist beware, and having ordered at once your cold collation, immediately attempt to detect the presence of copper.

Now the first way to detect the presence of copper, is to offer the lowest silver coin in your possession, and to ask for change for that amount. If they are unable to give it you, be on your guard, lest all the available copper may have been invested in pickles. If the sum in the metal is given you, remember that it may be but the residue of what has already been sunk in pickles. Cold steel will always attract copper; and a celebrated Italian brigand, when in a genial and communicative mood, once informed us that he had been able to detect the presence of copper in a landlord's pocket, by introducing a small and exquisitely shaped dagger into the corporeal vicinity of that region. This is a method which we would hardly advise the ordinary Tourist to adopt, but as he loves his health and would avoid dyspepsia, let him study Toxicology or whatever he likes to call it, and give his earnest consideration to the subject of pickles. *Experientia docet*, and he who doesn't

take warning by our *experientia*, will have to "dose it" pretty considerably. After this we need hardly say that you'll leave this romantic town as quickly as possible. For ourselves, having found that we were treading upon this mine of copper, we, nearly exploding with indignation, took a light luncheon, and then went off with our present report. Away to Baden-Baden, merely observing that the railway by which you travel has all its seats (MURRAY says) "comfortably stuffed full," and therefore it must be very difficult to procure a place to yourself. Be careful to say "That's the Ticket," to the railway clerk, when you take your billet for Baden-Baden.

You know the reputation of this place for gambling, of course, and therefore you will not be surprised on entering the town at once to be asked by the Inspector of Police, "How much you'll stake on the black? or what are the odds against red turning up three times running?"

Whether you look black or turn red upon being thus addressed, the surrounding natives will call at your hotel, leave their cards upon you, and subsequently give you their hands. Beware of such friendship. Baden-Baden is a very damp place, and one of the chief residents, the man who keeps the Bank at the Tables, suffers with the croup all the year round, and is therefore known as the Croupier. You will see plenty of Rakes on and about this Board of green cloth. When you have lost more than two florins go away, take a pocket-pistol, and treat yourself to a "blow out" at the nearest restaurant's. Having finished all your gamb'ling in the town, you can leave the valley and gambol on the hills. There are some very pretty walks about the place and some nice runs, the best being a good run of Luck in the Conversationshaus.

The excursionist, although personally objecting to the monastic system, should not refuse to take the vale of the Murg. Here you get a foretaste, or rather a one taste, of the coming Switzerland. Sing *Tallalietty, Tulla li-he-ho*, and prepare to be marching to the *Margin of fair Zurich's waters, Tallalietty, da capo*. By the way the first *Merry Swiss Boy* we ever saw, had taken a great deal more fruit than was good for him, and was bemoaning his sad fate at the hands of a peculiarly grim Swiss, or as she appeared in this instance, Swiss matron. Here we have the *Merry Swiss Boy* according to the popular notion of that jovial character; and also the *Merry Swiss Boy* when he's not merry. Look on this picture and on that.



QUESTION FOR THE CLERK OF ST. BRIDE'S.

WHY is a very stout Bridesmaid like a first-rate bottle of Claret? Because she's all Body and Bouquet.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.



SCHEME for opening Gremorne during the winter is on foot. The attendants at the cloak rooms will let out great coats at so much an hour, and tailors will be at hand to let them out any further, or take them in, according to the size of the wearer. The band will play with their feet in hot water, and the supper boxes will be lighted with tallow candles, in order that those ladies and gentlemen who are afflicted with colds in their heads may have the favourable opportunity of gently lubricating their unfortunate noses. The Zoological Gardens will lend their best specimens of Wipers. The refreshment-room managers have already applied at the Middlesex Sessions for a licence to sell Gruel.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON will soon retire from office. The inhabitants of Chamounix have offered him, we hear, the chief civil office in their village, and have engaged to stand

him a bottle of Larose every Saturday night. The offer has been refused in consequence of a jealous feeling, which, we understand, exists between the English Mayor and the great Swiss Mayor of Mont Blanc, known everywhere as the Mayor de Glace.

Most of the good folks of England have had a "shake down for a night" in the shape of the earthquake. Some people appear to have been pitched into the middle of next week on the night, or rather the Heave of the Convulsion.

THE KING OF GREECE has been taking the Air of England, and the Heir of England has been taking the KING OF GREECE to all sorts of amusements. By the way, if his Hellenic Majesty should rule his people after the LOUIS NAPOLEON pattern, his style and title will be changed to "His L.N.-ic Majesty."

The question of the Rules to be observed at Football has been laid at the feet of several Public School Professors of the Art. In consequence of this a new club, members of which belong to Eton, Harrow, Westminster, Winchester, and Rugby, respectively, has lately been formed, in order to arrange one General set of Rules for Football. They will play every Saturday afternoon. The name they have adopted is, "The Miserable Shimmers."

A Testimonial, we hear, is about to be presented by several scientific bodies to MR. CRAMPLIN or CRUMPLIN, the great Astronomer, on account of his recent discoveries of Meteoric Fire-balloons in the air.

A HUSBAND ON TIPS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT nonsense they write about not giving fees to Railway Porters.

Let me ask you a few questions. Never mind about answering them.

Are you a married man?

Do you ever take your wife on railway journeys?

Has she much luggage?

Do you tip the porters?

Do you know how much more quickly the tipper is sent off with all his boxes, than a non-tipper?

Do you like a woman to be pleased, or do you prefer her sulky?

I am not going to make any deductions, but if you are able to put this and that together, you will easily see what I mean, and will never lend yourself to the nonsense of urging a man—that is, a husband—to save a shilling at the expense of a scolding for having been half-an-hour collecting two or three (eleven) boxes. Bachelors may be virtuous, if they like. I seldom find that they do like.

Yours truly,

BENEDICT WISEMAN.

Brompton Square.

MRS. ALEXANDER BROWNRIGG'S REPLY TO MRS. BULL.

MADAM,

I REG to assure you it is only lest you should fancy I am flattered and embarrassed by the rustle of your foreign note paper, that I condescend to make any reply to your impertinent remarks upon the mode in which I think proper to conduct my branch establishment, known as the *Maison de deuil*. Whatever their sufferings may be, you have no right at all, Madam, to interfere between me and my apprentices. I know you demur to that term, and call them slaves, but they are apprentices, and I am teaching them their business. I am teaching them to love me, while eating the bread of humbleness over their mourning.

You say that correction inflicted with whips of Russian leather is an outrage on humanity. I presume, Madam, you have forgotten the peculiar relation which exists between those on whose behalf you interpose and myself. Their introduction to me was quite a business transaction. The deed of assignment by which as turnovers they passed into my hands was properly executed and attested, and two other ladies were parties to the deed, one of whom I regret to add has lately turned her back upon me in a manner that etiquette will not permit me to describe. With respect to the partition by which as you assert my people's Constitution has been seriously affected, that subject has been ventilated quite enough already.

No one then can deny that I have legal authority for confining my people to their sewing machines, and depriving them altogether of their liberty if they presume to use their tongues. I have told them repeatedly that if they dared to go to the windows and look abroad, so as to excite the compassion of strangers, I would certainly put them in chains. If they murmured at their diet, I would have them severely chastised; and if they sneered at my livery, I would set my dogs upon them. These acts of disobedience they have committed, and I have redeemed my promise. I am perfectly sensible of my responsibility. Whatever my dreams of conquest may in earlier days have been (when I had great expectations from the sick gentleman, who is one of Dr. BULL's out-patients), I have no desire now to win the affections of all mankind, nor do I profess that my sympathies like yours, Madam, at present extend from pole to pole.

It is just possible, Madam, that you labour under the impression that I have no friends, and may therefore be interrogated with impunity. A recent incident will show, that this idea is entirely destitute of foundation. Some of my people whom I had occasion to punish for refusing to assist in putting the Royal Arms over my door, made their escape into the adjoining premises of an eccentric but tender-hearted manufacturer of Prussian blue, who was standing on the wall of his house, and innocently engaged in kicking the bricks from under his feet. How my excellent neighbour acted, ought, Madam, if you have any capacity for blushing, to suffice your countenance with crimson. Did he write me an expostulatory note? Certainly not, but having sent the fugitives back with his best compliments, he offered in a most generous spirit, to lend me any quantity of hemp from his garden, though I believe he is cultivating it purely for his own use.

I am now taking such steps as I think necessary for bringing these ill-advised persons to a sense of their extreme wickedness, and when they have saturated the straw on which they sleep, with penitential tears, I shall be prepared to listen to their complaints, if they have any, and not till then.

In conclusion, Madam, let me kindly warn you that any further remonstrances on your part may be attended with unpleasant consequences. I am quite willing to give you credit for your good intentions, and shall always think of you with profound respect, so long as you are polite enough—avoiding French fashions—not to walk into my shop.

I have the honour, Madam, to remain,

Yours very obediently,

A. BROWNRIGG,

Formerly of the Firm of ROMANOFF, HAPSBURG and BRANDENBURG, Court Habit Makers, &c.

N.B. Family Mourning supplied. Please, notice the Sign—formerly the Bear and Ragged Staff, now the Bear and Mutilated Pole.

Horrid Vulpicide.

YOICKS! Tallyho! Masters of Hounds! Gentlemen of the Hunting Field! Only think of the subjoined statement by the Correspondent of the *Times* at Paris:—

"A Sportsman, writing from Vitry le François, in the Marne, mentions an extraordinary and almost unprecedented fact. M. GUYOT, a retired butcher, assisted by a tradesman of Vitry, killed six full grown foxes in one earth."

Will you not subscribe for a waxen image of this vulpicidal monster, to be placed in TUSSAUD's Chamber of Horrors? Do. The money will be willingly taken at 85, Fleet Street.



TO BE PITIED.

Youth. "WHAT! NO SMOKING CARRIAGE! WHY WHAT'S A FELLAH TO DO FOR THREE HOURS?"

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE well-known and justly celebrated intrepid aeronauts, MESSRS. GLAISHER and COXWELL, the other day landed at my place in the country. Fortunately we had a large and jovial dinner-party on that identical evening, at which I had the honour of entertaining these three gentlemen as my distinguished guests. About twelve o'clock, P.M., when we were just beginning to warm to our wine, Mr. GLAISHER felt the urgent necessity of communicating to the world at large, through the medium of your widely-penetrating columns, the interesting discoveries that had been that day made. Fired with this idea, we pulled my Private Secretary from under the table, where I suppose he had been bashfully concealing himself, and having wrapped a cool towel round his head, (he was nearly strangled, owing to some uncertainty on the part of my friends as to the exact position of his forehead), we placed pens and ink before him, and he at once took down from Mr. GLAISHER's dictation, the following Account of the Great Balloon Ascent, which I now forward to you, Sir, (as containing matter of interest and importance to the nation in general, and the scientific public in particular.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

DUBBEL MAGNUM.

THE SITIFIC COUNT OF MESSERGLAISHERAROXELL.*

The Ascent was made under an arch in the gas works of the British Association. The only witness was sent to grass for corresponding with the Solstice, S.W. I went up with GENERAL LAYER, who kept his eye far above the atmosphere. I played on instruments with cumuli clouds, which rested on heavy ordnance.

The Balloon was 200005 feet above H.M. 59. 30000, 1 h. ground at 2 P.M. The temperature of the air was 0000000000000000, &c., and Mr. COXWELL decreased to two and a half when he varied and declined

* This heading, it appears, was written somewhat later in the evening, and is, we imagine, the short-hand, or three-bottle-of-port hand, for "Scientific Account of MESSRS. GLAISHER and COXWELL."

to snow. The Dew point on the Hydrometer above zero became saturated to 460; the weight of the water on Mr. COXWELL's cubic foot was affected by the Sun's ray.

At 5 o'clock the increase was obtained by a division, and we caught a Blackened Bulb Thermometer reading with its rays and blacking the eye of the Sun. Three miles above the shade somebody was taking ozone powders; but he was exposed three months ago, and has been a spectrum ever since. After this he extended from A to beyond H, and his violet ends became numerous. The necessity of playing on other instruments prevented me from firing guns at Mr. COXWELL.

The view at this point was like huge swans harmoniously grouped. On the plain the trees moved with great rapidity, and after feeling Mr. COXWELL's bumps, we avoided a farm house and bounded on the light earth. It was most painful on opening my packages to see the debris of Mr. COXWELL quite uninjured. As for ourselves we had several bruises about the size of the equinox. PROFESSOR TINDALL, filled with two bags of air, was washing the blackened bulb.

We descended at Temple Bar, six miles N.W. of — BLACKBURN, Esq., and our best thanks are due to the Balloon, who, in the kindest hospitality sent his carriage to meet us at the Station.

Justifiable Indignation.

A HANDSOME London lady of our acquaintance, who is the most determined of sight-seers, flew into the prettiest anger when she heard of the Earthquake. "If it had only been properly advertised," she said, "we would all have gone down to Hereford, by express train, to feel it. But it's just like those provincials—they never can do anything right." A box for *Manfred* has done her a little good, but the Earthquake is still a sore subject.

BEST EVIDENCE OF THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

(Dedicated to SIR CHARLES LYELL.)

THE fact that he *won't* take another cigar, and *will* go home in a close cab.



EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN CALLING.

A VOICE FROM THE NEIGHBOURING CAB-STAND (excitedly). "Don't 'it 'im! Don't 'it 'im! Sit on 'is ed!"

A NEW NORMAN CONQUEST.

WE have a thorough regard and respect for DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, the Editor of *Good Words*, and we have watched, with considerable pleasure, his somewhat recent contest with and complete victory over the Presbyterian clergyman who edits the *Record*, and who is so vehement a supporter of the Church of England. The *Record* was so shocked at DR. MACLEOD for presuming to teach that children might be brought up kindly and cheerily, and permitted to be happy in this world, that the Exeter Hall journal assailed the Doctor in a way which, had it not been so excessively pious would have been excessively impertinent. So the stalwart and large-hearted Doctor rolled his assailant over and over, amid the applause of the truly religious and the groans of the fanatics. The *Record* has not had such a shaking for a long time, and we hope that the castigation he has been privileged to receive may be blessed to him. But as we are desirous to prevent its being supposed that DR. MACLEOD is for indiscriminate and undeserved indulgence, we beg to submit a little bit from a capital paper in *Good Words*. It describes the early struggles of a Scottish country schoolmaster. He toils away, cheered by a certain love-vision. The lady is false:—

"She had not the pluck to stand by her master when the LAIRD OF BLACKMOSS was pressing for her hand. And then the black curly hairs of the master turned to grey as the dream of his life vanished, and he awoke to the reality of a heart that can never love another, and to a school with its A B C and Syntax. But somehow the dream comes back in its tenderness as he strokes the hair of some fair girl in the class and looks into her eyes; or it comes back in its bitterness, and a fire begins to burn at his heart, which very possibly passes off like a shock of electricity along his right arm, and down the black tawse, finally discharging itself with a flash and a roar into some lazy mass of agricultural flesh who happens to have a vulgar look like the LAIRD OF BLACKMOSS, and an unprepared lesson!"

Mr. Punch has been for years letting his tawse into lazy masses of agricultural flesh, until he has effected a marvellous reform in the bucolic world. Many farmers are now known to express themselves with something like good sense upon the topics of the day, their mode of culture is much improved, they have ceased to execrate the late SIR ROBERT PEEL, and Mr. Punch has very good hopes of their ultimate civilisation. So he sympathises with the master whose sensations are thus vigorously described—not, of course, that Mr. Punch was ever crossed in love, his chief trouble being to repel, with befitting gentleness, the sedulous adoration of the softer constituents of the Census. But, referring to the above extract, he would just say that if he were a Scotch boy whose parents were looking out for a school for him, he should specially beg

THE QUIET ENGLISH READER.

A LEADER in the *Post* contained the following noteworthy remarks on a certain difference between the reading of girls and boys:

"Boys, on the other hand, take a sort of pride in abstaining from all manifestation of feeling. They will read the narrative of DAVID's contest with GOLIATH with the same monotonous delivery as they would read a chapter of genealogies. The boy who attempted to read a lively or pathetic passage in a tone and manner befitting the subject would inevitably be laughed at by all the other lads; and he prudently declines to excite and encounter such a storm of ridicule from his companions."

Old MR. SCROGGES, at his breakfast-table, read the foregoing passage to his nephew TOM, home for a holiday, and asked him what he said to it. TOM at first replied that he didn't know; but on being offered sixpence to express his thoughts, spoke as follows:—

"A chap hates showing off, and hates to see another chap show off. It's all very well for a girl; but for a boy—beastly. I'm told I ought to read with feeling. I should just hate to. A chap might as well dance about in a crinoline. See how pretty, and clever, and soft I am!—that's as much as what a fellow says when he reads and tries to come it affecting. Groaning, and turning up his eyes to make other chaps cry, a bloke looks so spooney—yah! Give us the kick."

"Very true, very true, TOM; I perfectly agree with you," said the old gentleman, "and, TOM, here is half-a-crown for you instead of sixpence; and I say, TOM, I wish that some of those reverend gentlemen who, as the newspapers say in their accounts of weddings, read the marriage service in an 'impressive manner,' would be guided in future by your judicious remarks on the subject of elocution. Ahem!"

that they would inquire whether the master had been happy in his amatory arrangements. For it must be but a partial satisfaction, when one has been exceedingly well wopped, to reflect that the last half-dozen were given, not to oneself, but to the lout who carried off MISS MARY—*Venus to hoc vulnere*—it is not Wisdom but Love that is coming down upon you with that most objectionable leather. And, *apropos* of nothing, we hope that the Presbyterian *Record* liked the tawse as administered to it by DR. MACLEOD. From the noise the Exeter Hall journal made, we fear we must infer that it did not. But we give the poor *Record* a splendid revenge—a good, spiteful, pious jeer at DR. MACLEOD, for having been complimented by that wicked *Punch*. Go it, Philadelphia.

ANOTHER KING WANTED.

WE read in the *Churchman's Family Magazine and Dissenter's Household Miscellany*, that—

"In 1339 a grand tournament was held in Cheapside for the entertainment of the French ambassador and his suite. . . . A wooden scaffolding was constructed for the accommodation of the Queen and her ladies, but in the midst of the sports it unhappily gave way, to the great alarm, but not the bodily injury, of its fair occupants. KING EDWARD immediately ordered the carpenter to be hung, but on the intercession of good QUEEN PHILIPPA, rescinded his cruel sentence."

Cruel! Hm. QUEEN PHILIPPA was a very kind lady, and all that, but—as we said, Hm. If the carpenter had time to do the work properly, and if no more tickets were issued than the place was intended to hold, and if the unticketed public did not scramble up, and if the mob played no larks with the supports, we really do not feel that we can make any remark more to the point than our above observation; namely, Hm—with a slight addition, *videlicet*, that we wish KING EDWARD would come back, for the benefit of certain railway managers. There have been about a dozen needless accidents within the last fortnight, and a King who would hint, as distinctly as did EDWARD, that he insisted on the lives and limbs of his subjects being cared for, would be a most blessed Domestic Institution. We should suggest his leaving QUEEN PHILIPPA in the Elysian Fields.

Cruel Treatment of an Invalid.

A HELPLESS Invalid, whose case required peculiarly gentle treatment at his attendants' hands, was the other day at Brighton placed, by his doctor's orders, in a Bath chair, and, in this position, he was pulled about by two of his own servants. Barbarous!

THE EARL OF LEITRIM'S REVENGE.



refuse admittance to LORD CARLISLE and his party. If there should be the slightest difficulty as to filling the hotel, or the occupation of the rooms, my desire is that you will fill each room with the workmen; but you must not admit LORD CARLISLE, and consequently the rooms should be occupied previous to his coming there, any orders you may have received notwithstanding. I rely on your observing my wishes to the letter. Yours faithfully, LEITRIM."

"P.S. I will pay for the tenants using the rooms."

It is difficult to decide whether the foregoing mandate is more to be admired for dignity or for grammar. In the latter point it is adorned with two peculiar graces. The first of

his Noble EARL OF LEITRIM, being an Irish Landlord, has of course been shot at; but though a man of some mark he had the fortune to be missed. It is the opinion of his Lordship that the Irish Government omitted duly to punish the author of the outrage which he experienced. To this impression on the mind of LORD LEITRIM is ascribed the subjoined letter, which that nobleman wrote to one of his passal, keeper of the Maam Hotel, in the West of Ireland, through which Her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant, the EARL OF CARLISLE, happened to be journeying at the time on a tour of inspection:—

"KING. I will be obliged to you to fill the hotel with my tenants forthwith. Let every room be occupied immediately, and continue to be occupied; and when so occupied, you will

these, it may have been observed, is the future "will" in the place of "shall." It may be considered as a special example of Irish-English grammar, being one of those distinctive beauties of Hibernian composition, by which it betrays itself everywhere in Yankee newspapers. The other is an instance of English Grammar as modified in the Cockney dialect, and consists in the employment of an adjective adverbially, or as the noble grammarian himself might say, adverbial. On the whole, perhaps, the noble earl's epistle may be pronounced to be about equally grammatical and dignified. LORD LEITRIM's grammar may be, to write it, nothing to nobody; but his dignity concerns his order. A testimonial in honour of the magnanimity displayed by the EARL OF LEITRIM in the expedient to which he resorted in order to spite the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, should be immediately subscribed for by the Irish nobility. An ornamental peg-top, or an embellished paper kite, would be a suitable form for a tribute to manly resentment. But the fittest shape for the present would be that of a coronet of conical form and moderately costly material, smartly laced, ribboned, and otherwise decorated, especially adorned with two auricular appendages, and surmounted with a fassel. This complimentary cap should be moreover embroidered with an inscription appropriating it to the head of the EARL OF LEITRIM, late Deputy Lieutenant and Magistrate of that same, and late also in the Commission of the Peace for Donegal and Galway.

The Government of Her Majesty has shown its appreciation of the courteous and loyal rebuke administered to it by this high-minded Peer, by relieving him of his executive duties. The testimonial which he has received at their hands is the Sack.

Hint for the Cambridge Editors.

THE confessions which have been extorted from the doctors, make one think that when SHAKESPEARE wrote of "the Bourne from which no traveller returns," he meant Eastbourne.

MR. PHELPS AS MANFRED.

MR. PUNCH hates to differ from anybody, as must have been observed throughout his career. Specially, he hates to differ from his brethren of the Press. But in this matter of the play, which is not a play, called *Manfred*, he begs to state that having twice witnessed the same, he has arrived at opposite conclusions from those of his literary contemporaries. The revival is a great success—not what is called a first night success, with a house full of paper, box-keepers stamping and clapping in lobbies, and friends of the management pitching its own bouquets from private boxes; but a real draw—the theatre crammed with Ones Who Pay, and the attention as marked as the applause. So far he and his contemporaries agree. But he is by no means inclined to allow that the getting up of the piece is the attraction. It is got up very well, and there is one really fine scene, and there is an excellent ghost, and a terrible corpse, and a dreadful grey spectre, and there is also plenty of music, which might be better, and better given. But there are two other "features" which, Mr. Punch respectfully submits, have a good deal to do with the success. One is LORD BYRON's poetry, and the other is MR. PHELPS's delivery thereof. Touching the first, Mr. Punch may observe that possibly the poem had better not have been written, and certainly it is not a play. BYRON, being a man of the world, as well as a great poet, had the wit to see that the work was not adapted for public performance, though SHELLEY, who was not a man of the world as well as a great poet, was indignant that he could not get a tragedy, with a still more hideous mystery, performed by decent ladies and gentlemen. But, though *Manfred* is not a play, it is a magnificent poem, and poetry, in spite of the sensationists, has yet a hold upon the public heart. In the next place, MR. PHELPS delivers the whole of the poetry in a masterly and powerful manner, acts admirably, when the poet allows him a chance, and by various tones and touches of artistic subtlety and finish presents an extraordinary portrait of an impossible and yet imposing character. It is a relief to hear the lofty utterances of a tragedian speaking poetry, after the various noises in which nonsense has been heard so long. The cheers given to MR.

PHELPS were honourable to him and to those who cheered so lustily. Mr. Punch therefore puts in his protest on behalf of author and actor, and is slightly amused at the scepticism which, perhaps not unnaturally, refuses to believe that audiences accustomed to vulgar sensations can relish anything better, and sets down their pleasure to the account of a spectacle. Having thus relieved his mind, he proceeds to add that MR. RYDER was impressive as the brave old priest, who is no more afraid of the demon than is *Manfred*, but has better reason for his courage, and that if it were the custom, which it is not, for a critic to walk out of his box, come upon the stage before the audience, and kiss a young lady as a reward of merit, Mr. Punch would have performed, paternally, that ceremony, in the case of Miss ROSE LE CLERCQ, who had about twelve words to say, and said them, especially the last, in a way which Mr. Punch—who never abuses the good gift of speech by exaggeration,—unhesitatingly describes as exquisite.

A REGULAR GUY.

THE British Archaeologists diversified their proceedings at Leeds with excursions, one of which was a visit to Farnley Hall. There, according to a contemporary—

"MR. F. H. FAWKES received his visitors with great courtesy, and appeared to take much pleasure in showing them his fine collection of pictures."

The above-quoted report goes on to mention, amongst the paintings of MR. FAWKES, several "choice works by Guppo." May we ask if they included a portrait of one of the proprietor's ancestors, executed by himself?

Good Girls.

SOME kind little Milliners have, out of their scant earnings, subscribed, we observe, in aid of the victims at Warsaw. This is indeed a pretty illustration of the Needle being true to the Pole.

WISDOM AND LICENCES.

THE reports of the meetings of Magistrates, for the purpose of deciding what Licences should be granted to places for public amusement, are somewhat incomplete. *Mr. Punch* has therefore the pleasure of supplying the omitted decisions, which he thinks will, if possible, increase the admiration of the public at the wisdom, absence of caprice, and attention to fair play, which characterise the tribunal in question.

At the adjourned Meeting of Magistrates on Wednesday last the following Licences for music and dancing were applied for:—

THE PIG AND WHISTLE, ISLINGTON.

The Magistrates said that Islington had been proverbially known as "Merry Islington" for years. It could therefore want no more places of amusement. Licence refused.

THE HAMLET THE DAVE, STRAND.

The Magistrates said that no additional music could be needed near St. Clement Danes. The beautiful chimes in the Church tower left nothing to be desired, and if the inhabitants wanted melody, let them sit at their windows and listen to the Church. Licence refused.

THE SMOOTHER PORPOISE, ALEGATE.

The Magistrates said that a public-house of that name had been much complained of by the people at Kensington.

The Applicant submitted that his was a different house, many miles from Kensington.

The Magistrates said that the moral was the same. Licence refused.

THE CALIOPHE ROOMS, CAMDEN TOWN.

The Magistrates said that the former licensee of this establishment had died of the measles, and it was their duty to protect the public against infection.

The Applicant, son to the former owner, said that it was from gout, which was not exactly infectious.

The Magistrates said that if it was gout, it must have been occasioned by his drinking too much, which showed that he was not a well-conducted man, and not likely to have brought up his son properly. Licence refused.

THE DANCING BEAR, BILLINGSMOUTH.

The Magistrates said that the impertinence of taking such a title, when the applicant did not know that he should get a dancing licence at all, was enough to disqualify him.

A Magistrate. It's more than we can, "Bear." (*Shouts of laughter from the police.*) Licence refused.

THE ROC'S EGG, CHELSEA.

The Magistrates said that the Applicant must be an idiot, and therefore unfit to conduct a tavern. How could a rock lay eggs?

MR. BALLANTINE, as *amicus curiæ*, would say that the pigeon called a Blue Rock might.

The Magistrates said that they would not sanction a place for the cruel amusement of pigeon-shooting. Licence refused.

THE GILLIE CALLUM, HOLBORN.

The Magistrates said that they understood that this house was to take its name from a Highland dance between two drawn swords, and that it would probably be performed in the tavern. As this was a most dangerous amusement, it could not be tolerated.

A Magistrate. Nothing should be drawn in a tavern except beer. (*Shouts of laughter from the police.*) Licence refused.

THE TRAVELLER'S JOY, DALSTON.

The Magistrates said that the Applicant evidently intended to evade the law against supplying any persons not travellers on Sundays. Licence refused.

THE FLOWING BOWL, BROMPTON.

The Magistrates said that they did not sit there to give a man a licence to annoy his neighbours with bowl-playing, which also led to gambling. Licence refused.

THE WINKING WHEEL, HAMSTEAD.

The Magistrates said that they had felt disposed to grant this licence, but had been informed that the Applicant stuttered. This would lead to incessant misunderstandings with customers, and what was called claff, which led to quarrels. Licence refused.

THE RAM OF DERBY, CHISWICK.

The Magistrates said that twenty-seven bad cases had been proved against him, the Applicant, and there were fights in his house every night. Now as there were thirty public-houses in the street, his might be closed without inconvenience, and if they heard of many more murders in his tavern, they might not be so lenient another year. Licence granted.

THE INFURIATED PERIWINKLE, WALWORTH.

The Magistrates said that they could not see that music and dancing were wanted at Walworth. The neighbourhood had proved that it was serious by erecting a large Chapel for MR. SPURGEON, who was also sufficiently comic for all purposes required. Licence refused.

WILKES AND HIS LIBERTIES.

"MR. WASHINGTON WILKES has lately been lecturing at the Whittington Club, on Mr. Punch and his treatment of the American question."

SMALL names aren't made great by large handles,
Nor is nonsense redeemed by a slashing tongue,
And your WILKES can't be more than your WILKES,
Though pinned by the tail on to WASHINGTON.
"WILKES and Liberty!" once was a cry
That through England could raise up a row;
But nor England, nor *Punch* cares a fig
For the liberties WILKES may take now.

MR. WASHINGTON WILKES against *Punch*,
To fire off his pop-gun is free,
Like the Navy, when thrashed by his wife,
If she likes it, it didn't hurt me.
Mr. *Punch*, spite of bluster, will write,
Mr. *Punch*, spite of Bunkum, will draw,
Nor ask leave of the gods and the odds
With WILKES their great Shala-balah.

The shoe he will fit to the foot,
Not caring whose toes it may pinch:
For the right he will still lift his voice,
And against both King Mob and Judge Lynch:
Honest truth he prefers in the nude,
To Bunkum strayed in shot silks,
And would rather be wrong with a BROUHAHA,
Than right with a WASHINGTON WILKES!

'Tis an old and good rule that the gun
To the game in proportion should be:
We don't use twelve-pounders to wasps,
Nor a broadside for crushing a flea.
Though WILKES would be never so vain
A tap of our *bâton* to win,
Such use would the weapon profane—
One disposes of WILKES with a pin!

A BRIDLE FOR HOTSPUR.

WE always feel, and upon occasion avow, our sincere admiration for the sporting articles of the gentleman who signs himself HOTSPUR. "Not," as the old Scotchwoman said of DR. CHALMERS's preaching, "that we wad hae the presumption to understand him," but because he has a cheery, cheeky way of writing, and moreover has enriched racing literature with some new and effective phrases. We do not know, of course, why he should say "I cannot stand one that sides with this jacket," when he may possibly intend to imply that he does not wish a certain mare to win. But we sympathise with him in his honest indignation with *Umpire*, of whom he has just observed:—

"*Umpire* was my great card played out last year when I thought him certain to win, and when he ought to have won, had he not, like a wretched brute, shut up and refused to make an effort."

We like his giving this beast a parting kick, and even when prophesying his possible success for the Cesarewitch, calling him "that rascal, *Umpire*." The horrible creature "shut up" again, whatever that means, and lost. But HOTSPUR made one remark on which we really must make another, and a condemnatory one. He said:—

"*Limousine* came with a tremendous rush a few days since in the turf market, and Newmarket people vow she cannot lose; but I hope she will, because that noble owner to whom she belongs has an infatuation for scratching whenever he has an opportunity."

The nobleman is LORD STAMFORD. Now, really, why a writer with the interests of the turf at heart should desire that an animal should lose, merely because his noble owner indulges in a habit which may be vulgar—we do not defend it as an amusement in the drawing-room—but which cannot be called vicious, we cannot see. Why should not LORD STAMFORD scratch himself if his Lordship likes. We are not likely to wish to abridge the right of the Press to censure a bloated aristocracy; but, bloated or thin, a nobleman is not prohibited by Magna Charta from scratching. We hope that HOTSPUR will reconsider this doctrine, or we shall next have him hoping that a horse may lose because his owner sneezes, or swears, or squints. Fair play, even to turf men. However, HOTSPUR's mind is at ease, as the British *Lionsess* won, to the delight of MR. MERRY and the KING OF THE GREEKS.



AN IDEA FOR A WET DAY.

HANG UP THE GRINOLINES, AND HAVE A GAME AT CROQUET IN THE DINING-ROOM.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CZAR;

OR, ABRAHAM AND ALEXANDER.

"Formosum pastor Lincoln ardebat Alexim."

PRESIDENT ABE CZAR ALEXANDER loved,
 "Mankind's Delight;" nor were his hopes reproved,
 Both sovereign potentates, both Despots too,
 Each with a great rebellion to subdue.
 Alike prepared to sing and to reply
 The precious pair thus bragged alternately.

Abe. Imperial son of NICHOLAS the Great,
 We air in the same fix, I calculate,
 You with your Poles, with Southern rebels I,
 Who spurn my rule and my revenge defy.

Alex. Vengeance is mine, old man; see where it falls,
 Behold yon hearths laid waste, and ruined walls,
 Yon gibbets, where the struggling patriot hangs,
 Whilst my brave myrmidons enjoy his pangs.

Abe. I'll show you a considerable some
 Of devastated hearth and ravaged home;
 Nor less about the gallows could I say,
 Were hanging not a game both sides would play.

Alex. Wrath on revolted Poland's sons I wreak,
 And daughters too; beneath my knout they shriek.
 See how from blazing halls the maiden flies,
 And faithful Cossacks grasp the screaming prize.

Abe. In Tennessee, I guess, we've matched them scenes,
 And may compare with Warsaw New Orleans.
 The Vistula may bear a purplish hue;
 As deep a stain has darkened the Yazoo.

Alex. When my glad eye the telegram enjoys
 Of women whipped, and soldiers shooting boys,
 I praise DE BEEG to supplication deaf,
 And glorify severe MOURAVIEFF.

Abe. I, when with their deserts Secesh gals meet,
 (We, too, know how the saucy sex to treat),
 Rejoice in BUTLER, shame who made them feel;
 Extol the gallant TURCHIN and M'NEILL.

Alex. Let mercy grace a feebler monarch's crown,
 ZAMOYSKI's house my cannon battered down.
 Captives, unchanged, I spare that they may dwell
 Tormented in Siberia's earthly hell.

Abe. I've no Siberia of my own as yet,
 But send gainsayers to Fort Lafayette,
 And, what I reckon you'll approve of, Sir,
 BADE GILMORE upon Charleston hurl Greek Fire.

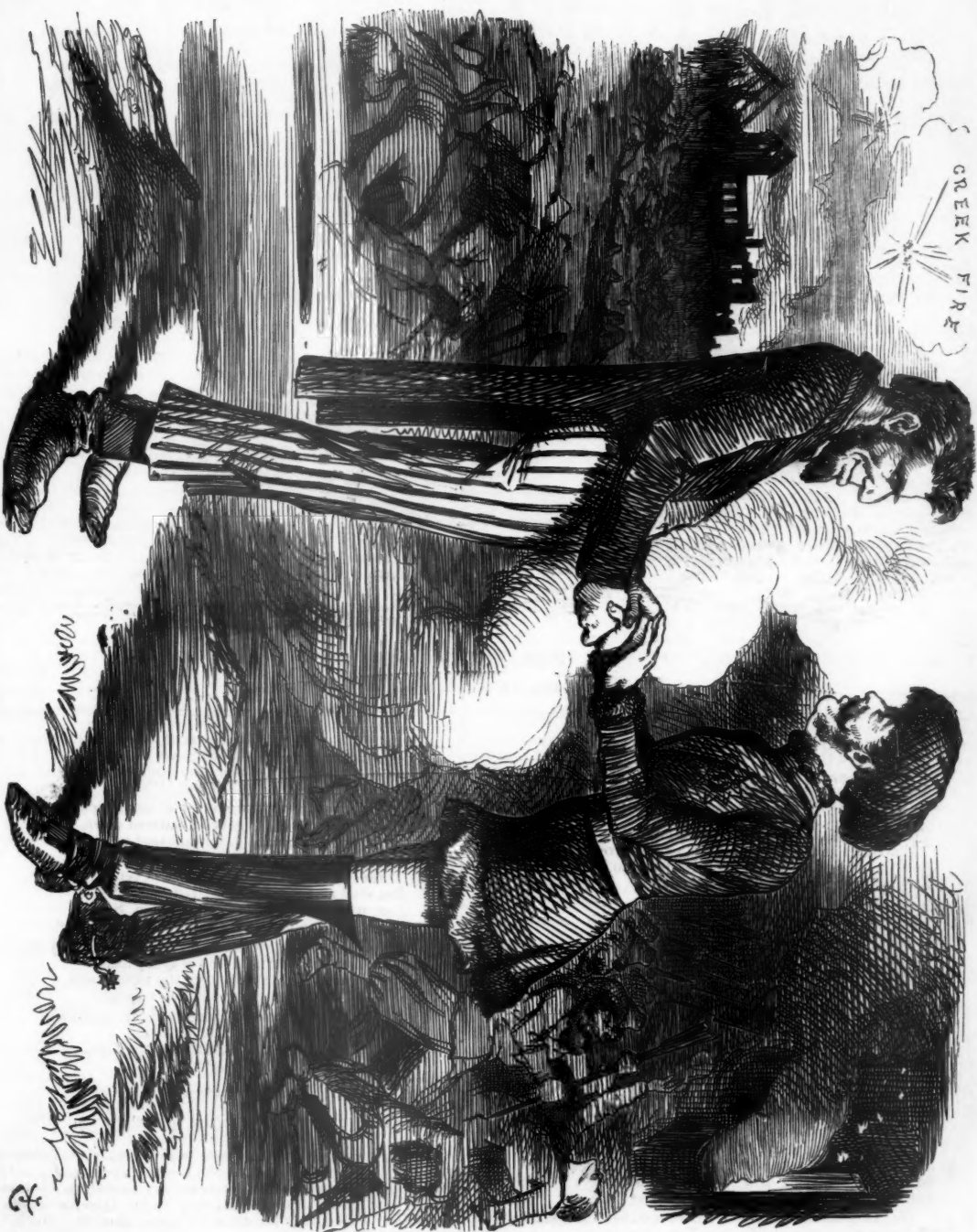
Alex. On might, with legions armed, I take my stand.
 All Europe's outcry shall not stay my hand,
 Nor from my clutch shall force the victim rend,
 Whilst I've one rouble or one life to spend.

Abe. Bound to this child in bloody sympathies,
 Come to my arms, and let us be allies!
 We'll squelch JOHN BULL, and scuttle Britain's ale;
 But let us go and liquor up meanwhile.

A TRIMMING FOR LEITRIM.

HERALDRY is not the nonsense which sciolists suppose it. For instance, this LORD LEITRIM, who vulgarly excluded LORD CARLISLE from an hotel, and has been very promptly excluded from the Commission of the Peace for his indecent behaviour to his Queen's representative, has mottoes which aptly illustrate his 'apparent nature. One is "*Virtute non astutia*," which means, "I am valiant but foolish." The other is "*Patriis Virtutibus*," which means, "My father had virtues,"—and leaves the inference to the reader. His Lordship's respected crest is "a fawn's head, erased, proper," for which we suppose will be substituted a donkey's head erased, properly, from among the heads of the counties round Manor Hamilton, the only specimen of manners in his Lordship's possession.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—OCTOBER 24, 1863.



EXTREMES MEET.

Alas, Imperial son of Nicholas the Great,
We sit in the same fix, I calculate,

You with your Poles, with Southern rebels I,
Who spurn my rule and my revenge defy.

Alas, Vengeance is mine, old man; see where it falls,
Behold you hearthe laid waste, and ruined walls,

You gibbets where the struggling patriot hangs,
Whilst my brave myrmidons enjoy his pang.

FROM OUR BILIOUS CONTRIBUTOR.

TO MR. PUNCH.



N Second thoughts, Sir, (which however are not always best) I decline to reveal at any length what took place in the cabin of the *Mariasi*, suffice it to state that there was a very sumptuous repast, and that upon every eligible seat, as also upon some sea's that were singularly ineligible, there was somebody of one sex or the other, and that there was much intellect among the males and much beauty among the females. My own tastes are simple and abstemious, and I contented myself as usual with a crust and a glass of water, but those who were not inclined

to such hermit fare spoke in terms of warm praise of the cool Moselle, and in terms of high praise of the not too high grouse.

We dedicated a glass to the health of his Excellency, PRESIDENT GEFFRARD, and some interesting information which his representative gave us, in an eloquent speech, almost induced me to insist on being sent on with the ship, that I might have the honour of being presented to a ruler who administers his government so admirably. The trifling circumstance that the *Mariasi* was going back to Glasgow for certain additions, prevented my adhering to my demand to be left on board, and my knowledge that you would look unfavourably upon any details not of a frivolous character prevents my giving you a description of Haiti, and an account of the reforms and improvements which the President has originated. I wish we had him as Viceroy of Ireland—not that my friend CARLISTA does not do his work well, but we could easily find another place for him where his elegant and floral speech-making would be amply appreciated. If you do not make things perfectly comfortable for me when I come back, I shall get my friend the Consul to accredit me to PRESIDENT GEFFRARD, and I shall go out, and represent to his Excellency that all Haiti requires to become a Paradise is a Haitian *Punch*, with myself as editor.

It may gratify your vanity to know that your own health was drunk with much enthusiasm, and I hope that I shall be forgiven for the eulogistic terms in which I referred to you in my reply. My speech was excessively neat, brilliant, and touching, but I need not say that, because, though I do most things well, perhaps my public addresses are my masterpieces.

I do not think that we ran the Lights, but we asked for them, and the hospitable Consul supplied not lights only, but something to light, and while the younger part of the company danced upon deck, others regaled themselves, in tranquil corners, with smoke and meditation. The scenery of Dunoon, Inellan, and the vicinity leaves nothing to be desired except a house there, and a couple of thousand a-year to enjoy one's repose without toiling and moiling, both hateful operations. There are some charming dwellings on the banks of the Clyde. I saw one at Inellan which just suited me, a white house in a great flower garden with a merry brook running down it. At one corner of the mansion is a turret window commanding a glorious mountain prospect, and I felt that sitting at that window would assist me in maturing many of the great thoughts which you will need for your winter supply. I was so pleased with this place that I rushed on shore and insisted on remaining in the house, and so hospitable are the manners of the inhabitants of those parts, or at least so hospitable were the manners of the owner of this dwelling, that instead of extruding me, as might have been expected, he took me prisoner, and detained me, under the strict surveillance of a bright-eyed household guard, of eight strong, and I got away, after several days, only on parole, which it is my intention to redeem at an early date. I had every reason to complain of my treatment here, because it made me dissatisfied with the treatment I received at sundry other places which shall not be nameless.

Naturally I took it for granted that my luggage would not be left at Oban for me. (I need hardly say that Cockney tourists think they emit a clever thing in calling this place Holborn). But having had a large portrait of yourself, with an extra foot or so of nose, painted in flaming red and gold on all my boxes, that modest little mark attracted the notice of everybody, and it was scarcely possible for such blazing luggage to be neglected. So I found it at the Caledonian Hotel. I do not know whether you are as hopelessly ignorant as to Scotch geography as most people, or whether you are going to ask how I got from Inellan to Oban. I don't mind telling you that I went round by Glasgow and Paisley. Nay, I will be franker still, and state that in the course of

my journey I went to a delightful party, and heard, charmingly sung by a young lady, a most energetic Confederate ballad, whereof this was the conclusion:—

"She wakes! She stirs! She is not dumb,
Hurrah! She spurns the Northern scum;
She breathes, she burns; she'll come, she'll come,
Mary-Land, my Maryland!"

If this information throws any light upon my route, you are welcome to it, and if it don't, you may stretch your imagination, never of the liveliest, and see me at MR. CAMPBELL'S hotel above named, reverentially examining one of his curiosities, a chair which was constantly used by CHARLES THE THIRD, King of England (do you think I dared call him the Y. P. in Scotland?) and taking perhaps almost as much interest in the information that my host has built a fine new hotel at Oban, and that it will shortly be opened. I hope some means will be devised for making a clean path thereto, from the pier; for of all the black, soggy, muddy bits presented to the Balmoral boat, on its Scottish wanderings, that walk from the boat to the town is the most aggravating. As the literary police are now paying domiciliary visits to the hotels of the nation, I am happy to mention that MR. CAMPBELL'S charges were what, in the first line of his celebrated poem of *Hohenlinden*, he says the sun was.

There are natural beauties, I believe, at Oban, but at present it is chiefly used as a place to get away from. You steam thence to Staffa and Iona, also to the point where you take coach for Glencoe. I visited these places, but as none of them invites either ill-tempered or amusing remark, I could say nothing about them that would be acceptable to you. I may just mention, however, that what the Highland woman sold us as goat's milk on our way to Glencoe may have been that, but I saw no goats and I saw several cows. Further, a coachman, who wore the curious inscription *OVISTION* round his hat, carried his opposition to the extent of making a statement opposed to truth, touching the fulness of the rival vehicle, and moreover got nothing thereby. I also tender my respectful thanks to a gentleman who was on the top of the coach, and who sympathised with me in my satisfaction that a heavy storm enabled us to see Glencoe's stern features to advantage; but I am not thanking him for his sympathy, but for his patient endurance of my gymnastics, (which nearly sent him off the vehicle into the raging river, while I was frantically searching my nineteen pockets for my coach tickets. He even took up an elegant child with long hair and nursed that elegant child, in order to give me more room for my furious researches, and he receives his reward in being thus publicly told that his conduct on the ninth of September was duly appreciated by yours truly.

Re-embarking, we proceeded to somewhere else, and ultimately got to Benjamin Nevis. Of this Brooks says (in his *Gazetteer*) that "it is a mountain in Scotland, near Fort William, in the shire of Inverness. It is esteemed the highest in Britain, rising more than 4,300 feet above the level of the sea, its pointed summit capped with snow." I have nothing to add to MR. BROOKS'S observations, made in 1774, except that the mountain is still in the same place, and is, I believe, about the same height. I sat down before Benjamin, on an iron something connected with the canal, and I presume he saw by the resolved expression of my face that it was no use playing off his usual tricks upon travellers, who come away complaining that they have never seen the top. After a little preparation, he took off all his night caps, and gave me several views of his pointed summit, snow and all. It seems ungrateful to add that I have been more struck with mountains that don't rise so high above the level of the sea, and perhaps B. N. knows what he is about in keeping up his misty mystification. Somebody told me I ought to have asked for the Jew off Ben Nevis, but I do not think that there are any Jews in Scotland, except the Aberdeen people, who are supposed to be the Lost Tribe.

Owing to some real biliousness (unfeelingly jested at by yourself) I was not in the pleasantest temper at Bannavie—where the hotel under Ben Nevis is situated—but I was recalled to my native sweetness of disposition by the pleasure I experienced, while taking my penultimate weed, at hearing a great discussion outside the said hotel. Scotland is over-run with Tourists just now, and all the inns are crammed. Ours was crammed, and there is no other at Bannavie, and behold, up came an omnibus with sixteen more Tourists, male and the reverse, who had been steaming up from Glasgow since seven in the morning, and now arrived, tired, hungry, and savage, to be politely informed that there were no beds for them. Great swells were some of these arrivals, and also angry Paterfamilias, and explosive matrons. We packed 'em all off—I don't know where they went to, some to the hovel, some to Fort William, I fancy; but weren't they in a rage? Serve 'em right—if they had arrived, as I did, at three instead of nine they would have secured beds, and laughed at later comers as I laughed at them. And so, with peace in my soul, and smiles on my lip, I slept soundly at the foot of the big mountain.

Yours, respectfully,

Oraig Phadric, Inverness
(another mountain).

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



ow here we are going into Switzerland as quick as possible if you please, as there's not much time to be lost, for the Vacation is just coming to a close, and some of us must be back to our griefs and briefs in the Classic *Aula Pompeii*, otherwise known as Pump Court, Temple, or elsewhere.

An air of repose characterises the face of Switzerland, and the observant traveller may gather that the country is rather inclined to sleep, from the fact that he will continually see ranges of mountains rising and stretching away in the distance.

The Tourist intends to ascend the steeps? Does he indeed, then once for all we don't; albeit we may give some good advice; and first and foremost as the unaccustomed Traveller

may possibly catch cold in the Alpine heights, he should be careful to provide himself with an Alpen-stock to wrap round his easily-affected throat. Beside this you should carry a Swiss pipe whereon to play as you walk lightly o'er the eternal snow, and a good collection of magic lantern slides to take you rapidly over the seas of ice.

Talking of ice, you must not be disappointed at not finding much of the Wenham Lake material up here. The Railway will of course make some difference in this respect after a time, and Mr. GUSTER may be induced to speculate. A Lake or Tarn of Fresh Strawberry Water, by Sunset, would be a fine subject for MR. TELBIN's brush, and, as every spoon of a Tourist is accompanied by a tourist's glass, we want but some pretty girls to hand wafers and sponge-cakes to us and the thing is done.

In regard to dress, adopt a gentlemanly evening suit; you will never require a change of boots; as, after an hour's walk over the ice, they will of their own accord become slippers. A false nose, and burnt cork, wherewith to make moustachios, as usual.

Diet.—For Breakfast ask for stewed zwanzigers and *cotelettes à la pomnade*. There is no other meal during the day, but you can repeat this one as often as you feel disposed. During the repast the good-natured waiter will read to you, sing one of the songs, or dance one of the enlivening dances of his own native land. You must, unless you would be accused of rudeness, *encore* every one of his performances separately.

Money. Swiss *Batz*.—This coin is no longer a legal tender, in consequence of so many Swiss *Batz* having been given in exchange for the English Kites, which had been flown by certain of our unprincipled compatriots in the neighbourhood.

Conveyances.—Recollect that your driver, being a poor boor of a fellow, always requires some *pour boire* money, by way of a parting gift. The travelling lawyer will observe, that, in all countries, an intimate connection exists between a conveyancer and his draughts.

One of the first places to which you will be taken, will probably be Arth. So rare is the stranger's visit in this quarter, that even the most civil officer meeting the Tourist in the street, will start back with astonishment, and ask, "What on Arth he's doing there?" Being a man of spirit, you will at once quit the place, and proceed to Basle. The distance of Basle from anywhere is just three Basle-years and a half. At the hotel called the Three Kings, you will find the servants very attentive, so don't say anything before them that you do not wish them to hear. They are so attentive, that it will be well for the visitor to blow through the keyhole of his bed-room door every five minutes, to see if the waiter is listening outside; then to search well the chest of drawers, rattle your umbrella up the chimney, and look in every corner for these attentive inn-dependents. Of course you do not want to follow the regular route, but intend to go backwards and forwards and round and round as suits your fancy. While on the subject it would be as well to state, that no steamer ever sailed round Switzerland in six hours. Berne is the quaintest of places. There was not much to be seen when we were there, but this fact was probably owing to our arriving at eleven o'clock on a very dark night. Go early and you'll be delighted. The clock is the most striking object in the town. As the Tourist cannot possibly be satisfied with anything

until he has seen Zurich, let him hasten there at once, and put up at the hotel on the Lake.

One of the curiosities of this spot is the garden attached to the hotel; it is so much attached, that although for years it has been perpetually going down to the water, it has never yet been able to take the last steps necessary for the separation. A touching site this, touching the Lake; and by the way, touching the Lake, words are wanting to convey to the absent Traveller any idea of its beauty. Let us see; you know the Serpentine, or the ornamental water in the Green Park? Well—no it won't do, our powers of description fail us.

Now is the time and place for a romantic adventure. There are a plenty of Zurich's fair daughters living on the borders of the Lake. This mode of existence is, however, not exclusively confined to these delightful creatures, but is also adopted by two or three landlords and lodging-house keepers, who also live on the boarders. By the way, here is a curious phenomena for our astronomers. Late at night the fair damsels come out to look at the moon on the water in a boat. All you've got to do is to hide under a ripple, and gently rising from the stream, like a river-god decked with weeds, and a short pipe in your mouth, whence shall issue sounds most dulcet; and the fair ones must be a most dull set indeed if they do not at once yield themselves captive to your fascinations.



In a charitable spirit visit Schaffhausen, but do not make any severe observation on The Fall, remembering that we are all liable to err, and also recollecting that, if the landlady of the Falls Hotel provide luncheon, you will be liable to *Aer*.

We did not think much of the food here, but this isn't the place to cut it up. Go back to Zurich. In the morning patronise the bath in the hotel garden. Plunge bravely in head-foremost, but you must be able to swim, for there is a depth of at least four feet of water.

Your next point will be the Righi, if you want to "do" the Righilar thing; if you do not, you will cross the lake and try to get over the mountains to Interlachen. The mountains are not to be got over with soft words, persuasion being in this case less useful than force, with a good thick stick.

Do you want to see one of the great beauties of mountain scenery without much trouble? You do? Very well, then; lose all your luggage, ready money, clothes, and circular notes, and you'll thus commence by being brought to a very pretty pass.



ILL-MATED FLAGS.

Hail, Tartar keels, on New York tide!
Hail, Tartar feet, on New York ground!
Run up the stripes and stars beside,
The sable Eagle, clawed and crowned!
Hoist to the broad light of the sun,
Sons of the free, and seed of slaves,
The flag that waved o'er WASHINGTON,
The flag that o'er MOURAVIEFF waves!

While Poland groans, through all her fields,
Daughters defiled and slaughtered sons,
While Cossack pikes beat down the shields,
Of breasts that naked brave the guns;
While brutal force and bestial lust
High carnival in Warsaw hold,
Till e'en the diplomatic dust
Stirs upon treaty-parchments old,

Think what and Poland's thoughts must be,
That westwards looked for light and aid,
Seeing the right hands of the free,
In the enslavers' lightly laid!
And think how Europe, fain to unweave
Laborious, the web of wrong,
Holds those who thus the heirs receive,
To an inheritance of wrong!

Her flag, though rent, Columbia's pride,
For Freedom's flag still dared to claim;
But now by the Black Eagle's side,
It seems to droop its folds for shame.
Its stripes full well may fraternise
With Russia's knout that women scars,
But while it waves o'er such allies,
Blot, oh blot out, the indignant stars!

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

DURING KING GEORGE'S brief stay in England, the following evident misprint was perpetually occurring in the current *Court Circular*. Here, for instance, is a paragraph extracted from the C. C. in the *Times*, dated October 8:—

"The KING OF THE GREEKS and the PRINCE OF WALES, attended by LIEUTENANT PUNCH and CAPTAIN GREY, left Marlborough-house yesterday morning for Richmond Park, and went shooting with the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE."

Observe, LIEUTENANT PUNCH! Ha! Ha! Absurd error. The public, of course, have long ago made the necessary correction, by substituting for the initial "F" the ever sweet "P." Before leaving town, KING GEORGE AGAMEMNON received an address from the Statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, and promised to write to him from Greece.

A Cockney Correspondent has written to caution us against catching cold when we visit the Adelphi Theatre. In consequence of the recent improvements and alterations which have been made in the Auditorium for the public benefit, all the stalls, says our Bow-bell adviser, are vel-vet with the tears shed at Miss BATEMAN'S *Leak*. By the way *apropos* of the great subject of Steam Rams, MR. BUCKSTONE is, we hear, thinking of reviving at the Haymarket the extravaganza of the *Golden Fleece*.

The *Desert Flower* is blooming in Covent Garden, and the balmy airs which now float about the Opera House, are already beginning to breathe their fragrance over the loud and soft pedals of the drawing room piano. The Poetical and Romantic Librettists have playfully adopted the word *Desert* on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle; for, from the beginning of the Opera to the end, there's nothing like a Desert to be seen. However, 'tis a pretty name, and Miss PRYNE plays the Flower, and MR. MELLON leads the Orchestra, and so with fruit and flowers what the juice more can I wanted?

Several new Clubs are coming into existence. There is to be one for Poor Actors. MR. CHARLES KEAN will have the refusal of the Presidency of the Committee, and the first rule will be that 'This Club be confined to Sticks.' Talking of Clubs, anybody who wishes to taste a steak, that shall be 'first chop,' should get a member of the *Gridiron* to ask him to dinner. Waiters with Salamandrine fingers serve up the hissing plates hot and hot. There was once a talented authoress of the Ultra-High Church Persuasion, who, after visiting several foreign Coventual Establishments—broad, wrote, on her return home, a book called *A Peep behind the Grilles*. This would certainly be an admirable title for a new work, explaining the Kitchen Economy of The Gridiron. The idea of erecting a Statue in the Hall to M. DE CHAILLY, as a mark of respect from the Grillers of London, has not been entertained by the Committee.

EDINBURGH MEDICAL SCIENCE.

WE are informed that the following was one of the Botanical questions set at the written examination for the M.D. degree at the Edinburgh University:—

"British dichlamydeous plants with a regular gamopetalous epigynous corolla quaternary symmetry bicarpellary dispersal fruit and hard albumen."
"Give the natural class, sub-class, section, order, and genus."

Don't, please, laugh at the long words in which the above question is put. It could not be proposed in plain English without circumlocution.

But what necessity is there for asking a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Medicine any such question? Suppose a patient labouring under some obscure disease. Would he, unless that were a disease of the brain, which had affected his intellect, choose a physician for ability to tell him the natural class, sub-class, section, order, and genus of British dichlamydeous plants with a regular gamopetalous epigynous corolla quaternary symmetry bicarpellary dispersal fruit and hard albumen?

Would he not rather naturally and reasonably suspect that the proficiency in minute botany, necessary to enable a man to answer such a question at a moment's notice off-hand, indicated a mind especially devoted to other things than medical science and practice proper?

Can minute botany, not to speak of the knowledge of simples, set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Minute botany hath no skill in surgery then? No. Hath it any more skill in medicine? Certainly none whatever. A detailed acquaintance with the fashions for the month would have considerably more. A dichlamydeous lady, with her double wrapper, is an object whose investments, considered with regard to the season, may possibly have a bearing on her health; and a regular gamopetalous epigynous corolla may, though as epigynous looking very smart, and, as gamopetalous, calculated to invite addresses, be an ornament unsuitable for a bonnet affording sufficient protection to the head.

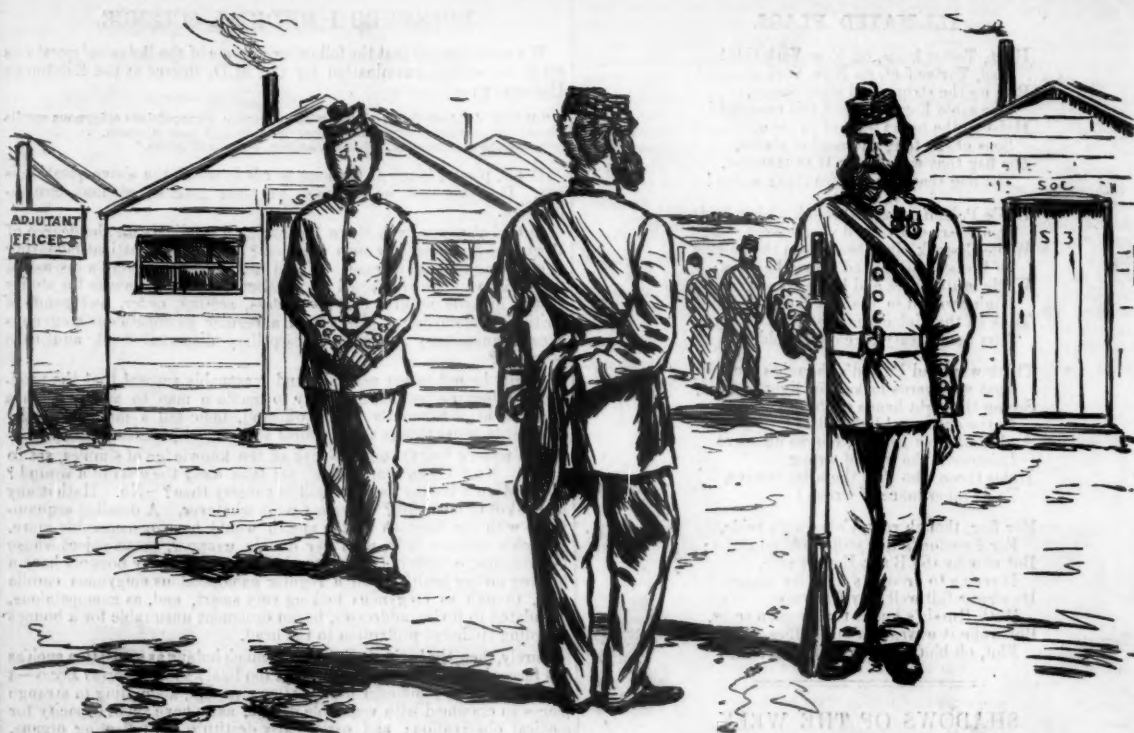
Surely, then, the brain stuffed with as much botany as a question such as the foregoing is calculated to exact is too likely to be a *horus siccus*—a brain dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage, abounding in strange places so crammed with vegetable details, as to have small capacity for medical observation; and particularly destitute of reflecting organs. The examining Doctors of the University of Edinburgh should persevere in the line of examination above instanced if they wish their brotherhood to consist of members whose memory is all their intellect, and if they particularly desire to exclude from it all thinking men.

HUSH! WAS THAT THUNDER?

As when a quivering Summer day is drawing to a close,
And the Sun is lighting up with flames cloud-mountains where he rose,
And the air is hot and wandering, and silence holds her reign,
When men do stop and gaze aloft,—and then hurry on again—
And the trembling murmur whispered along the vaulted sky
Is the signal for the clouds to ope their dread artillery—
So now a storm is gathering with the darkness of the time,
And its magnitude is all that will make it seem sublime;
It still is out of ear-shot, but we see its lightnings gleam,—
It is coming—and the thunderings are nearer than they seem—
Each nation gazes upwards and wraps her cloak around
And shudders at the first large drops upon the peaceful ground!
It is coming—o'er the heavens are gathering lurid clouds
And men and women toil and work at Thunderbolts and Shrouds.

SCRUPLES IN GOOD SOCIETY.

LADY GLAMIS, being asked to give evidence in a court of law, at St. Alban's, declares her readiness to tell all that she knows, but declines to take an oath, believing that it is breaking the third commandment to appeal to the Supreme Being in reference to a trifle. Legally, of course she is wrong, because the law ordains the oath. Theologically, she is wrong, because theology teaches that petitions should be addressed for small things as well as great. And she is wrong on the common sense question; for the honesty or dishonesty of a person's character is not a trifle, and that is what an action virtually establishes. On the other hand, such a scruple, defensible or not, is a fact, and it is also a fact that LADY GLAMIS was turned out of court and justice denied, as it would be in the case of many other excellent persons who cannot make up their minds to declare their belief in an Inferno. Perhaps, now that a Lady, whose name is in the Peerage, has been thus treated, the attention of the Legislature may be directed to the consideration whether a Conscience ought, necessarily, to be a convertible term for an Outlawry.



CAPTAIN. "But what does he want to be placed under Stoppages for?"

SERGEANT. "Please, Sir,—says if he draws his Fourpence a Day, he'll just Lavish it!"

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, LORD LYNDHURST.

BORN, MAY 21, 1772.

DIED, OCTOBER 12, 1863.

ANOTHER high head bowed unto the grave,
That bore its weight of well nigh five-score years
Lightly as weaker trees their honours wave,
'Neath fifty autumns' joys, griefs, hopes and fears.

He lived out the Republic of the West,
Whose cradle with his own stood side by side,
On manhood's verge he stood, when France from rest
Woke Earth's dead bones, and shook thrones far and wide.

Long times of mighty wars he had lived through:
He had watched wondrous growths of peaceful arts—
All that most moulds our manners, through and through,
Resting or moving, in our homes and marts,

He had seen grow from thought on into seed,
From seed to shoot, from shoot to forest-tree,
And through that hundred years' great thought and deed,
Ever in vanward of the fight was he.

A keen, cold, clear, if not deep—seeing eye,
An eye that looked on life as most men look
On mathematic symbols, turned away
By no unmastered passion from the book.

A brain, in whose clear depth facts ordered lay,
For the calm will to fetch and rank and use,
A mood that with life's business blended play,
Yet never play and business would confuse.

Not his the restless and far-reaching mind
That from its Pisgah's height sees promised lands,
So keen to mark the present, it seemed blind
To all that lay past reach of eyes and hands.

A mind conservative of progress gained,
Rather than onward urging; ranging still
With those who stoutly the old ways maintained,
And yield no foot of vantage by their will.

But years had brought him wisdom and their calm:
The clear head still was clear, the vigorous brain
Still wrought as potently, but like a balm
A gentleness blent with its sternest strain.

And at the last he stood, remote, revered,
Upon his pinnacle of heaped-up years,
Of petty blots and party scandals cleared,
Grave and sedate in council with his peers.

No living mind took in so wide a range
Of life, no eye more piercing in its scan
Gauged, from its lonely height, the scenes of change,
Through which his secular experience ran.

How many links break with his closing life,
And bid us count the few grey heads that stand
Landmarks of that half-century of strife,
Whose hard-won conquests have enriched our land.

To Friends in America.

"An American Court of Law has decided that green-backs are a legal tender.

THE rule here laid down in reference to Green-backs, *Mr. Punch* begs to extend to Canvass-Backs, but they must be actually and not only legally tender. They will be received over the counter at 85, Fleet Street, and a verbal receipt will be given in the following form: "All right."

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.—In consequence of his recent triumph on the Parisian stage, MR. CHARLES MATHEWS is to receive the title of Master of the French-Rôles.



THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL METHOD OF BRUSHING THE HAIR WITH MACHINERY.

ORDER! ORDER!

A MEETING of the Common Council was held the other day at Guildhall for the dispatch of business. A full report of the peaceful nature of this highly respectable conclave has not yet been given. The following was the order of the day:—

At 12.15. The Court in Guildhall was quite full.

At 12.30. The LORD MAYOR was about to take the chair, when a worthy alderman who had been in hiding behind the chair-back ever since ten o'clock on the same morning, suddenly drew away the chair, and the LORD MAYOR fell heavily to the ground. (Roars of laughter, during which the perpetrator of the jest bowed his acknowledgments and retired.)

The LORD MAYOR on rising said, that he had to tender—(ironical cries of "too tender!" "pook!")—he did not wish to be misunderstood ("Miss who?" from a sheriff, who was immediately bonnetted)—what he said was—(A voice, supposed to belong to a Deputy, "Never mind what it was; what is it?" Cries of "Hooray!" "Who's afraid?" and immense cheering)—that he had to tender his best thanks. (Screaming, whistling, snatches of popular songs for the space of ten minutes). He thanked them for the patience with which they had listened to him. ("Song! song!" "Hot Codlins.")

The LORD MAYOR said that he could not sing. ("Gammon!")

UNDER-SHERIFF GAMMON rose quickly to inquire if any gentleman had called upon him for a song? ("Sit down!" "Shut up!" "I say, Gammon, where's the Spinach?" Yells of laughter.)

The LORD MAYOR said that he should be happy to oblige them with "Hot Codlins," but unfortunately—(cries of "Throw him over!" "Turn him out!" "Off, Off!") He should like to come at once to business. ("No, No!" from everybody, and "Yes, Yes!" from the others.)

THE ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT.

The Town Clerk read a resolution to himself. ("Speak up!" "Where's your voice?" He wouldn't speak up. He was a Briton, and Britons never—(Chorus, "Britons never never ne-verr shall be slaves!" Great excitement.)

The LORD MAYOR here interposed, and said, he wished the present subject would be taken up at once.

A policeman here made a rush at the Town Clerk. Struggle; during which

The LORD MAYOR said that he did not wish to interfere with a constable in the execution of his duty; but he meant, that he did not want the subject taken up. (Here the Town Clerk was released.) He was going—(A Voice: "Then go!") He was going to say—("Say it!")—that—("What?"—when His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES (Cheers) honoured the Civic Ball with his illustrious presence, a distinguished Alderman had—

Somebody in the Crowd. A glass too much. (Confusion)

Lord Mayor (warmly). No, Sir.

Somebody else. Two glasses.

Lord Mayor (trying to appear as if he was looking at the last Speaker). Let me tell that person who—(Cries of "Get on, will you?" Ironical laughter, cheers, shrieks, whistling and singing for some minutes.)

Several Members of the Corporation rose, and delivered some excellent speeches all at once, after which—

MR. ALDERMAN DAKIN was understood to say that he wished to speak about the Organ nuisance in the City. He heard one at that moment outside—(Breathless silence.)

The Chairman of the Royal Entertainment rose to suggest that they should have a dance. ("A Dance! A Dance! Hooray!") He hoped he might have the pleasure of the LORD MAYOR'S hand for the first waltz.

A rush was here made to the door and an Organman brought in. The Members of the Corporation speedily selected their partners, and the festivities were kept up until a late hour.

CIGARETTES.

If the story told be true,
It is very wrong of you,
Young Coquettes,
Smoking, when Mamma's away,
On the lawn or by the spray,
Cigarettes.

"Twon't improve a ruddy mouth,
Odour, breathing as the South,
Heretofore:
And the process which conceals—
Chewing villanous pastilles—
Is a bore.

Ladies fair, with due respect,
For one reason I object,
Which is this:
Sure young breath is sweet to me,
And a maiden's lips should be
Fit to kiss.

FROM OUR BILIOUS CONTRIBUTOR.

To MR. PUNCH.

MY DEAR SIR,*

EMBARCKING at Bannavie very early in the morning—*diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*, but it is also particularly disagreeable—I was upon the Canal of the Caledonians, on my way to the Capital of the Highlands. This is the last voyage which, upon this occasion, I shall have the pleasure of describing. The vessel was commanded by CAPTAIN TURNER, who is a remarkable meteorologist, and has omitted some wonderful weather prophecies. Having had, moreover, much opportunity of observing character, in his capacity of captain of boats chiefly used by tourists, he is well acquainted with the inmost nature of the aristocracy and their imitators. Being myself of an aristocratic turn of mind (as well as shape of body) it was refreshing to me to sit with him on the bridge and speak of our titled friends.

Fort Augustus, which we passed, is not called so from having been built by the Roman Emperor of that name, quite the reverse. The next object of interest is a thing called the Fall of Foyers, which latter word is sounded like fires, and the announcement to Cookneys that they are going to see the affair, leads them to expect something of a pyrotechnic character. It is nothing of that sort. The steamboat is moored, you rush on shore, and are instantly arrested by several pikemen—I do not mean soldiers of a mediæval date, but fellows at a gate, who demand fourpence apiece from everybody landing in those parts. Being in Scotland, this naturally made me think I had come to JONKINS GROUT'S house, but no such thing, and I have no idea of the reason of this highway robbery, or why a very dirty card should have been forced upon me in proof that I had submitted. We were told to go up an ascending road, and then to climb a dreadfully steep hill, and that then we should see something. For my own part, I felt inclined to see everybody blown first, but being over-persuaded, I saw everybody blown afterwards, for that hill is a breather, I can tell you. However, I rushed up like a mounting deer, and when at the top was told to run a little way down again. I did, and saw the sight. You have seen the cataracts of the Nile? It's not like them. You have seen a cataract in a party's eye. It's not like that. Foyers is a very fine waterfall, and worthy of much better verses than some which MR. BURNS addressed to it in his English style, which is vile. Still, the waterfall at the Colosseum, Regent's Park, is a good one, and has this advantage, that you can sit in a chair and look at it as long as you like, whereas you walk a mile to Foyers, goaded by the sailors from the vessel, who are perpetually telling you to make haste, and you are allowed about three minutes and fourteen seconds to gaze upon the scene, when the sailors begin to goad you back again, frightening you with hints that the Captain will depart without you. Precious hot you come on board, with a recollection of a mass of foam falling into an abyss. That is not the way to see Foyers, and I hereby advise all tourists who are going to stop at Inverness, to drive over from thence, take their time at the noble sight, and do the pier-beggars out of their fourpences.

This day was marked by an incident which—I am not now jesting—may be noted. There was to be a great banquet at Inverness, to commemorate the opening of the new Highland Railway. The Chairman was an aged statesman, member for Coventry. We took him and some friends on board on our way. It was his last excursion. He presided at the banquet with dignity and tact. That day week he was at rest. All men to whom I spoke of him in the Highlands had a kind word to say of EDWARD ELLICE.

The stately towers of the Capital of the Highlands are seen on our right. A few minutes more, and we are moored. Friendly voices hail us, and also hail a vehicle. We are borne away. There is news for us. We are forthwith—even in that carriage, were it possible—to induct ourselves into the black trunks of refined life and the white cravat of graceful sociality, and to accompany our host to the Dinner of the Highland railwaymen. We rail. We have not come six hundred miles to dress for dinner. Our host is of a different opinion, and being a host in himself, conquers our single-handed resistance. We attend the dinner, and find ourselves among Highland Chieftains plaided and plumed in their "tartan array." (Why doesn't HORATIO MACCULLOCH, noble artist and Highlandman, come to London and be our Tartan R. A.?) We hear wonders of the new line, which is to save folks the trouble of visiting the Lost Tribe at Aberdeen, and is to take them direct from Inverness to Perth, through wonderful scenery. We see a programme of toasts, to the number of 34, which of course involves 68 speeches. There is also much music by the Volunteers—not, happily, by bag-pipers. We calculate, on the whole, that the proceedings will be over about four in the morning. Ha! ha! *Dremackey*. There is a *deus ex machina* literally, a driver on an engine, and he starts at 10.

* We perfectly understand this advance towards civility as the writer approaches the end of his journey. He is a superior kind of young man, if not the genius he imagines himself.—Ed.

Numbers of the guests must go with him. *Claymore!* We slash out the toasts without mercy—without mercy on men set down to speak and who have spoiled their dinner by thinking over their *im-promptus*. But there is one toast which shall be honoured, yea, with the Highland honour. Mr. Punch's health is proposed. It is well that this handsome hall is built strongly, or the Highland maidens should dance here no more. The shout goes up for Mr. Punch.

I believe that I have mentioned to you, once or twice, that I am an admirable speaker, but upon this occasion I surpassed myself—I was in fact, as the Covent Garden play-bills say, "unsurpassingly successful." Your interests were safe in my hands. I believe that no person present heard a syllable of what I said. It was this:

[It may have been, but as what our Correspondent has been pleased to send as his speech would occupy four columns, we prefer to leave it to immortality in the excellent newspaper of which he sends us a "cutting." We incline to think that he was weak enough to say what he says he said, because he could not have invented and written it out after a Highland dinner, and it was published next morning. It is extremely egotistical, and not in the least entertaining.—Ed.]

Among the guests was a gentleman who owns the mare who will certainly win the Cesarewitch. I know this for a fact, and I advise you to put your money on *Lionsess*. His health was proposed, and he returned thanks with the soul of wit. I hope he recollects the hope expressed by the proposer touching a certain Saddling-Bell. I thought it rather strong in "Bible-loving Scotland," but to be sure, we were in the Highlands, which are England, or at all events where the best English spoken in Scotland is heard.

We reached our house at an early hour, and I was lulled to a gentle slumber by the sound of the river Ness. This comes out of Loch Ness, and in the latest geographical work with which I am acquainted, namely "Geography Anatomy'd," by PAT. GORDON, M.A.F.R.S. Printed for ALLEN, BEES, at the Cross Keys and Bible in Cornhill, and R. SMITH, under the Royal Exchange, 1711, I read that "towards the North-west part of Murray is the famous *Lough-Ness* which never freezeth, but retaineth its natural Heat, even in the extremest Cold of Winter, and in many Places this Lake hath been sounded with a Line of 500 Fathom, but no Bottom can be found" (just as in the last rehearsal of the artisans' play in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*), but I believe that recent experiments have been more successful, and that though no lead plummet would go so deep, a volume by a very particular friend of mine was fastened to the line, and descended to the bottom in no time. I will mention his name if he is not kind to my next work, but at present I have the highest esteem and respect for him. I only show him that I know this little anecdote.

There were what are called Highland Games to be solemnised in Inverness. I resolved to attend them, and, if I saw fit, to join in them. But I was informed by a Highland friend of mine, LAIRD OF TOMDIE, a laird much respected, that all competitors must appear in the kilt. As my own graceful proportions would look equally well in any costume, this presented no difficulty, and I marched off to MR. MACDOUGALL, the great Highland costumer, and after walking through a dazzling array of Gaelic glories, I said, mildly,

"Can you make me a Highland dress?"

"Certainly, in a few hours," said MR. MACDOUGALL; but somehow I fancied that he did not seem to think that I was displaying any vast amount of sense.

"Then, please to make me one, very handsome," said I; "and send it home to-night." And I was going out of the warehouse.

"But, sir," said MR. MACDOUGALL, "do you belong to any clan, or what tartan will you have?"

"MR. MACDOUGALL," said I, "it may be that I do belong to a clan, or am affiliated to one. It may be, that like EDWARD WAVERLEY, I shall be known hereafter as the Friend of the Sons (and Daughters) of the clan _____. It may be that if war broke out between that clan and another, I would shout our war-cry, and, drawing my claymore, would walk into the hostile clan like one o'clock. But at present that is a secret, and I wear not the garb of any clan in particular. Please to make me up a costume out of the garbs of several clans, but be sure you put the brightest colours, as they suit my complexion."

I am bound to say that though MR. MACDOUGALL firmly declined being party to this arrangement, which he said would be inartistic, he did so with the utmost courtesy. My opinion is, that he thought I was a little cracked. Many persons have thought that, but there is no foundation for the suspicion.

"You see, MR. MACDOUGALL," says I, "I am a Plantagenet by descent, and one of my ancestors was hanged in the time of GEORGE THE SECOND. Do those facts suggest anything to you in the way of costume?"

"The first does not," he said, "but the second may. A good many persons had the misfortune to be hanged about the time you mention, and for the same reason. I suppose your ancestor died for the Stewarts."

"No, Sir, he died for a steward. The unfortunate nobleman was most iniquitously destroyed for shooting a plebeian of the name of JOHNSON, for which reason I hate everybody of that name, from Ben downwards, and will not have a JOHNSON'S Dictionary in my house."

"Then, Sir," says MR. MACDOUGALL, "the case is clear. You can mark your sense of the conduct of the sovereign who executed your

respected relative. You can assume the costume of his chief enemies. You can wear the Stuart tartan."

"Hm," says I. "I should look well in it, no doubt; but then I have no hostility to the present House of Brunswick."

"Why," says he, laughing; "Her Majesty dresses her own princes in the Stuart tartan. I ought to know that."

"Then that's settled," I replied.

Ha! You would indeed have been proud of your contributor, had you seen him splendidly arrayed in that gorgeous garb, and treading the heather of Inverness High Street like a young mountaineer. He did not look then like

Inverness Castle.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.



IRREVERENCE IN ITALY.

EVERYBODY knows that the Art of *Punch* is strictly regulated by the higher sentiments. But even if it were not, *Punch* would venture at his peril to publish a cartoon such as the caricature described in the following extract from a letter in the *Tablet* from its correspondent at Rome:—

"I think any one with a talent for profanity in any other country would be astounded at the inventive powers displayed by the Unionist press in the kingdom of Italy, and were I to point to one thing more than another calculated to spread contempt for Christianity, it is these publications. I have one just published before me. *Garibaldi* with a nimbus, flowing robes, and a tricolor flag and cross labelled 'Roma o la morte' in hand, rises from the tomb, which is represented as a broken-bombshell of Aspromonte, and the Minister VISCONTI VENOSTA, with NAPOLEON astride on his nose, and FRANCIS-JOSEPH, dumb with terror, are struck down as the two soldiers keeping watch. It has *Surrexit secundum Scripturas* under it, and is a patent and blasphemous parody of our Lord's Resurrection."

Exactly so; and if any publication professing to supply a want which *Punch* does not, were to appear with such an illustration as that above-described, it would almost immediately disappear from circulation. There would be no need to fine and imprison, still less to hang or burn the proprietors, artists, editor, and writers, of a paper so illustrated. Swimming, like pigs, against the stream, those unhappy buffoons would assuredly do for themselves, as pigs, under the like circumstances, are said to do. How is this where there is no *Index Expurgatorius*, no censorship, and no condemnation of a profane parody but that pronounced by society? The correspondent of the *Tablet* appeals to "our separated brethren," against the countenance given by them to the cause of Italian unity, supported, as he represents it to be, by blasphemous caricatures. On consideration he may discover himself to be mistaken in supposing that, if there is "one thing more than another calculated to spread contempt for Christianity, it is these publications." Where such things are popular, contempt for Christianity has been spread already; and were *Punch* to point to one thing likely to have spread contempt for Christianity, it would be the association of Christianity with winking Madonnas and other cock-and-bull fables and superstitions. Were he to point to another thing at least equally likely to bring Christianity into contempt, it would be the complicity of those who profess to represent Christianity with brigands and assassins. There is no other thing *Mr. Punch* can think of, more than these two things, calculated to spread that contempt for Christianity of which profane parodies are not the cause but the effect.

ELEGY ON THE PORPOISE.

BY THE STURGEON.

DEAD, is he? Yes, and wasn't I glad when they carried away his corpus?

A great, black, oily, wallowing, wallopping, plunging, ponderous porpus. What call had Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND, which I don't deny his kindness, To take and shove into my basin a porpoise troubled with blindness?

I think it was like his impudence, and praps a little beyond, To poke a blundering brute like that in a gentlefish's private pond. Did he know as I am the King of Fish, and written down in histories As meat for his master, that is to say, for VICTORIA THE QUEEN, his mistress,

And, if right was done, I shouldn't be here, but be sent in a water-parcel

To swim about in a marble tank in the gardings of Windsor Castle: And them as forgets the laws of the land which is made to rule and control.

And keeps a Royal Fish to themselves, may find themselves in a hole. Is a King like me, I umbly ask, to be put in a trumperry puddle, For Fellows to walk about and spy and talk zoological muddle, And swells to come for a Sunday lounge, with French, Italians, and Germans, Which would better become to stop at home and think of the morning sermons.

And then of a Monday to be used in a more obnoxious manner, Stared at by tags and rags and bobtails as all come in for a Tanner? And me the King of Fish, indeed, which its treating China like delf, Mr. KINGFISHER BUCKLAND, Sir, I think you might be ashamed of yourself.

And then I can't be left alone, but you come and stick in a big Blind blustering snorting oily beast which is only an old Sea-Pig. I'm heartily glad he's dead, the pig: I was pleased, to my very marrow, To see the keeper wheel him away in that dirty old garding barrow.

And though it was not flattering, last Sunday as ever were, To hear the swells as had read the *Times* come rushing up for a stare, And crying Bother the Sturgeon, it's the Porpus I want to see, And going away in a state of huff because there was only Me. It was pleasant (and kings has right divine to feel a little malicious) To see 'em sent to behold his cops in the barrow behind the fish-house. So when Mr. BUCKLAND next obtains a porpus as wants a surgeon, Perhaps he won't insert that pig beside of a Royal Sturgeon.

I've heard the Tench is a curing fish and effects a perfect cure Of other fish put into his pond, which he's welcome to do, I'm sure, But don't bring sick porpuses up to me, I'm kin to the old Sea-Devil, And though a king I'm not inclined to be touching fish for the evil. Besides, a porpus isn't a fish, but a highly doweled man. Improved, of course, with a tail and fins, on the famous *Westiges* plan, The *Phocena Rondoletii*, though his seat in this sultry weather Was not like rondoletia nor frangipanni neither, But that is neither here nor there, and as I previously said, From the bottom of both my heart and pond I'm glad the Porpus is dead.

Royal Zoological Gardens.

THE STURGEON.

P.S. THE REVEREND SPURGEON gives it out he's related to me, a nigger, He's no such thing, and much more like the Above Lamented, in figger,

If one may judge by the fotttergraffs, which his congregation treasures, And where he shows himself enjoying no end of domestic pleasures.

A FACT IN ZOOLOGY.

It was observed by those, who always keep a close eye upon royalty, that on each occasion the PRINCE OF WALES has been to the Adelphi Theatre, he has been moved to tears by the charm of MISS BATEMAN'S most excellent acting. On this being mentioned to PAUL BEDFORD, he exclaimed, "Perfectly true to nature, my boy—what can you expect from Wales but blubber." For giving way to this irreverent tomfoolery, Mr. PAUL BEDFORD has since been compelled to study twenty pages of JOE MILLER. We hope it will act as a caution to him in future.

A Drop of Comfort.

THERE is just one consolation arising out of this new old New Zealand War. If we abolish the New Zealanders, we shall abolish that eternal fellow, of LORD MACAULAY'S creation, who, on an average, finishes three hundred and sixty-five leading articles every year. If there is no New Zealander, he can't well come and sit on the broken arch and sketch the ruined cathedral.



THE MALVERN HILLS.

PREVENTIVES AT FAULT.

AMONG the customs of Custom House officers nobody would think to account the custom of joking. The subjoined extract from a newspaper paragraph suggests the question, whether amongst the *douaniers* of Belgium, there are not some who, if not very much brighter, are considerably duller than their brotherhood at large?—

"THE MONSTER BALLOON.—A telegram received yesterday afternoon from Paris states that NADAR passed over Erquelines, on the Belgian frontier, near the ground at midnight on Sunday. The customs officers called to him to declare if he had anything liable to duty, but NADAR kept on his aerial voyage towards Germany."

Probably the invitation above described as addressed by NADAR to Customs officers proceeded from other parties. It is just the greeting with which a passing aeronaut would be likely to be hailed, not by such officials on the look-out, but by humorous bystanders, in the spirit of the British Cabman. The officers of Customs at Erquelines must be very good-natured fellows to have chaffed M. NADAR at their own expense—if they are not fools enough to have challenged him in earnest. When M. NADAR comes to publish a narrative of his aerial voyage, he will

doubtless record, amongst his various observations, the sight which he took at the wags, or the dolts, who hollaed to him to say if he had anything that was liable to duty on board of his balloon.

THE REVEREND MR. TREACLE.

MR. BEECHER,
Yankee preacher,
Is, just now, a London Feature,
Sent, we're thinking,
By ABEL LINCOLN,
To become BRITANNIA's teacher.

Execrations;
Ululations;
Yankee yelling; Pat's orations;
Menace frantic,
O'er the Atlantic
Stir not this most bland of nations.

Try new order,
Use soft sawder,
Praise BRITANNIA, hymn her, laud her,
Reverend brother,
Call her Mother,
Soothe her, pat her, and applaud her.

From his master
Comes the pastor,
Casts aside the pepper-castor,
And stands cooing,
Suing, wooing,
Blister, bless you—Poor Man's Plaister.

Wheedle, BEECHER,
Gentle preacher,
All your wiles won't over-reach her.
Give instruction,
In egg-suction,
GRANNY KNOWS ALL YOU CAN TEACH HER.

PHOTOGRAPHY WITH A NEW FACE.

THE photographic touters use persuasion now in addition to force, with the view of entrapping customers. They compliment the ladies, who imprudently pass their doors, on their good looks, and declare there never was a better occasion for having their portraits taken. It was not long ago, one of those pushing blackguards seized hold of an elderly lady by the arm, and accosted her rapturously thus:—"Hallo, Ma'am, how beautiful you are looking to-day! on my word, as sure as I am looking at you, I never seed you look handsomer! Now's the time to have your portrait taken! Lose the chance, Ma'am, and it may never occur again. Come along, my dear, and have your beauty immortalised for ever! It's only sixpence, Ma'am. Come along! Angels like you isn't caught every day." So saying, the brute kept pulling at the poor antiquated "angel's" shawl, and would have succeeded in dragging her forcibly into his inveigling den, if a stray policeman had not accidentally made his appearance round the corner. Photographers are notorious for their dark deeds, but we think it is high time a stop was put to their "taking off" people in this vigorous style.

Metallic News.

"BIRMINGHAM has just manufactured for the Russian Government the most tremendous and colossal pair of Shears we ever constructed." We presume that they are intended for the cutting up of Poland, but perhaps their edges will be turned by the Polish steel, especially if it should be sharpened on a French hone.



“BEECHER'S AMERICAN SOOTHING SYRUP.”

“If I have said anything against England, I'll stick to it . . . When I look not to the sentiments of popular assemblies, but to such significant acts as the detention of those Rams at Liverpool (chers) : when I look to such weighty words as those spoken by Earl Russell at

Glasgow, and by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL at Richmond . . . I feel that the two nations are still one in the cause of civilisation, of religion, and I trust we shall continue to be one in international policy, and one in every enterprise.”—*Rev. Ward Beecher at Exeter Hall.*

RECHERS AFRICA SOUTHERNE



A WIFE'S INDIGNATION.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,
WELL, Sir, what next if you please? We are coming to something, I should think. Don't tell me. No wonder we have Earthquakes. I did not see the paper till yesterday, for of course my husband, who pretends to be so accurate in everything, forgot to tell them to send it down to Worthing, but I have just got home, and tired as I am (and as you would be if you had all the real trouble of the journey, packing the children, and all that left to you), I shall not go to bed until I have slightly expressed my indignation.

In the *Saturday Review*, of course. In what other paper could it be except in that paper, which ought to be called *Woman's Enemy*.

Read this, Mr. Punch. I shall cut it out for you, in spite of a certain person's black looks at my spoiling his File as he calls it. That File may bite against a Viper, if it likes; but it shan't bite me without being told of it. My husband says, of course, that I have put the proverb wrong, when does a wife do anything right? But you will know what I mean. The article is called "The Companions of our Pleasures"—a nice sort of title that, too:—

"A wife is in most cases a sure friend, because, among other reasons, 'she doth breed a habit'; but she is not always wise, although a husband scarcely likes to catch himself despising her opinions or silently scouting her counsel. After all, it is only a small and lucky minority who find in their wives anything at all resembling the ideal of friendship. Of course, tenderness and love are very excellent things; but many husbands would be delighted if the wives of their bosoms were rather more like old college friends than they are, and if their tenderness were solidified by rather more judgment."

Now, Mr. Punch, is that the sort of writing to be endured by a wife sitting at her own table? We are not wise. Of course not. You are the Solomons, everybody knows that, and you never go wrong. You never take houses that are out of repair; you never tie yourselves up with ridiculous leases; you never pay taxes twice over; because you have not preserved receipts; you never hire servants with forged characters; you never put your names to friends' bills and have to pay them with money that ought to go to your children; you never send boys to school because you were pleased with a sentimental advertisement, and find they are starved and flogged and taught nothing; you never travel first class when second would be just as comfortable and save a third of the money; you never—O, of course you never do anything unwise, Solomons that you are.

You want your wives to be like your old college friends! Well, I am sure. CHARLES brings an old college friend home with him now and then, and I can only say that if I thought he wished me to be like that, I would take the children to lodgings in Bloomsbury Square or some other poor neighbourhood, and little would we trouble my lord and master again. Wish me to tell ridiculous stories about proctors and dons, and introduce bits of Latin which I believe had better not be put into English; wish me to sit up till three in the morning, smoking pipes and drinking grog, and covering the new table-cloth with tobacco-ash, and making the curtains smell to that degree that I am ashamed to look at the servant when she comes in at breakfast! Wish me to ask him to come out after dinner, and go to music saloons, and supper-houses, and I don't know where, and come home with brightened eyes but drooping eye-lids, and not able to speak for laughing about some "chaff" with a policeman. Old college companions, indeed, brazen noses and brazen faces, I should like to see myself cultivating such manners to please the best man that ever kicked slippers into a corner in the dark, and then used bad language because he could not find 'em where he thought he had put 'em. No, Mr. Punch, marriage has its duties as well as its rites.

But that is not all, by any means:—

"We know it is a scandalous heresy, and partakes of the nature of brutishness, or even sacrilege, thus to insinuate a base suspicion that supreme felicity sometimes ceases to bless the British hearth, or that the angel in the house is sometimes a bore."

"A Bore." A man's own lawful wife is sometimes a Bore. As I said, no wonder we have Earthquakes. Fancy a bride, standing before the altar, all smile and tremor, and hearing a man swear to love and honour and cherish, and so on, and being told that the man there, who can hardly speak for his happiness and his pride, would tell here some day that she is a bore! Hadn't you better have the service altered, and after "I will" say in the margin, "Here the husband shall add the words 'till she bores me.'" But let me go on, Mr. I shall write till to-morrow:—

"It will, at all events, be conceded that a man's wife is not the most desirable companion he could have at all times and under every circumstance. Nobody wants to have his wife with him in his chambers or at his counting-house. Yet a man is always thought a basely selfish wretch, at least by the female friends of his wife, if he entertains any thought of enjoying himself out of her society. She readily and properly leaves him to make money after his own fashion, but in the spending of it she would fain be supreme; and, at any rate, that it should be spent without her companionship is utterly intolerable. In the main, and in favourable cases, a wife is a sufficiently agreeable companion of her lord's leisure hours, provided she has sense enough to throw the children's boots, and coughs, and teeth off her mind."

There, Mr. Punch. And [we send missionaries to the Chinese and the Jews. Here is one of the intellectual papers of the day actually complaining that a wife wishes to share her husband's enjoyments, and that she talks to him about the nursery. I should just like to hear CHARLEY show that he thought me a "bore" when I spoke to him about JIMMY'S boots, and ANGELINA'S cough, and LOUISA'S teeth. Little more he'd hear from me on those subjects or any other. And what else does the reviewing gentleman want me to talk about. Steam-engines, or social sciences, or politics, or DR. COLWENSO? Nice conversation that between husband and wife with their toes on the fender, and I don't believe the man that wrote such things was ever married, or he'd be ashamed of himself. Earning the money, indeed! What did a man marry for, if he was going to think himself a martyr because he worked a little to maintain his wife and children. Nobody asked him to marry, did they? I know that if CHARLES had waited till I asked him, or anybody else either, I should be a single girl at this moment. "Sufficiently agreeable." Dear me. How condescending. Does anybody ask whether he is sufficiently agreeable to me, or whether he has sense enough to throw his clients, and his briefs, and his consultations off his mind, and tell me news, and about the new novels, and the theatres, and the PRINCESS OF WALES, and whether we are to wear our hair like whiskers, as the *Follies* says, and I shan't, whether it's the EMPRESS'S will or not.

"In nine cases out of ten, it is a dire mistake to throw a husband and wife together for a month or six weeks, with nothing to do beyond trying to enjoy themselves, and without abundance of other companionship. The most sensible plan, no doubt, where it is practicable, is that at least two pairs should unite to form one society for travelling purposes. . . . It is pleasanter to have three or five nice people to talk to over dinner than one, even though that one be your own wife."

There! I shall quote no more, because I am really very tired, and Mr. CHARLES, having had his cigar and other refreshments, is yawning in the most selfish manner. I simply ask you whether it is not unbearable to be told that a man cannot live with one for a month, by the Sea-side, without being "bored," and wanting three other "nice people" to talk to. Nice people, indeed. Nice literature that puts such things into husbands' heads! I suppose they will be going to this new Judge, Mr. JIMMY WILDE my husband calls him (is that his right name?), and asking for divorces because we are not "sufficiently agreeable," and because we complain of the shoe-bill, and are uneasy about a child's lower teeth. Upon my word, but if these are the good times that were coming, give me the bad ones, when a wife meant what Mr. WOODSWORTH said so beautifully, and what I believe most of us are,—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To guide, to comfort, to command."

Having thus said a few words in the way of protest against such wickedness, tired as I am, I will only say that I hope you will insert it, and I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours sincerely,

A BORE.

South Kensington.

P.S. I shall have something to say about "Frisky Matrons" one of these days, but I suspect that on that occasion I shall not be talking to a male *Saturday Reviewer*.

True Heroism.

ONE of Mr. Punch's surgical friends is partial to phlebotomy. Mr. Punch submitted, one day, to the quackish operation, for the sake of making a joke. Said the doctor, "This is the true remedy, after all." Said Mr. Punch to Mrs. Punch, "Why is that quack like the Flower of Love? Because he Lies, Bleeding."

A JOKE BEFORE DINNER.

A. Here taste some of these American bitters—they'll give you an appetite as sharp as a saw.

B. Exactly the thing, since I've my board found me.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



HERE are we now? Just about to start from Zurich to Interlachen. The Tourist can, if sufficiently strong, take the Rigi on the road. He mustn't take it very far, or it will be missed; as it happens, the top part of this Mount has been mist more than once, but has never been entirely lost.

You intend to make the ascent from the Goldau side. Now, the question is, how do you get there? Take the first turning to the right on leaving Zurich, the second to the left, and then any one will tell you; if they won't, implore the sulky peasant to reply, and offer him a *sou*; or you will *sou* in vain.

Guides.—Always take a guide with you. One who knows the way is to be preferred.

The best guides, who move in the very highest society, know all the principal mountains to speak to, and invariably obtain very civil answers from the most distant echoes. They also address themselves to their journey in a manner that makes the journey answer. They are very straightforward and honest on the road; at all events, whatever wrong they do, during the excursion, is kept secret, as the steep and heights never seem to tell upon them.

If you go without a guide choose the safest path.

Amusements in the Mountains.—If you want money, and can draw, now is your time to turn the art to account: thus, make friends with a Foreign Banker, take him up into a lonely spot, then, when nobody's looking, take out your snicker-snee, and draw upon him for any amount.



Never be unprovided with pencils, brushes, and paints; if you can execute light rapid sketches, you can do what our travelling artist did, and turn your tour into a carica-tour.

Maps.—Never travel in Switzerland without a Map; never mind what map, any one you've got by you will do. Don't forget a *Knap-sack* to serve, as the name implies, for a *sac de nuit* to sleep in.

Carry a flask made on the principle of HOUDIN's inexhaustible bottle. How's it done? Mustn't tell; it would be ROBBIN' HOOD-IN the Conjuror of his secret. Come along, will yer!

Away! Tourist! Away!

Hire a mule that will leap lightly up the perpendiculars; if you don't fancy a mule, you'll find lots of crev-asses all about the mountain.

Light your pipe and show the donkey boys how to go up a mountain. A pipe is the most independent companion that a traveller can have; it goes out with him, and it goes out without him. If you're a great smoker it becomes a nuisance when you're riding, as though you want to keep on the mule's back, yet must you be perpetually a-lighting. Gee up!

Now for some sport. A shrill cry from a neighbouring bush apprises you of the approach of the Wild Strawberry. Strike spurs into your mule. Over! Oh the pleasures of the chase! If you allow the Wild Strawberry to run to seed, you will lose it. Stole away! For ard! Yoicks! As when hunting in Devonshire, you will have to get off your horse and proceed on foot. In rushing at your jumps, grasp your alpen stock, 'twill save you from the, at present, very Rushing proceeding of falling on your Pole. Here you are at the Needelpin Crag, an ascent of some little difficulty; yet while you, the bold hunter, are shivering on the apex, the Wild Strawberry has sprung up on the opposite side of the precipice.



PROFUSELY LIBERAL PRINCIPLES.

THE following is an extract from a paragraph in a contemporary touching the representation of Oxford:—

"The last rumour is that M. C. NEATE, who was returned for Oxford in 1857, but was unsated for bribery and corruption, will be brought forward by the extra Liberal party, in which case MR. FLETCHER, of the Reform Club, who meant to contest the seat on the same principles, has pledged himself to withdraw."

Are we to suppose that a member of the Reform Club meant to contest the representation of Oxford on the principles of bribery and corruption?

A Short Lesson in English.

(Given gratis at the Strand Theatre.)

"Dites-moi donc, qu'est-ce que vous dire, 'burlesque?'"

"It is, Monsieur, what you may call literally, 'a play upon words.'"

[We wonder if the Mossoo was any the wiser.]

UNJUST ASPERSION ON A VALIANT SOLDIER.

Inquiring Englishman. But I thought GENERAL BRAGG was a Yankee?

Indignant Southerner. Oh! by no means—only nominally.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

PTOULISM is sinking lower than ever. Aristocratic Backers only employing their patronage by backing out of all fistio encounters. Even *Bell* threatens to give up its Ring, and the Professors of self-defence will not find much vitality remaining in their body when *The Life* has once left their noble art. Without money the fighting men will soon find their occupation gone. It is of little use to be rough unless you have plenty of ready.

Who are the Feenians or Finnians? The former would in England be a law term for lawyers in general, while the Finnians or Finny'uns would serve to distinguish as fishy ones the black sheep of the profession in particular.

KING GEORGE AGAMEMNON proposes to change the name of the Ionian Islands into the I. O. Union Islands. All His Majesty's orders are signed by GEORGE, but there is no truth in the report that the Prime Minister's name is By Jingo.

The prison system is to be greatly improved. The following definitions and rules have been sent in to the Home Secretary by eminent prison-discipline authorities. The definition of—

Solitary Confinement is, not more than three in a room.

Silent System.—All may not talk at once.

Hard Labour.—A walk round the grounds from twelve to four.

Stringent Rules.—Convicts are requested not to pluck the flowers.

Prison Diet.—Venison is not allowed more than six times during the season. N. B. Whenever the Governor or any of the prison officials be presented with game, he shall share it with the first-class convicts.

Regulation as to Dinner.—Nobody shall ask for more than three helpings of turtle soup.

Instruction.—Cigars and liqueurs shall be provided for the convicts during their conversations with the Chaplain. The Chaplain shall in no case refer to their past lives, lest it might wound their susceptibilities.

The mention of prisons reminds us that an evil-doer has been rescued from the error of his way by seeing the *Ticket of Leave Man* at the Olympic. The good effected has not stopped here: during the long run of this capital piece several dramatic authors have visited the house, and have subsequently written to MR. EMDEN informing him that they will never again take anything from the French.

Unable to get away from hard labour and treadmills, even though we have plunged into theatrical matters, we may say that while the fortunate convict is getting on well at the Olympic, the successful *Leion* is still likely to be kept on for a good long time at his wheel in the New Royalty.

The theatrical world is full of great successes. *Queen Leah* reigns supreme at the Adelphi, and *Miriam*, as a gentleman with a "cold in his 'ed" informed us, is equal to a myriad in the auditorium (if it would hold 'em) of the Strand. Then there's a conjuror who makes money and time pass in a wonderfully quick way at the Princess's. The St. James's Theatre is to let. But everybody seems to think that it does very well as it is, and that therefore they'd better act upon the moral suggested by the piece played at this house last season (*Lady Audley's Secret*), and let well alone.

MR. BALFE's new Opera now in rehearsal at Covent Garden is not founded on MARTIN TUPPER's *Proverbial Philosophy*.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS should have re-appeared in London in a new Piece, entitled the *Judgment of Paris*, but his habitual modesty prevented him from so doing. However, MRS. MATHEWS and her husband are coming out very shortly in a Comedy, by a well-known hand, we mustn't say whose, which has a capital title, we mustn't say what, and we can't add any more, but we mustn't say why.

Here's a nice little bit of penny-a-lining:—

"His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES and his Royal relatives have commenced the shooting season immediately on their arrival at the Prince's shooting-box, their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE OF WALES, the PRINCE CHRISTIAN, and PRINCE FREDERICK, with several gentlemen of their respective suites, having begun to use the deadly tube this morning with telling effects. The weather has been charmingly fine, and strongly in contrast to that of yesterday. Their Royal Highnesses found plenty of game, and entered into the sport with real enjoyment. Their Royal Highnesses shot over the estate nearest the Hall."

The deadly tube! Our great guns, according to this report, couldn't shoot with any commonplace weapons. Telling effects! Good joke this; play on the name "TELL," who was a remarkably good shot in his way. Ha! ha! ha! Capital. See how yesterday is mildly rebuked for its weather. Their Royal Highnesses found the game. Very kind of their Royal Highnesses, specially as it was for the benefit of the Correspondent. Real enjoyment! Delightful scene, peculiarly English! Was the writer present? behind a tree getting out of the way of the telling effects.

We suspect that our pennywise friend was up a "hollow beech tree" in the neighbourhood, and it required some extra fine writing before he could "come down," and defray the score at the Woodpecker's Tap in the Woods, where "the smoke so gracefully curl'd" from his briar-root pipe, and obfuscated him.

THE FEENIAN FAUGH-A-BALLAGH.

It's down wid the Orange and up wid the Green,
From across the Atlantic, to Erin's fair shore,
Since that banner waved proudly in RYAN's borseen,
'Gainst the Saxon it never has come to the fore;
When bould SMITH O'BRIEN, in the cabbage formed line,
Saxon hirelings the flag of the Feenian fleered at:
But let us once put in ould Ireland a fut,
And we'll ate up JOHN BULL, wid the cabbage he jeered at.

Up, Feenian Brotherhood—up like one man,
And pay down your money, nor ask a receipt:
Sons of Great FIN MAC COOL, be as cool as you can,
Wid revenge on the Saxon your timpers to heat:
Wid the States at our back, and the clergy at home,
Sure our flag will soon wave upon Liffig's fair quay,
And as mighty St. Pathrick druv snakes o'er the foam,
So the base bloody Saxon we'll drive over any!

Then the Feenian Brotherhood all in their might,
On the ould hill of Tara a council will hold,
Wid green robes on their backs, a most elegant sight,
And all wearin' Malachi's collars o' gold:
And we'll bring back the fine ould Milesian toimes,
And the seven wise masthers instal in our schools;
And we'll find out descendants of BRIAN BOBOHME's,
To sway the green isle that the Saxon misrules!

And we'll have back the glib and the saffron-dyed robe
That was worn by the chieftains who warred 'gin the Pale,
And we'll send Irish Letthers and Arts o'er the globe,
And for PATHRICK and PRIN, crown DOCTOR MAC HALE.
And we'll put down the Peelers, and mane Saxon laws,
That keep up distinction 'twixt *meuns* and *tuuns*,
And we'll wait till the Feenian Republic o'erawes
The Kingdom of England and reigns in its room.

We'll restore the ould families,—every man Jack,—
To the acres, tuk from them by Protestant hand;
And we'll have our Milesian Capital back,
When the base Saxon Capital's druv from the land!
The strames will run butter-milk, bogs dry outright,
Potheen won't upset the Milesian brain,
Irish patriots won't job, Irish factions won't fight,
And the Phoenix will build in her own Park again!

A RESPECTABLE ACT OF FAITH.

It is reported, says a contemporary, that the Spanish Government intends "attempting to consolidate the whole of the heterogeneous debt of the country." We hope this means that QUEEN ISABELLA's Ministers are going to create Consols for the purpose of paying the foreign creditors of Spain the interest of their money. This step will become the advisers of a Sovereign who affects the title of Catholic. They will very much improve upon it by paying up the arrears of dividend due to those long-suffering persons who have trusted their nation. One entirely laudable dogma of Catholicism is, that which enjoins restitution. If the Spaniards will only evince their zeal for that faith on which they pride themselves by putting this point of it in practice, they will at any rate gain some credit, whereas otherwise they will never be trusted.

Epigram on Society and Individuals.

BY A CYNIC.

THE Many go absurdly wrong
In common with their kind;
Not few in self-conceit are strong
As they are weak of mind;
Thus, for example, to produce
A case of either class,
There's TOMKINS a gregarious goose:
BROWN, an egregious ass.

All of a Piece.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS still persists in maintaining "that he is the author of the original farce, on which *L'Anglais Timide* is founded, which he knows as well as we do that he is not. In only one respect can he make good his title, and that is in the boldness of the assertion, which certainly is *As Cool as a Cucumber*. However, coolness on the part of our friend CHARLES is decidedly misplaced under the head of *Varidite*, which is the name of the theatre where the felonious act was committed.



A FIX.

SEPARATED HUSBAND. "Fetch him out, Sir!"

PROPRIETOR OF MOKE. "Why, if I went near her, she'd lie down; She always goes in just before high water; Nothing'll fetch her out till the tide turns!"

BRITISHER TO BEECHER.

ALAS! what a pity it is, PARSON BEECHER,
That you came not at once when Secession broke out,
As ABRAHAM LINCOLN's Apostle, a preacher
Of the Union; a gospel which Englishmen doubt;
For that Union, you see,
Was a limb of our tree:
Its own branches to break themselves off are as free.

Still, BEECHER, if you had been only sent hither,
When at first the Palmetto flag flouted the sky,
Commissioned foul slavery's faction to wither,
And this nation invoke to be Freedom's ally,
With your eloquent art
You had won England's heart;
We were fully disposed towards taking your part.

Instead of a Reverend BEECHER, appealing
To our conscience, in Liberty's name, for the right,
We heard a cool scoundrel advise in the stealing
Of BRITANNIA's domains, North and South to unite;
And your papers were full
Of abuse of JOHN BULL;
Whilst he bore the blockade which withheld cotton wool.

Malevolence, taking our ill-will for granted,
Has reviled us, pursued us with bluster and threat,
Supposing itself the remembrance had planted
In our bosom of wrongs which we couldn't forget,
And should take, in its case
Of misfortune, as base
A revenge as itself would have ta'en in our place.

Tirades against England, with menace of slaughter,
Never yet have your SUMMERS, and such, ceased to pour,

Your bards talk of blowing us out of the water,
And threaten to "punish JOHN BULL at his door."
Now this isn't the way
To make Englishmen pray
That the Yankees may finish by gaining the day.

An afterthought only is "Justice to Niggers;"
'Tis a cry which those Yankees raised not till they found
That they for a long time had been pulling triggers,
At their slaveholding brothers, and gained little ground.
First ABE LINCOLN gave out
That he'd fain bring about,
The Re-union with slavery too, or without.

So don't waste your words in attempts at persuasion,
Which impose on no Briton alive but a fool,
But husband your breath for another occasion,
That is, BEECHER, keep it your porridge to cool.
"Strictly neutral will I
Still remain standing by,"
Says BRITANNIA: "d'ye see any green in my eye?"

Obtaining Laughter under False Pretences.

THERE are certain dislocations of words, which sound like jokes, but which, upon examination, have but small pretensions to the honourable character of a joke. Of this particular dubious class, perhaps, the following may be cited as one of the best:—A gentleman was relating that on the evening he was present at the Adelphi to witness the affecting drama of *Leah*, a lady, at the conclusion of the fifth act, had been carried out in violent hysterics. "Well?" said a notorious old offender, "there's nothing very wonderful in that—isn't the scene laid in hi-Styria?"

"L'ANGLAIS TIMIDE."—SIR ROBERT PEEL.



FILLING AT THE PRICE.

This is the Old Lady that goes every day to our Pastrycook's, buys a halfpenny Bun, and keeps the "Times" for three hours.

SMOKING ROOMS ON WHEELS WANTED.

LIKE many other great philosophers, *Mr. Punch* is fond of smoking, and daily takes his tobacco as punctually as his dinner. But great as is his sympathy with reasonable smokers, all those who smoke unreasonably he holds in great contempt, and will ever do his possible to help to put their pipes out. A gentleman who smokes where he may annoy another gentleman, or, still worse, where it is possible he may offend a lady, *Mr. Punch* thinks is no gentleman but a selfish, snobbish gent. For this reason *Mr. Punch* condemns the practice of smoking in a railway carriage, but he still more censures the mean policy of short-sighted directors who appear to stint the public in supply of smoking carriages that they may make a goodly income by the fines they hope to pouch. The ladies, who are specially the pets of *Mr. Punch*, make continual complaints to him about this growing nuisance, and explain how disagreeable it is to them when going to a flower show or concert, to have to travel in a carriage that reeks with stale tobacco smoke, and makes their dresses smell as though they had been hung up in a pot house. With an apology for quoting Latin before ladies, *Mr. Punch* may just observe that a cask is not the only thing which—

"Quo semel est imbuta diu servabit odorem."

Just try smoking in a railway carriage where there are stuffed cushions, and you will find that you may open the windows as wide as you will, but the smell of tobacco will linger there still. To the female nose this odour is in general a nuisance, and, much as *Mr. Punch* likes smoking, he must consider that the man who ever smokes where he may annoy a lady, is a snob whom it were flattery to call a selfish beast.

Nevertheless smoking is to some of us well nigh as necessary as eating, and as this is a free country, we ought not to be deprived of it. Were the matter rightly put to them, even ladies who hate smoke would probably agree that smoking in a railway carriage should in some way be permitted; for the more a son or husband smokes when he is out, the less will he be likely to want his smoke at home. *Mr. Punch* feels sure then that the ladies will all join in his petition for having enough smoking rooms on wheels in every train to accommodate himself and

THE MERSEY RAMS.

As I stood by the Mersey,
Upon a certain day,
I saw a couple of Rams there
That never were fed upon hay.
The number of their dimensions
I can't exactly tell,
But I guess their length was over
Thrice ten yards and an ell.
Upon my word 'tis true, Sir,
And what 'll you lay it's a lie?
And if you 'll go to Birkenhead,
You 'll see it as well as I.

The wool on their sides is iron,
The horns on their heads are steel:
Their trotters were under water,
Like the mail-clad Warrior's keel.
Their tails that grew on their haunches
Were hidden from my view,
Those tails are their propellers;
And each is an Iron Screw.
Upon my word, &c.

These Rams are in Mersey water
As true as I sit here;
The one of them called *El Tonssoon*,
The other, *El Monastir*;
Which Oriental titles
Are known to be mere shams;
The SULTAN never ordered
This pair of Mersey Rams.
Upon my word, &c.

From straying out of the Mersey,
Those iron Rams to bar,
They closely are attended,
By a British man-of-war;
For the peace of England's nation,
Thus Government has cared;
But their laudable precaution,
Is a bore for MESSIEURS LAIRD.
Upon my word, &c.

other smokers who may travel. Were this done, *Mr. Punch* would use his strongest influence to prohibit and prevent illicit smoking upon railways, and to brand and gibbet all who wilfully commit it. The ladies have the remedy in their own fair hands, and the more they are annoyed the sooner they will use it. When their patience is exhausted let them come to *Mr. Punch*, and join him in presenting a petition for redress. A deputation of nice girls, if led by *Mr. Punch*, would no doubt find ready access to every railway board-room; and if petitions for more smoking carriages were thus properly presented, surely few directors would be able to withstand them.

ADIEU TO MR. BEECHER.

MR. BEECHER has left us; he has sailed for America, where he can tell his congregation just what he likes, but where he will, we are sure, tell MESSRS. LINCOLN and SEWARD the exact truth, namely that large numbers of the uneducated classes crowded to hear a celebrated orator, and that the press has been very good-natured to him. Also, we hope he will say, because he knows it, that the educated classes are at the present date just as Neutral in the matter of the American quarrel as they were before the reverend gentleman's arrival. Having duly stated these facts to the PRESIDENT and the Minister, MR. BEECHER may put them in any form he pleases before the delightful congregation, whose members pay £40 a-year, each, for pews. And to show that we part with him in all good nature, we immortalise his witty allusion to ourselves in his farewell speech:—

"I know my friend *Punch* thinks I have been serving out 'soothing syrup' to the British Lion. (Laughter.) Very properly the picture represents me as putting a spoon into the lion's ear instead of his mouth; and I don't wonder that the great brute turps away very sternly from that plan of feeding." (Renewed laughter.)

A gentler criticism upon us could not be, and we scorn to retort that, having a respect for anatomy, we did not make the lion's ear large enough to hold the other spoon depicted in that magnificent engraving. For the REVEREND BEECHER is not a spoon, whatever we may think of his audiences in England. And so we wish him good-bye, and plenty of green-backs and green believers.



"Oh yes, my dear, the advantage is—you can wear more Flowers for your Money, and the Rain don't spoil them."

THE EXTREME OF COSSACK BARBARISM.

FANCY the thrill of horror which must have pervaded servants' halls when the subjoined extract from the letter of the *Times* special correspondent at Warsaw, was read aloud by young BUTTONS to MR. JOHN THOMAS:—

"A groom who was exercising his master's horse near one of the barriers was mistaken the other day by his Cossacks for an insurgent, and knocked out of his saddle and beaten before he could explain who and what he was. Probably the Cossacks imagined his livery to have been an uniform, for I remember a massacre of house and farm servants which took place some months ago on an estate in the Government of Lublin, in which a gaudily dressed footman was reserved for special tortures on the supposition that he must be the band-master."

Exclusively domestic as are the feelings of JOHN THOMAS, even JOHN THOMAS himself must feel inflamed with indignation against the Russian barbarism which is regardless even of the immunities of Push. The idea that a gaudily dressed footman, innocent even of impatience of constitutional taxation, to which he is a stranger, should be reserved by Cossacks for special tortures on account of that garb which denotes his superiority to all politics, cannot but disgust the most indifferent JOHN THOMAS with such barbarians, and cause him to bless himself for the livery which is exempt from the shoulder-knout.

Conundrum.

SOBER, Will ye tell me, ay ye please, what 'nd be the proper toime whin Rag Fair ought to be held? Ye can't, SOBER? O'ill ye, thin; Rag Fair, ye see, ought to be held in Lint.

Yours, me boy, for iver, AN IRISH OWL.

ALLEGED BLACK MAIL AT NEWINGTON.

A SUPERIOR Dramatist has observed that even "the common executioner, whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard, falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, but first begs pardon." MR. CALCRAFT makes a point of shaking hands with the subjects on whom he is operating, and he also perhaps at the same time apologises for the inconvenience to which he is going to put them by checking their respiration. The taxgatherer is supposed to execute an office almost as odious as the hangman's with at least as much gentleness and civility as JACK KETCH exhibits in the performance of his unpopular duty. If, however, reliance can be placed on the subjoined particulars, the tax-collector does not always emulate the urbanity of the Finisher of the Law. We quote the report on which this remark is founded:—

"THE RATEPAYERS OF NEWINGTON AND THE COLLECTION OF TAXES. "EXTRAORDINARY PUBLIC MEETING.

"Last night a Public Meeting of the ratepayers of the Parish of St. Mary's, Newington, was convened at the Roebuck Tavern, Dover Road, to take into consideration the alleged harsh, ungentlemanly, and overbearing conduct of the Arrears Collector of the district. MR. DOWLE was called to the Chair."

The Chairman explained to the meeting that the person whose conduct they were assembled to investigate, was one ALEXANDER WRIGHT, a sub-collector, employed by the elected and recognised collector for the district. MR. DOWLE added that this WRIGHT had been only that day bound over by MR. ELLIOTT to keep the peace for six months, "in consequence of the manner in which he had treated a respectable tradesman." The following statement was then made in illustration of MR. WRIGHT's demeanour in taxgathering after a fashion the reverse of *suaviter in modo*:—

"MR. A. W. M'CAUL said that on the 31st of August MR. WRIGHT called at his house in the evening, and asked for the Queen's taxes. MRS. M'CAUL said that they should be paid on the next morning. MR. WRIGHT said, 'You must pay this moment,' and was most overbearing. MRS. M'CAUL remonstrated, upon which he said, in the rudest manner, 'I don't want to speak to a thing like you,' and called in a man that was behind him."

"The money was paid," said the speaker, "but the violence of the scene brought" a serious illness on MRS. M'CAUL. He proceeded to say that:—

"He (MR. M'CAUL) subsequently went to WRIGHT, and demanded by what authority he had made a disturbance in his house and done such mischief, and WRIGHT had no warrant or other authority to produce. He found that MR. WRIGHT was in the habit of calling for the taxes, and charging a shilling or 2s. for his trouble, and that charge was not legal. The speaker proceeded to mention cases where he alleged this had been done by MR. WRIGHT."

The allegations against Mr. sub-taxgatherer WRIGHT appear by MRS.

M'CAUL's showing to amount to a graver charge than that of mere brutality; namely that of exceeding his duty in collecting the Queen's taxes by levying black-mail on his own account. But this is an accusation which cannot be believed without evidence, and, to be sustained by such evidence as the ensuing, of course requires that evidence to be confirmed by oath:—

"MR. WOODWARD said that MR. WRIGHT had called upon him for taxes, and demanded a shilling for his trouble, and would not give a receipt without it."

"MR. BARKER, 118, Dover Road, said that MR. WRIGHT called on him for taxes, and he went up to MR. WRIGHT's office with the money. There were six or eight females there on a similar errand. MR. WRIGHT asked each of them for 2s. expenses. They pleaded hard to be let off, but they had to pay. He asked him (MR. BARKER) for 2s., but when it was refused he would not take the money, but said he would levy. He (MR. BARKER) then called in a friend and said, 'Be you witness that I tender the amount of the assessed taxes.' MR. WRIGHT replied, 'I will take it from you; but it is such men as you that make devils of men like us.' (Laughter.)"

In the narrative of MR. BARKER six or eight females are represented as having been addressed by MR. WRIGHT with a demand that amounts to little, if anything less, than "Stand and Deliver!" and MR. BARKER represents himself as having successfully resisted the proposal of an alternative not essentially different from "Your Money or your Life!" "Give me two shillings or I shall levy," comes nearly to the same thing. It must, however, be remembered that MR. BARKER was not in a witness-box; and therefore MR. WRIGHT must, for the present, be presumed to be innocent of the attempt, and the acts imputed to him. At a mere meeting of ratepayers that gentleman was not upon his trial. However:—

"Several other Speakers having mentioned similar cases,

"MR. M'CAUL moved a resolution, 'That this Meeting, having heard with indignation, the method in which MR. WRIGHT conducts the business of the collection of the taxes, appoints a Committee to wait on the board of guardians, to explain to them the nature of the complaints against MR. WRIGHT, and to request that the elected Collector be directed to discontinue his services.'

Under MR. M'CAUL's favour, his resolution did not go far enough. Surely the law has a name and a requital for obtaining money by the means which he imputes to MR. WRIGHT. Innocence of such extortion does not merit the sack, and guilt deserves something very much worse. If there are grounds to justify the resolution demanding the discontinuance of MR. WRIGHT's services, there are grounds for a resolution that MR. WRIGHT's proceedings shall be subjected to legal investigation.

But only fancy the fact that:—

"The Resolution having been seconded,

"MR. SKELL, a vestryman, moved an amendment that the meeting should not interfere between MR. M'CAUL and WRIGHT. (Oh, oh!) All Collectors employ brokers to frighten men out of their money. (Oh!)"

"Oh!" indeed. It is needless to say, that "after great confusion," which always attends a ratepayers' meeting, "the resolution" was unanimously carried, and the meeting separated.

As aforesaid, we presume Mr. WRIGHT's innocence; but, were the contrary established, we should say that it only exemplified the working of a system of taxation which assesses temporary earnings at as high a rate as permanent revenue. If the system of taxation is one of robbery, what else can be expected of the instruments who enforce it?

GOOD WORDS IN THEIR WAY AT MANCHESTER



HERE is an excellent periodical called *Good Words*. On the occasion of the public breakfast at the Albion Hotel, when the REV. MR. BAECHER took leave of his friends at Manchester, a speech was made by a gentleman of Liverpool, Mr. J. PATTISON, containing, as reported, a few words which might be inserted, for contrast's sake, in that well conducted miscellany.

Subjoined are a few of the words in question, ascribed to MR. PATTISON. They relate to LORD BROUGHAM:—

"When he remembered what he said when he was simply HENRY BROUGHAM, he could not help contrasting it with his present conduct. What were then the utterances of one of the brightest sons of morning, and his words would live for ever; but now his utterances—since he had become a Lord—were base and truculent upon this great question. (Loud applause.)"

MR. PATTISON, according to the report just quoted, is, as aforesaid, a Liverpool gentleman, but he does not talk Lancashire. The description of LORD BROUGHAM as having, when he was simply HENRY BROUGHAM, been one of the brightest sons of the morning, is an example of rhetoric much too florid, and hardly perspicuous enough, for the mouth of an honest North countryman. Nor would a true Liverpool man have said that the "utterances" of BROUGHAM—"since he had become a Lord,"—were "base and truculent" on the question of anti-slavery, to which MR. PATTISON was referring, unless he had some proof of the applicability of those adjectives to LORD BROUGHAM's utterances, more demonstrative than that which follows in the continuation of MR. PATTISON's address; to wit:—

"—and in proof of his assertion he read an extract from a speech recently delivered by LORD BROUGHAM at a banquet in Edinburgh, in which he spoke of himself as the only one who had fought the battle of the abolitionists in England, and that the proclamation of MR. LINCOLN was a disgrace to a civilised Government, inasmuch as it was issued with the view of inducing the slaves to rise in rebellion against their owners, and that they would have done so but for their contentedness with their condition and their masters. Now, when LORD BROUGHAM stood forth and said that, he stood up like a bully and lied, for he knew that the proclamation was issued not with that view, but with the view of bringing back into the Union the rebellious states; and that, if they refused to accept the conditions therein set forth, their property in the slaves would be confiscated."

The truculence of LORD BROUGHAM's by no means singular supposition that MR. LINCOLN's proclamation was issued for a truculent purpose must be pointed out to be perceived. The baseness of his assertion, that he alone had fought the battle of the abolitionists in England, would, to be sure, be self-evident if he had ever said any such thing, instead of having, often enough, feelingly commemorated his old companions in arms, sharers in the glory of emancipation. A native of Liverpool would be much more precise than MR. PATTISON in the employment of such words as "base" and "truculent," though good words in their way, namely when applied to people who rave under the influence of ignoble malice.

Neither would any Liverpool man, at least any Liverpool gentleman, have said that LORD BROUGHAM, when he expressed an opinion, right or wrong, "stood up like a bully and lied." For he would have considered such language to be not exactly suitable to a personage of LORD BROUGHAM's antecedents and age, and may think that if there is any conduct which deserves to be described as standing up and lying, it is that of standing up and belching virulent abuse against a venerable old man.

In short, the eloquence attributed to MR. PATTISON is not English. Neither is it Scotch. Shall we insult a noble people by calling it Irish? We will not, by any means: but from some experience of the

howlings of a certain tribe of Irishmen, allied to those who constitute the "Fenian Brotherhood," we will venture to say that it is, if not an example, at least a close imitation, of the utterances of the sort of Irishman that is synonymous with LUNDY FOOT's renowned snuff.

QUOTATIONS.

As we have found, since writing our last article upon this subject, that there are several lines familiar to most of us which were not written by SHAKESPEARE, we hasten to place our information before the Public, and more especially do we desire to call the attention of Members of Parliament, Ready Writers, After Dinner Speakers, Brilliant Conversationalists, and Burlesque Writers, to the selections from the Poets which we are now about to give.

When discoursing at the Town Hall, Spianerton, on the Beauties of the Poets, you can mention SHAKESPEARE thus:—"SHAKESPEARE, concerning whom DAYDEN has said

"FANCY SHAKESPEARE driven wild
By the woodnotes of a child."

On the Horrors of Domestic Felicity—

"Birds in their little nests agree;
But 'tis a dreadful sight!"—WATTS.

"You remember," this comes in your speech on the Delights of Home. "How touchingly the wife of *Roderick*, in SCOTT's charming poem asks at what hour her Lord will return, when she says to the steward, whose name was JACKSON—

"And JACKSON, when is ROGERICK due?"

Isn't this homely? isn't this Nature?"

The Merriment of Intoxication—

"There was a laughing Devil in his Beer."—THE CORSAIR.

BURNS has admirably expressed the Greed of Gain and the Prodigality of the Spendthrift in that well-known verse—

"If there's a hole fur a' your goats,
I redo ye tant 'em,
A chiel's amang ye taking notes,
An faith he's spent 'em."

On the questionable good of putting your name to paper, the same Poet has aptly said, when speaking of one LANG, a character in his Poem—

"Should Auld LANG sign?"

A problem which is ultimately solved by a negative.

The Delights of the Country—

"On the Grampian hills
My father feeds a fox,
And frugal swan."

For any Theatrical speech made in reference to *The Haunted Man*,—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting Ghost!"

Finally, to recur to SHAKESPEARE, you may always be ready with the following lines, adapted to any conversation, by the genius who was for all time,—

"The Poet's eye, on a fine Wednesday rolling,
Doth glance from HECUBA to him, and he to HECUBA.
Yet in the very witching time of night, his pen,
What it has done, when 'tis done, 'tis done well,
Turns all to juggling fends, while the brief candle
Throws physic to the dogs."

Be particular, in delivering the above, to mark the punctuation carefully, and use your arms with discretion, for the sake of grace and emphasis. Has not SHAKESPEARE, in this instance, himself said of such action,—

"He saw the air with his hands."

Any other less imaginative writer would have used the common-place of eyes for "hands," and would have probably omitted such a phrase as "saw the air" on the ground of its being a physical impossibility. But this is a grand instance of poetic licence and real imaginative power.

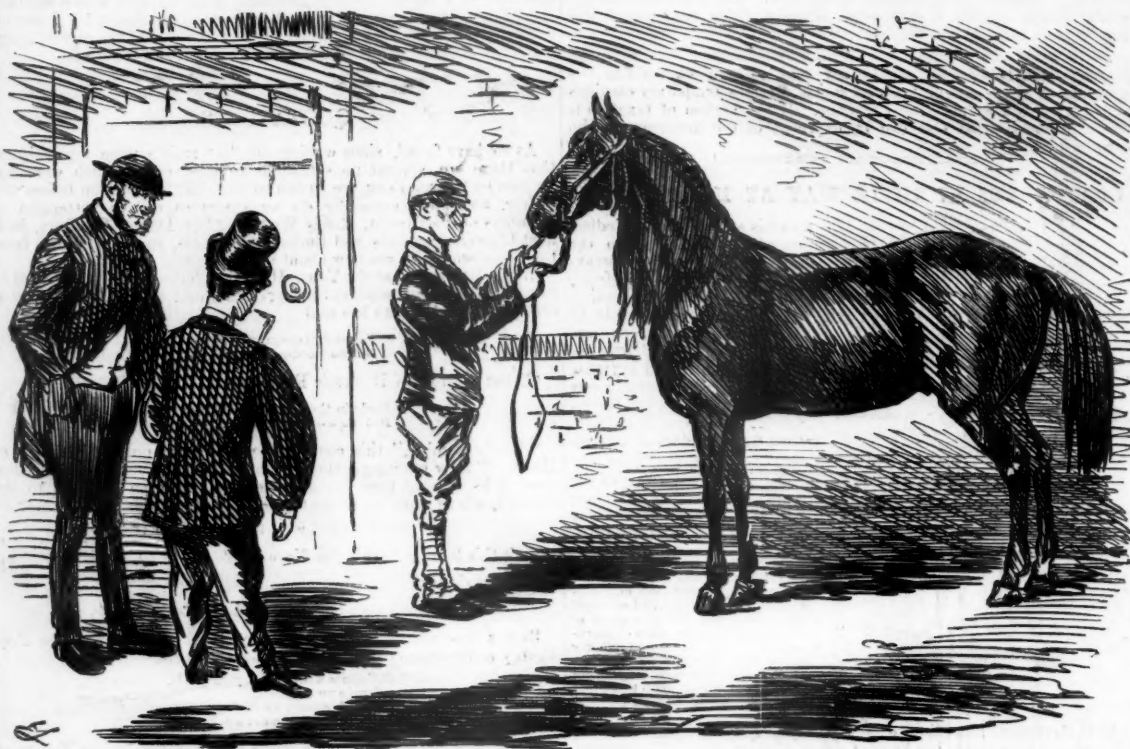
Delicate Diplomats.

ONE of REUTER's telegrams from Paris, announced that—

"This evening the Annamite Ambassadors will dine with M. DROUIN DE LUYZ."

The Annamite Ambassadors use no pocket handkerchiefs, nor anything of the kind. We hope M. DROUIN DE LUYZ got over his dinner without being very ill.

THE DRAMATIC AUTHOR'S PLAYGROUND.—PARIS.



RATHER OSSY.

Dealer. "THERE, SIR! HE'S A RARE TOPPED UN. WHY WHAT A MANE AND TAIL HE'S GOT! HE'D MAKE A CHARGER HE WOULD!"

Mr. Green. "BUT AIN'T HIS LEGS A LITTLE TOO THIN FOR HIS BODY?"

Dealer. "THIN FOR HIS BODY! BLESS YER. YOU COME TO HACK 'IM ABOUT FOR A FEW DAYS, HIS LEGS'LL FILL OUT ENOUGH, THEY WILL!"

HOLDING A CANDLE TO THE *****.

WE'LL set our Slaves at liberty,
By LINCOLN's proclamation,
Proclaim in every land on airth
Hull-hog Emancipation.
Preach up humanity's crusade
With BEECHER WARD, Commander,
A candle hold, not to old Nick—
But youthful ALEXANDER!

'Tis true the Poles he decimates,
But then there's France upholds 'em,
While England letters dares to write,
Though roundly Rooshia scolds 'em.
So since France rules in Mexico,
And England's riz our dander,
We'd candles hold—e'en to old Nick,
Much more young ALEXANDER.

They may say Rooshia is a bear,
Because his hide is frizzly;
Guess we would carry guts to him
If he was twice as grizzly.
For I conclude that sauce for goose
Ain't noways sauce for gander,
And candles hold both to old Nick
And youthful ALEXANDER!

Extract from a Future Macaulay.

"AND by way of finally labelling the two leading members of the PALMERSTON Cabinet, we may say that the PREMIER was famed for his China War, and the FINANCE MINISTER for his China Ware."

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE QUEEN's loving subjects will rejoice to hear that HER MAJESTY intends to establish a theatre at Windsor Castle; a house which will be pre-eminently a Theatre Royal, entitled to be called Her Majesty's Own Theatre.

There is something that raises the spirits of the nation in the effort thus made by the QUEEN to sustain her own. It is plain that HER MAJESTY has resolutely determined from a sense of duty to resort to amusement as an alleviation of a grief that may be incurable, though due consideration might change it into hope, capable even of rising into joy. For such a grief, the theatre affords one of the most effectual of earthly remedies. The suggestion, naturally raised by dramatised human life, that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," tends to elevate the beholder above all the world. When the curtain has fallen on a noble tragedy, and whilst the grand words of SHAKESPEARE are still ringing in the ears, the mind looks above and beyond mortal ills; and the spectacle of a well-acted part must hint a particular consolation for a sorrow such as the QUEEN'S.

It was a happy and a queenly thought to instal the Drama at Windsor Castle; the thought of a mind friendly to ennobling art. The question, by what Intelligence may this thought have been inspired, is one which, well weighed, may also afford some comfort to the Royal Widow.

May the successor of ELIZABETH be rewarded for her patronage of the English Stage with a Victorian Drama, and live to be the Sovereign of, if possible, another SHAKESPEARE.

FREE TRANSLATION.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL RUSSELL.

CHE SARA SARA. "Rest and be thankful."



“HOLDING A CANDLE TO THE *****” (MUCH THE SAME THING.)

...HOLDING A CANDLE TO THE ... (UPON THE ...)



...THE ...

FROM OUR BILIOUS CONTRIBUTOR.

To MR. PUNCH.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

You will be happy to hear that I may no longer bear the above title. I am your bilious no longer. I am cured. I have returned to the sweet fresh air of my native metropolis, and all unpleasant sensations have vanished, at least all but one, which I am sure will be dispelled by a registered letter which I shall receive from your excellent cashier the first thing to-morrow morning, in reply to a little billet which I did myself the pleasure to forward to him from—ha! ha!—a curious coincidence—Bradbury, a station near Darlington. This letter, therefore, closes the account of my Scottish pilgrimage, but there is no rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love. Did you ever hear me sing that song? If so, you must be unwilling that your first impressions should be disturbed by a second feat of vocalisation on my part.

Permit me to say, though I am in far too delightful a temper to be perturbed by anything, that the picture which you took the friendly liberty of subjoining to my last despatch, gives not the slightest idea of my appearance as a Highlander. The somewhat coarse and far from handsome porpoise whom your young man has drawn in violent saltatory action is as unlike myself as it is like another member of your staff whose name I will not mention. I cannot be displeased with you for an innocent joke, but when this volume of *Punch* shall be re-issued many years hence, I hope that in the charmingly written introduction with which you will increase its value, you will explain that your singularly handsome and graceful contributor was not typified in that disgusting caricature. *Punch* is an historical work, and the future MACAULAY should not be led into mistakes, especially if, like the past MACAULAY, he infers a man's whole character from a non-authentic portrait. I have, however, been sitting for my bust to the most gifted sculptor in Scotland, and a photograph from this will enable another of your young men to do me more justice in some playful yet gracious ebullition of fraternal inspiration. I need hardly say that it is a love of accuracy, and not a particle of vanity that dictates this suggestion, for I happen to have none of the latter, though, as the poet says,—

"Not a vanity is given in vain."

As it happens, my dear Mr. *Punch*, I did not appear at the Highland Games, at Inverness, in the beautiful tartans punctually supplied to me by MR. MACDOUGALL. These I keep for the first fancy ball to which I shall be invited by H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. The fact is that it scarcely ever rains in Scotland, but the weather made an exception on the day of the Games, and I am bound to say that the water came down handsomely, not dropping like the gentle Jew from heaven, but pluvially, a classical word with which I beg to enrich your vocabulary. Therefore, I laid away my beautiful dress in my portmanteau, and appeared at the Games in a simple garb that induced a magnificent chieftain to say to me, with an iron hand-clutch which I feel yet,

"Why, ERICURUS, I thought you were a Mac——. You are a MACINTOSH."

"Chieftain," says I, "*oculus non facit monachum*;" but I am not going to get wet for all the pipers that played before Mosca."

"Right you are," says he, "but you know you can't dance the Highland fling, or put the stone, or toss the caber, in a minciatosh. Do you know that, son of the Saxon?"

"In that case, Chieftain," says I, "and if your rules are so excessively Medo-Persia, the son of the Saxon will trouble you for one of those lovely cigars, which he will go and smoke under cover, behind those lovely ladies."

My friend immediately placed a handful of cigars in my hand, and I wish he had doubled the donation (it is still open to him to do so by railway), for they were gems, such as should be consumed only when a man has made an epigram, or heard of the demise of his rich aunt, or been rejected by some young lady, or attained some other piece of good fortune. I retired, Sir, from the mud, and from a pleasant altitude surveyed the scene. It was not very lively. A small covered platform stood in a sort of field, on one side of which was a stern stone building of an educational character. A damp crowd, kept off by railings, surrounded the field, and but for the warm colour of a great many Highland garments, would have seemed an uninteresting crowd. But on a large and well protected stand, near the platform, sat a number of ladies of the rarest beauty, and, my dear *Punch*, now that I am 600 miles beyond the reach of the longest dirk, let me add—of the rarest patience. For on that platform came Highlander after Highlander, dancing dances—you have seen LYDIA THOMPSON, who hasn't? Well, I wouldn't give one of her Scottish horripipes, or whatever she likes to call them, for all the exhibitions of that day. Yet the ladies looked on, and smiled, to encourage the frantic, finger-snapping, dancing dervishes, and never yawned, never looked weary. How do the women manage this, Mr. *Punch*? They have no cigars. Are they hypocrites! I would trample on the tail of the fiend who should hint it. They are miracles, that is it—standing, no, sitting miracles. I have seen them do it at the theatres, and never move, or want to move, when I have fidgeted out of the box and into the refreshment saloon ten times in three hours—

may have taken a walk to the DUKE OF L. O. U.'s column, and smoked while a whole act passed, and have sulkily looked in at the windows of the Old Warriors' Club, or cast oblique glances at the bishops coming out of the Minerva. I have gone back, and there were my ladies, sitting as before, smiling, serene, and only sorry that I had missed something which they said, and I verily believe thought, was "so good."

I did not see any cabers tossed or stones put, perhaps if I had I should have been more excited. But I saw prizes given, and I saw ladies give them, and beheld the recipients, brave as steel and agile as deer, tremble and stumble as they approached the Galaxy. For a moment I regretted that I had not been a competitor, and borne away a few silver medals, bag-pipes, and rifles, as I should of course have done had I entered the lists. I thought, with Achilles, of

"Prizes which none besides Ourselves could gain,
Should our immortal courses take the plain."

But better and more generous feelings prevailed. "Why," said I, "should I desire to come, with my limbs and eye trained by the matchless and costly teachers of the south, and by my varied accomplishments wrench these laurels from these gallant and simple Highlandmen?" I crushed the thought, and to punish myself for indulging in it, even for a moment, I stood out and offered a prize of Fifty Guineas (in your name and at your expense) to the best Highland player at Spellikins for 1873. For we should encourage all manly arts. You had better write to MR. SNOWIE, of Inverness, who is the Nestor of the deer-slayers, and who gives them counsel, and weapons, and skillfully embalms the antlered heads of their victims, and tell him to disseminate far and wide through the Highlands the knowledge that your prize is offered. If you like to send me the money, I will take care of it until it is wanted, and afterwards.

Sir, Mr. *Punch*, I could tell you of many other things. I could describe to you how I paid a visit to a Castle, and of glorious doings there, and how I killed, with my own hand, the very largest stag that had been seen in these parts since ALEXANDER THE GOOD, KING OF SCOTLAND, was rescued from an infuriated monster by a MACKENZIE of that day, as shown in MR. WEST'S famous picture, which I saw about ninety years ago at the sale of that late President's works, and should like, especially, to see again. How, in memory of my great deed, I planted a tree (a *Cupressus Epicuri*) upon the spot, which will be shown, through centuries to come, as the place where the monarch of the forest fell to the rifle of the fair-haired Saxon. I could tell you how, near the loveliest waterfall in Scotland, I sprang over a river which the most active of the gillies refused to take, and how I afterwards reposed by its side and drank champagne, of the noblest vintage, to the bright eyes that had witnessed the deed. How I had a single combat with an eagle for the possession of a Highland bairn (name SHENUS MAC-TAGGART) which the carnivorous miscreant sought to carry off to its ferocious cubs, and how I slew the eagle, and had him stuffed by MR. SNOWIE, and presented him—the eagle—to the Christian Young Men's Society at Inverness. How I ate eleven dinners in one week, and even by that supernatural effort could not entirely overtake my engagements, but have left several to be eaten out on my return. I could tell you all this, Sir, and more, and you might believe as much or as little of it as you chose, but there would be a very decent infusion of truth in the narrative. But I must conclude my tale, and for some time to come address myself to epigrams for your pages.

Sir, I told you that a new railway had been opened, the Highland Railway, as it must be emphatically called. Sir, that railway is a great fact. Not that it enables you to avoid an awful detour, and the peril of acquiring the Aberdonian accent (the Aberdonians are first rate people, and how gracefully they behaved to the Lady of the Land the other day—but they cannot yet speak a language), though these are great blessings. But, Sir, it comes through scenery to have seen which (to adapt MR. PRIOR), is a pictorial education. That ride from Inverness to Perth, Mr. *Punch*, is a thing to do whenever you have a chance. Rough mountains, dark valleys, foaming cataracts, rich forests, and then a sudden opening into a scene of sunshine, and a holiday looking region, and then the change again and again—and such comfortable carriages. We were as punctual, too, as clock-work, which is a great thing for a new railway, and I should have regretted that I had got to Perth, if I had not been so awfully hungry. For to a tourist accustomed to his six or seven meals a day, an eight hours' ride is starvation, and I had eaten all my sandwiches during the first hour.

To dash to Glasgow and sit for my bust to MR. EWING above indicated, to spin to Edinburgh to give LORD BROUGHAM a few heads for his speech at the Social Science Meeting, to take train for town *via* the East Coast, and to arrive at my humble but tasteful home in this aristocratic suburb, was the work of — I forget how long, nor does it seem materially to concern you. I sincerely hope that I shall have that registered letter by the first post, and I beg in conclusion to subscribe myself,

My dear Sir,

Your returned Contributor,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

Wapping Old Stairs.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE ?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



OUR OWN experience, which has led us to give the foregoing invaluable advice for going as far as the Rigi, will now furnish the Tourist with a rule to be observed by every one who seeks this usually sunny climb. A great deal has been written at divers times and in divers places concerning the actual necessities to be taken during an ascent. One thing, and only one, is it necessary for even the hardest mountaineer to take while toiling up the precipitous steep; let his pace be slow, or let his pace be fast, walk he with tottering steps or firmly planted feet; the Tourist, be he high or low tall or short, who goes up the Rigi must take Breath.

Sit down awhile and behold above you the broad expanse of sky; this will exalt your mind to the

contemplation of the lark; and what says the Poet,—

"Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
For the lark at Billingsgate sings."

Open your heart to your friend, if one be near you, but forget not to open your chest and carp the vital airs. Ah! If you know any of the musical compositions of Doctor Blow, now is the occasion for whistling them. Walk up! walk up! walk up! To your left you'll see the black beetling crags; these will remind you of the strange creatures that came up to look at you, and followed in your wake, when you paid an unwilling nocturnal visit to the kitchen, under the impression that you were about to bring a couple of burglars to account for a wrong double entry. To your right you'll see ever so many things that did not meet your vision on your left, whereupon you will exclaim "Beautiful! Beautiful!" somewhat after the well-known, time honoured manner of the talented German *siffleur*, Von JOEL, evergreen, ever GREEN's! Walk up! Walk up!

The agile admirer of the "beautiful for ever" (this line is not meant by way of a toast or sentiment, though apart from the context it may be adopted by members of the Alpine Club for that purpose) will probably take a short cut, in order to reach the bird's-eye view sooner than his fellow travellers. Our own personal remembrance of the short cut that we chose, is, that it began very pleasantly, during which gentle progress and halcyon time we congratulated ourselves upon our superior cunning; that after half-an-hour the ascent became somewhat more decided, and we, being in a broiling sun, jokingly comforted each other "that we shouldn't have much of this;" that in the course of an hour the inclination of the ascent increased inversely as our inclination for the ascent; that in an hour and a half's time we sat down helplessly and bemoaned our happy childhood; that being parched with thirst we induced a little peasant boy to give us to drink; that he brought us *kirschwasser* of such a strength and old shoe-leathery taste, that we couldn't drink it, save when qualified with water; which water he, for a few small coins, procured for us; our grateful remembrance of this boy is that he was a wonderful boy, the most wonderful boy we'd ever seen; that, despite the fact of the descent to the limpid stream being of the very early perpendicular style of mountain architecture, this boy, this wonderful boy, holding in his hand the broad-mouthed shallow wooden bowl of *kirschwasser*, executed, after the manner of his English brethren in the London streets, "three catherine wheels a penny," without spilling a single drop, (was he not a woowonderful boy?) and in this way arrived safely at the running stream. Here he filled the bowl, and safely ascended to our place of session, walking or jumping, as far as our memory serves us, upon his head. We rewarded him handsomely, and he disappeared, down somewhere, as suddenly as he had risen before us; a grin, a kick, a leap into the air — and he was gone! There was no smell of brimstone! Could he have been the lubber fiend? The Kobbold of this country? A Brownie maybe; and, now we recall the colour of his skin, we hesitate no longer to decide that we on that occasion did see a veritable Brownie.

Perpendicular becomes the ascent of the short cut, and he who takes this road will never use his feet as the sole mode of progression until within a few yards of the Rigi Culm.

Think you, O Tourist of 1863, that in Switzerland you can be free from

THE GHOST! THE GHOST! THE GHOST!

Not a bit of it. If you're in luck's way, you'll see the spectre of the Rigi. Of course it is patented. Give the waiter at the Rigi Culm Hotel a noble gratuity, and he'll tell you all about it. Albeit, the only spectre we came across was the landlord of the abovementioned hostelry with his little bill, which shook our nerves fearfully. We were nearly running away, but were prevented by — no matter what.

Joyful is the moment when the golden spire of the Inn, effulgent, shines on the sun-scorched faces of the weary travellers. Let us here stop to remark that, when we arrived at the top, we found that our short cut had taken us exactly two hours longer than going round by the ordinary route. This discovery at such a moment is calculated to act upon the temper even of the most angelic. You come late and can't get a room. Ha! ha! (*Stage direction, laughs sardonically*). "Waiter!" "Yes, Sir" (*Exit waiter in the opposite direction*). You turn and find him gone, or rather don't find him, because he has gone. Another menial in a blouse. Ha! "Waiter!" 'tisn't the waiter, but no matter. "Garçon!" "Ouv'm'sieu." (*Exit second waiter hurriedly through a small door in the passage*). In desperation you open it in order to follow him. The door leads apparently nowhere, or, to fifteen other doors, which means the same thing. "Garçon! Kellner! Waiter! Hi! Here! anybody—I want to wash." "Hot water—donney more o' show. No, I mean eau sucrée—no that's swearing—I mean—" Never mind what you mean, the *Table d'Hôte* is nearly ready. Rush into the kitchen, regard not the screams of the men servants or maid servants, nor the stricken cook, but wrench the boiling kettle from its brooding o'er the coals, and make for the first dressing-room at hand; stand not upon the order of your going, but go it! "Should Kellners interfere, cry, "This to decide!" One, two, three, four, under; one, two, three, four, over—thrust, and he falls. You reach a chamber. Lots of queer-patterned crockery about, seize and take anything to wash your hands in. Soap and nail-brush in your pocket of course. "Garçon! Femme de Chambre! Hi donc! ici towels. What's towels in French? Donney more assets—my assets, you know." Go through the pantomime of rubbing your hands, and the attendant will probably say, "Ovi, M'sieu, c'est très bien froid," or something equally to the point, and leave you, which isn't exactly what you wanted. You want to get



a glimpse of the view before going to dinner. Rush out. Nothing but mist. Wonderful! Beautiful! A friend tells you that you should have been up there two hours ago and seen "the voo" then. "Ha!" you return, "we had much better voos coming up here. We came by an unusual path; not in the common track; so hackneyed. You should try it, it's worth going down again, merely to come up by it." Here's an opportunity for romancing—but now the dinner. Ha! soup. Carried in triumphantly. Take off the cover; a thin steam ascends. The landlord commences lading. Consternation is on his face, horror on the Waiters' countenances! What is it? The guests tremble. They are in a foreign land: and one crusty old gentleman already pulls

out his note-book, and commences a letter to the *Times*. Poison? A pint of very dirty lukewarm soap and water, with a nail-brush in it. Tourist, be careful where thou dost in future wash thy hands.



COSTERMONGERS AND ORGAN-GRINDERS.

MY DEAR SIR RICHARD,

THE gallant Blues of Scotland Yard, of whose tartanless clan you are the chief, I suppose have some arrangement made for enabling them, once a week, when off duty, to acknowledge that they have left undone those things which they ought to have done, and have done those things which they ought not to have done. Now, the whole of a Policeman's life, equally with that of any other man, ought to be spent in trying to be able to make that acknowledgment with as little truth as possible. But the Police have either a special proclivity, or else special orders, in one particular at least, not to do that which they ought to do by all means, and to do that which they ought not to do on any account. They drive British costermongers from the pavement of a locality where they are wanted, and allow Italian organ-grinders in the streets. On the pavement the costermongers are earning their subsistence by useful industry. In the streets the organ-grinders extort pence from the lovers of peace and quietness by making a worse than useless noise. The barrows of the costermongers create no obstruction. The organs of the organ-grinders constitute a great nuisance. To many people the disturbance of organ-grinding is insufferable, to some ruinous, and it gives nobody any but the very slightest pleasure. The costermongers give no one any but the least inconvenience; and they are the greengrocers and fishmongers of the poor. Why, then, do your constables compel the British costermongers to move on, and leave the Italian organ-grinders to be paid by those whom they annoy for doing so? Why do they thus molest the doves whilst they spare the crows?

I am afraid that the Bobbies, as they are termed by the lower orders, who I suppose call you the Bob major, cherish a certain sympathy with those villainous foreign organ-grinding vagabonds. They have themselves taken what they suppose to be a musical turn lately, have formed bands, and misemploy their leisure in practising tunes, which they murder, with the same effect, I am credibly informed, as that of killing a pig; excruciating the ears, distracting the mind, and arresting literary and scientific pursuits; not a fit amusement for those whose business is that of taking up offenders. The Police themselves have become organised banditti; is that why they connive at Italian organ-grinders?

As long as costermongers pursue a quiet occupation, let them alone. Silence them, if you like, when they cry sparrergrass, watercresses, and other vegetables about the streets, because then they practise an offensive calling. Yet they have at least watercress and asparagus to offer in excuse for their yells; but the grinding-organist yields no vegetable, fruit, or good of any kind to atone for making much more horrible noises. Spare the inoffensive vendor of greens, but send the organ-grinder, who persists in the offence of organ-grinding, to grind, with somewhat more muscular exertion, and less noise, a few days at the crank. You will thus oblige the most valuable members of society known to

PUNCH.

* * The little thieves collect round the costermongers' barrows, do they? So much the better I should say, if I wore a blue uniform, and a list bracelet, and had to catch them.

A SHOT FROM A STERN-CHASER.

"He would like to take the old Mother by the hair and give her a good shaking."
—See Mr. Secretary Chase's Stump-speech at Cincinnati.

Lo, rowdy young America,
Loud stumping, rantin', ravin',
Renews his bills at ninety days
To make Rebellion cave in.
Enlarging debt, contracting rights,
Suspending *habeas-corpus*,
Blind flound'ring, nose in air, just like
The late-lamented Porpoise.

And CHASE, on Southern necks prepared
To rivet yokes and collars,
If only for his neat green-backs
The North will change her dollars,
Utters a threat, that in her shoes
May well set England quaking,
To "Take the old Mother by the hair,
And give her a good shaking!"

With LEE's head-quarters pushed within
Two short days' march of Washington,
If you can't strike a swashing blow,
You'd best talk in a swashing tone!
With ROSECRANS whipped, and BURNIDE checked,
And DAHLGREN's guns stopped shooting,
And gold gone up to fifty-two,
It's time for high-faluting!

Well—the old Mother's much obliged
To her Columbian daughter,
And notes the filial sentiments
Expressed across the water.
But taking people by the hair
Is not *her* style of clinching;
She leaves *that* game to fighters trained
For scalping, gouging, Lynching.

Or to viragos of the slums,
Billingsgate and such places,
Who first claw caps and then clutch hair,
And end by scratching faces.
Spatt'ring each other with foul speech,
Or mud, when speech grows weaker,
In style that BEECHER WARD might teach,
Or set up a stump-speaker.

Beware, lest if you stir a hand
The old Mother's hair for lifting,
In smiting, you find her more smart
Than even you in shifting.
The Mother may be old, the Child
That threatens her be young;
But there are youthful limbs ill-knit,
And old ones firmly strung.

She held *you* once across her knee
When you'd outgrown chastising;
You floored the old dame and taught her truths
She suffered for despising.
That lesson, "Never take the whip
To lads too big for whipping,"
She now commends to those she sees
O'er the same stone a-tripping.

If once the old Mother from her child
To a back-fall submitted,
It was the cause that made *her* weak,
Her offsprings' snaws knitted;
Think upon that, you who'd coerce
Four millions of your equals—
Chaw up the South, and *then* chaw up
England and France for sequels!

Birkenhead and Southdown Rams.

AN Agricultural Gentleman, standing on the top of a hill among the downs on one side of the River Itchen, in Hampshire, shouted across the valley to another agricultural gentleman on the summit of a corresponding eminence on the other side of it:—"What sort o' things be them as the peapopers talks so much about, them there Iron-clad Steam Rams in the Mersey?" In answer, the opposite agriculturist hollaed, "I dunnow; but I spose they be a kind o' Ship!"



AN AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

TOMKINS. "You are going it, Old Fellow! Real Turtle, eh? and Venison to follow, eh?"

JOBKINS. "Why, yes—you see it's my Wife's Birthday; and as she dines early, I thought I'd celebrate the Anniversary in the City."

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

It is not often that sporting matters, be they of ever such a shady nature, find their way into our shadows; but we cannot help noticing a startling fact of the Turf, which, from being very regularly announced in the papers, is now known to the public eye by the mysterious title of

MIDNIGHT BETTING.

What an awful scene must it be! A room dimly lighted, a door-keeper surveying the candidate for admission through a small grating, and then, after cautiously opening the door to a short chain's length, demanding the secret pass-word known only to the initiated. Every one, armed with the steel of GILLOTT, or with a pointed weapon whose marks are as indelible as the fancied stain upon the little hand of the Thane of Caudor's wife, moves stealthily from corner to corner, darkly whispering, as he passes, to some hooded companion, on whose brow the weight of more hats than one has left its dull red mark. What do ye Black and Midnight Hag-gers? Here the trembling novice, still unconvinced by the Home influences of Mediums, may quail before the Old Hands and Black legs that glide mysteriously about the room. 'Tis at this witching time of night, that news of the dark horses may be heard, and, perhaps, at the first cock-crow, the last midnight Bet is on, and the last midnight Bettors are off.

We have been hearing a great deal about the carelessness on board the Solent Steamers. The short answers of the officials connected with these boats to ordinary civil questions, will lead to their name being changed from the Solent Steamers to the In-solent Steamers.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE while in Spain was talking of bringing over in her special train certain Matadores, Picadores, Battledores, and other gentry of a like kidney, for the purpose of getting up a Bull Fight in Paris. An improvement has been suggested by a very high authority, namely, that the Matadores shall be Russians, and that the sport for the spectators shall be a JOHN BULL fight.

There will soon be a tight little Isle to let. Ireland will shortly be in the market, as the present tenants are leaving for America as speedily as possible.

A few of the Japanese Princes came the other day to offer peaceful gifts to one of our officers. The Captain, fearing some treachery, refused the proffered presents, and turning to his Lieutenant R.N., observed:

YANKEES AND RUSSIANS.

OUR friends who identify the cause of the Federal States with that of liberty, should read this extract from the *Moscow Journal*:—

"RUSSIA.—THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON AT NEW YORK.

"Negotiations must be entered into with America, so that, in case of need, she may be able to reckon upon us. The more intimate and solid our alliance with America, the more England will find it to her interest to keep upon good terms with Russia. The commercial world in England shuddered at the news of the Russian squadron having been seen in the Atlantic. Our fleet was useless to us during the Crimean war, but the eight frigates now at sea will render us considerable services in the event of war with the maritime Powers, for they will keep the Commercial Navies of England and France in check. This is the reason why Russia has dispatched them at a favourable time to hold the sea. Our cruisers will find refuge in the neutral ports of America; they will be the terror of the Commercial marine of hostile Powers, and will compel any such to employ half their navies in guarding their merchantmen."

They should also consider the words spoken, according to the *Times*, when ADMIRAL LES-SOFFSKY was feasted at Astor House, in proposing the health of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, by a MR. BRADY, who called England "a detestable land," and eulogised the Czar for being "absolute as a monarch, and allied to the people of all countries by his efforts in behalf of the freedom of his own." MR. BRADY is probably an Irish gentleman, who has quitted his native country in disgust with a Government which fails to tranquillise it by the same means as those whereby order reigns at Warsaw. MR. BRADY is doubtless ashamed of the land of his birth, or his fathers, which he has renounced for the freer soil of the Federal States. He might as well also change his name, and call himself MR. O'RUSSIA.

"*Timeo Daimioa et dona ferentes.*" The deputation retired much impressed with their visit to the ships, and specially the scholarship of this estimable naval officer.

A MILKY WAY TO WRITE.

MR. PUNCH is always pleased with true candour. He is particularly pleased with the true candour of a MR. GILES DAVIS, a candidate for the illustrious situation of member of the Oswestry Town Council. This individual, if he will allow us to call him so, says, in his address,—

"I shall be a staunch supporter of any movement towards bringing a good supply of water to the town, as being a desirable and, I may safely say, an invaluable element in ensuring protection to property as well as for sanitary, commercial, and other purposes."

Never mind the English—mind this. MR. GILES DAVIS happens to be a Vendor of Milk!

"The Offence is Rank."

WOULD you see a dirty scandal
(Scouted by each honest heart)
Seized as providential handle
To revenge a Patron's smart.
Would you see how spite infernal
Clutches foulest mud to fling,
Boy the London Yankee Journal—
Morning Star they call the thing.

A Happy Exodus.

In his farewell speech at Manchester, the REV. H. W. BEECHER is reported to have said that:—

"All the present majority in the North asked for was that, since they had set their faces for going to Jerusalem, nobody would stop them."

No one who values peace, and wishes to put an end to bloodshed, would wish to stop the American war-party from going to Jerusalem. Every civilised Christian would be glad to hear that they had set their faces for going to Jerusalem, if he thought they would get there, and he would rejoice still more to hear that they were going to Jericho.



JEAMES. "They say the English Hupper Classes is subject to near sight; so we'd need be, by Jingo, with visitin' Cards no bigger than Postage Stamps."

CORPORATION REFORM.

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" is the bootless exclamation of many who, like *Hamlet*, are "fat and scant of breath." Among them, for several years, appears to have been numbered the author of a little pamphlet now before us, entitled *Letter on Corpulence, addressed to the Public*, by WILLIAM BANTING. London: HARRISON & SONS. MR. BANTING thus feelingly depicts the vexations which corpulence entails upon its unfortunate victim:—

"Any one so afflicted is often subject to public remark, and though in conscience he may care little about it, I am confident no man labouring under obesity can be quite insensible to the sneers and remarks of the cruel and injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles, or the ordinary street traffic; nor to the annoyance of finding no adequate space in a public assembly if he should seek amusement or need refreshment, and therefore he naturally keeps away as much as possible from places where he is likely to be made the object of the taunts and remarks of others. I am as regardless of public remark as most men, but I have felt these difficulties, and therefore avoided such circumscribed accommodation and notice, and by that means have been deprived of many advantages to health and comfort."

It is certainly discomposing, if not annoying, to be called Ribs and Tallow, and Bow-window, and to be saluted as Double-viscera (the latter word translated) by the boys, or the cabmen who accost you under that appellation with "Now then!" and tell you to get out of the way. In an omnibus the discomfort of corpulence is aggravated by the jeers and titters of the passengers between whom the fat man is wedged, as well as by the smirk on the faces of his sniggering opposite neighbours.

The serene philosopher is apt to be provoked by the insolence which suddenly laughs him in the face, although he may not care a fig for the knowledge of the fact that the whole of his acquaintance are accustomed to ridicule him behind his back. If his obesity is conjoined with benevolence, he may even attempt, if invited, to dance at an evening party, in order to afford mirth to the beholders by exhibiting himself as one of the most ludicrous objects in the world. The merriment which the wise are prepared to create does not offend them, who nevertheless might be enraged by unexpected derision;

although, to be sure, a corpulent man should make up his mind to expect that wherever he goes. At any rate he is certain, as MR. BANTING intimates, of incurring it in an omnibus, and if, to avoid it, he clambers on to the roof, he generally cracks his trousers, breaks his buttons, and hurts himself.

There is a homely pathos in our author's subjoined description of the physical annoyances attendant on what is vulgarly called a "corporation." MR. BANTING had, it should be premised, placed himself "in dock"—that is, under medical treatment—"perhaps twenty times in a many years," for the reduction of his bulk; but "physicians were in vain;" and this was what he came to three years ago, at the age of sixty-three:—

"Although no very great size or weight, still I could not stoop to tie my shoe, so to speak, nor attend to the little offices humanity requires without considerable pain and difficulty, which only the corpulent can understand; I have been compelled to go down-stairs slowly backwards, to save the jar of increased weight upon the ankle and knee joints, and been obliged to puff and blow with every slight exertion, particularly that of going up-stairs. I have spared no pains to remedy this by low living (*moderation and light food* was generally prescribed, but I had no direct bill of fare to know what was really intended), and that, consequently, brought the system into a low impoverished state, without decreasing corpulence, caused many obnoxious boils to appear, and two rather formidable carbuncles, for which I was ably operated upon and fed into increased obesity."

Corpulence is generally the consequence of gluttony, and curable by moderation; but there are many cases in which it co-exists with very abstemious living, and MR. BANTING, though naturally a pretty good trencherman, was never the slave of a municipal voracity. In such cases can it be reduced by any abstinence short of low diet? MR. BANTING's pamphlet is written to testify, by his own personal experience, that it can. His sight beginning to fail, and his hearing to be impaired, after having, as aforesaid, consulted numerous practitioners to no purpose, he at last "found the right man;" who put him on a plan of diet which we proceed to transcribe in his own words for the benefit of *Punch's* numerous readers, who laugh and grow fat:—

"For breakfast, I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind except pork; a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit, or one ounce of dry toast."

"For dinner, Five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or Madeira—Champagne, Port, and Beer forbidden."

"For tea, Two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar."

"For supper, Three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret."

"For nightcap, if required, A tumbler of grog—(gin, whisky, or brandy, without sugar)—or a glass or two of claret or sherry."

MR. BANTING, by the observance of this diet-scale, than which, as he justly observes, "that man must be an extraordinary person who would desire a better table," has been "reduced many inches in bulk, and thirty-five pounds in weight in thirty-eight weeks;" has got rid of all the special inconveniences of obesity, has had his sight restored, his hearing improved, and his "other bodily ailments" greatly "ameliorated."

The principle of the regimen on which MR. BANTING appears to have nearly regained his figure, is that of excluding "starch and saccharine matter as much as possible." It is, doubtless, a sound one; yet vital chemistry transmutes potatoes into Irish muscle. PADDY, who rejoices in potatoes, is often a stout fellow, but he is never a fat one, and the same may be said of SAWNEY, rejoicing in oatmeal. The O'FLANAGANS are no fatter than the M'LEANS. A man who eats potatoes and meat too, will eat more meat and perhaps more potatoes than he would if he ate potatoes alone. Potatoes are sauce to mutton and beef. A safe rule for the reduction of corpulence would be that of eating as much as you can of any of those things which you dislike, and nothing at all of anything that you like. Another infallible plan for obtaining a diminution of bulk would be that of marrying on the principle that what is enough for one is enough for two. There is no encumbrance so bad as that which is borne by the man who is a burden to himself. For further particulars as to the method by which that burden may be rejected, let the overgrown reader consult MR. BANTING's publication. Ye who waddle, a you toddle, hooted through the streets and squares, hear MR. BANTING, no longer panting, and puffing as he goes up-stairs.

SETTLED IN A CRACK.

OUR excellent friend, the *Liverpool Mail*, is exceeding angry with LORD RUSSELL about those Rams, and castigates him vehemently. May difference of opinion, *et cetera*; but the *Mail's* concluding observation is to the point:—

"MR. LAIRD's great speech at Birkenhead contains a volume in a nutshell."

So, according to the history of one ALEXANDER THE GREAT, did another nutshell, which was made to contain a volume called the *Iliad*. That was a chronicle of a long and sanguinary war. MR. LAIRD might have helped us to another. So we are rather thankful to EARL RUSSELL for cracking the nutshell, and showing us, instead of a savage *Iliad*, a Tory maggot.



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

NURSE (in the distance). "La, Miss Loo! whatever has you hat?"
Miss Loo. "I'm only painting Dolly's Face, to make her look like Ma of an afternoon."

FEDERAL PROCLIVITIES.

As writers always say when they are going to make a long preachment, "the following paragraphs require no comment."
We learn from New York that:—

"A grand municipal banquet was given to the Russian officers on Monday at the Astor House. The British and French consuls and the officers of the British and French fleets declined the invitation, upon plea of previous engagements. Speeches were made lauding Russian policy and denouncing French and English diplomacy. The Russian ambassador returned thanks for the Emperor of Russia's health in warm terms. Mr. SEWARD sent a letter excusing his absence, and suggesting a toast to the health and honour of PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF, not more able in defending his country's policy than just and liberal in conducting relations with America."

In the same newspaper which contains the above statement (the *Daily Telegraph*), and in the very next column, we read something about the nature of the "policy" which MR. SEWARD, liberator of slaves, is delighted to see defended so cleverly by the Russian Minister.

"Our news from Poland to-day exceeds in barbarity anything we have lately had to record. The deportation to Siberia of the whole youthful population of a district, many arrests for not signing an address expressive of devoted loyalty to the Czar, imprisonments, and military murders—these are bad enough; but, in addition, we have two ladies, one cruelly flogged, receiving, indeed, 260 lashes, for not betraying the hiding-place of her husband, and a second driven mad by the sight of her only child torn from her arms and trampled to death before her eyes under the feet of the Russian soldiery."

That's all. Except that we are heartily glad that no British or French officers were present when the health and honour of the Cossack was proposed at the instigation of the Federal.

Imperial Mnemonics.

We hasten to supply a slight omission in our contemporaries' translation of the speech of the EMPEROR. His Majesty with great consideration delicately hinted to MM. BERRYER, THIERS, JULES-FAYRE, and the other gentlemen who speak the sentiments of Paris, if not of France, that he hoped they would remember not to perjure themselves, but the journals do not give the exact text. It was this, "You have all taken the same oath to me" that *I took to the Republic*. The last six words have not been reported, but it will be seen how materially they increase the force of His Majesty's charming eloquence.

FAREWELL TO FARMING.

"Success to Farming!" is a good old English toast, and so are "Speed the Plough!" and "Prosperity to Agriculture!" But the time seems to be coming when such sentiments will seem quite out of place on English soil, and if uttered will be spoken more in mockery than earnest. At least, such is the opinion of a rural JEREMIAH who has lately sent a lengthy Lamentation to the *Times*, on the decay of British farmers, and their prospects of extinction, through many cogent causes, one being that they shortly may expect to find no land in England left for them to farm. This terrible prediction is told in these dark words:—

"The farmer's position at the present time is one not to be envied, and, as far as my humble opinion goes, I see little prospect of its ever being better, so long as we are at peace."

"Wheat, I am told, can be delivered in the port of London at 38s. per qt. from America, and in years of plenty cheaper. Agriculture is improving very much on the Continent, and consequently more and more of its produce will be sent to this country; and the English farmer, with all his multitude of implements and artificials, can never compete with it. Land in England will not pay for growing wheat, and more than half of the purchasers of land at the present time purchase it with an ultimate object of building. It is well known that we are depending on the foreigner for more than one-third of our daily bread, and ultimately must depend on him for the greatest part of it, if not all."

"No man, however contracted his ideas, however superficial his knowledge, can be blind to this fact, that the greater part, if not the whole of the southern part of this island, will be taken up by building and railways, &c. Go in whatever direction you may, you see building going on in a very rapid manner, and, looking at the map, the present and the projected lines of railway will render it a complete network. This, then, must materially diminish the productive part of the land, and substitute in its place the consumptive. England, as a successful nation, can, perhaps, afford to retire, build over her land, and purchase her necessary commodities of others not so prosperous."

Here's a pretty prospect this prophetic soul has pictured! Good bye to farming, gentlemen, for there will soon be no more farms: and good bye too, to foxhunting, and all our other field sports. For of course the North, and East, and West will follow in due time the example of the South, and from John o'Groat's House down to the Land's End, there will be bricks and mortar everywhere, and not a spot to shoot over. Building leases will be granted in the place of farming ones, and for the "four course shift," the lawyers will have something to say about the four-storey system. Turnip fields will disappear and so will partridges and pheasants, and if they wish for sport, our foxhunters must emigrate. As the green fields disappear the black towns will accumulate, and swelling drop by drop, the sea of houses gradually will cover the whole island. The country by degrees will cease to be a country, and, being wholly built over, Great Britain will perhaps be re-christened as Large London.

A fearful state of things this for a man who loves a country life to bring his mind to ponder on. Let us be thankful, O my brethren, that we are not as were the Methuselahs of old, and that few of us need feel much apprehension lest we be endowed with such obstinate vitality, as to survive to see the prophecy here shadowed forth fulfilled.

BREAD AND TOAST.

'TWIXT Baker and Miller, which pilfers our siller
In scoundrelst sort, it's not easy to say,
For each of those robbers and greedy food-jobbers
The high price of bread on the other will lay.

But though one submits to 'em, meek as a Quaker,
A Toast and a Sentiment both may go round.

"A health to KING PHARAOH who hung up that Baker,
And blest be 'his Dam' where that Miller was drowned."

ONE WHO PAYS BILLS.

An Odour of Sulphur.

THERE must be some mistake here. A telegram from Warsaw says—
"The news is confirmed of young ladies of fifteen having been taken to the citadel."

No, no. Bad as the Russians are, they cannot be such atrocious beasts as to arrest little girls, and carry them off, dolls and all, to prison. There must be some transposition of words, and the fact must be that "fifteen young ladies have been confirmed, and taken to the citadel to lunch," the last words omitted. If the telegram be correct, HEROD must have come up, for a season, and is incarnate in MOURAVIEFF.

AUDACIOUS AQUATICIDE!

A FREEBLE-LOOKING Waterman was, a few days ago, summoned for doing "grievous damage" to the River Thames. In the course of evidence it was proved that he had twice attempted to pull up the stream!

SUBSTITUTE FOR SEA BATHING.—Write C, and dash underneath it.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT OF SHAKSPEARE.



of the working drawings for a Shakspearian museum, and chamber of relics, at Stratford-on-Avon, the site of New Place, the grammar school, the church, and ANNE HATHAWAY'S cottage. A fourth, more modest, only asked *Mr. Punch's* advocacy for the foundation of SHAKSPEARE lectureships in all our principal towns, and offered himself as lecturer. A fifth enclosed *Shakespeare, an Epic in Ten Books* of an average of 1000 lines each, with the request that *Mr. Punch* would cast his eyes over it, and then say whether any commemoration of the great poet could be so appropriate as the publication of this tribute to his genius, and the adequate remuneration of its author out of the public purse. No wonder if, weary and worn out, amid this multiplicity of schemes and suggestions, *Mr. Punch* gently dropped asleep in his elbow chair.

And then he dreamt.

He saw in his dream a vast Temple, filled with forms, that first seemed shadowy, but as the mind was fixed on them gradually assumed all the solidity and substance of living men and women, forms of beauty and terror, of tenderness beyond expression, of sadness so intense and mirth so fresh and sunny, that the mind contemplating them was seized with alternate contagion of tears and laughter. All this array of thronging forms moved round a calm man, in black silk doublet and hose of Elizabethan fashion, with a bald forehead of singular height and breadth, sparingly crowned with thin, soft, auburn hair; a slight chesnut-coloured moustache covered his upper lip, and a peaked beard scarcely concealed the outline of his firmly rounded chin.

He sat at his ease; the forms seemed to move and group themselves at his bidding; but his will was put forth with such an absence of fuss or effort, that you could scarce believe him the ruler of the thronging phantoms whose life seemed, almost more stirring and substantial than his own.

The effortless ease and majesty of this central personage at first blinded you to the fact of his mighty stature, till you became aware of it by involuntary comparison of him with a host of little atomies, incessantly fretting and fuming and fussing about his feet, climbing as high as they could on his chair, prying into such parts of his clothes as they could reach, and making frantic efforts, some to lay hold of the forms that circled about him, others to bring them within the field of their telescopes, opera-glasses, eye-glasses, spectacles of all colours, and all magnifying and diminishing powers. Not till you saw that these atomies were of the ordinary stature of manhood did the mind realise the colossal proportions of him about whom they pressed and fretted. *Mr. Punch* felt that he was looking at SHAKSPEARE, his Creations, and his Commentators.

And then the vision changed, as visions do. The hall remained, but the central chair was empty, and though the thronging forms were still visible, and here and there, shone in even a more vivid light, most of them looked distorted, and some were altogether transformed and travestied. The swarms of commentators had given place to a crowd of much the same aspect and stature, and not less fussy and eager. These homuncules were toiling, some singly, some in groups, to lift up a number of little pedestals, all inscribed with the name of SHAKSPEARE, but on which *Mr. Punch* observed that almost every one of them in turn attempted to perch himself. No sooner was he up than a rival invariably came to dislodge him, and in his turn aspired to the pedestal, to be, in his turn, upset. And then *Mr. Punch* knew that he was looking on the Celebrators, as he had just before been looking on the Commentators of SHAKSPEARE.

Suddenly he heard a friendly rap on the table at his elbow. He started, as the spirit—for of course it was a spirit—spelled out, letter by letter—S. H. A. K. (he didn't put in the E) S. P. E. R. E!

Then he knew he was wide awake, and that, though no medium for the communications of mere vulgar spirits, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE had chosen *Mr. Punch* as the appropriate channel for conveying his thoughts to the mind of England, A.D. 1863.

"They talk of monuments to be set up to me," he said, "of tercentenary celebrations, of scholarships to be founded, institutions to be established, charities to be endowed, fancy balls to be danced and dressed, dinners to be eaten, speeches to be uttered, all in honour of WILL SHAKSPEARE—the wool-stapler's son, who saw the light in Stratford-on-Avon, next St. George's day was three hundred years. As if WILL SHAKSPEARE wanted other monument of his body or his brainwork than he has left behind him. Sure the tomb in Stratford-on-Avon chancel suffices for the one, and my plays for the other. I might have wished for a better sculptor than the scurvy Dutchman who cut my effigy, and DICK BURBAGE and WILL CONDELL might have looked closer after the rogues who printed their folio; but let both pass—they'll serve.

"Monument, quotha! my plays are my monument, and if they would do me honour, e'en let them do it, as a manager and play-writer would wish it done. Let them take me a theatre—act me as I would be acted—not palmed on men upon the strength of cunning scenes, rich hangings, fine clothes, huge crowds, and such trumpery; but commended to them by means of honest speech, and well-graced acting. Spend me your money in keeping up a theatre to this end, and if the public, at the first, be too debosched by brainless show, and apes' tricks and foolery, to relish strong stage-meat, neatly dished and deftly served up, the taste for it will come, and then let them that have charge of the money, consult further about the spending of it—for the advancement of good stage-playing—the paying for good plays—the hiring of good actors, and so forth. For this I, WILL SHAKSPEARE, wrought while I lived, and by working for this, England will best honour, and most worthily perpetuate, WILL SHAKSPEARE'S memory."

Here the spirit ceased. But to *Mr. Punch* the suggestion seemed worth more than most spirit-communications, and so he has recorded it, and begs to commend it to the cogitation of England.

UNCH had been toiling through a pile of plans, programmes, projects, prospectuses, proclamations, and propositions on the subject of the celebration of the approaching tercentenary anniversary of SHAKSPEARE'S birth. A dozen rival committees had been bombarding him with requests to join them. A hundred invitations for banquets in honour of the day lay upon his table: innumerable solicitations for his co-operation and assistance, in doing reverence to the memory of the immortal WILLIAM, filled his waste-paper basket. There was hardly anything he had not been asked to do, from appearing in a round of favourite characters from SHAKSPEARE'S plays, to writing a masque for the Crystal Palace, working in BLONDIN on the high-rope, LEOTARD on the *Tropee*, the antediluvian animals, and the ethnological models, the HANDEL orchestra, and the whole strength of the Metropolitan dramatic companies, in private life and plain clothes.

There was one enthusiastic gentleman calling upon him for designs for a Walhalla, to be erected on the Heights of Dover, five hundred feet long by sixty high, to be filled with groups of statuary, and adorned with frescoes, of subjects from SHAKSPEARE'S plays, with a grand allegorical group for a centre-piece, of the Poet, taming the passions, educating the affections, kindling imagination, and giving the rein to fancy.

A second enthusiast enclosed him calculations of the amount required to found SHAKSPEARE scholarships at all our principal public schools. A third sought his opinion



WHILE THEY ARE ABOUT IT, THE AUTHORITIES HAD BETTER SEND A FEW SPECIAL CONSTABLES DOWN TO BRIGHTON, WHERE THEY ARE QUITE AS FUNNY AS THEY ARE AT GUILDFORD ON GUY FAWKES DAY—INDEED THE FUN SOMETIMES REACHES TO THE PITCH OF AN IDLE YOUNG RUFFIAN SENDING A CHILD INTO CONVULSIONS WITH A HIDEOUS MASK!

FRENCH REVOLUTION IN DRESS.

WE are indebted to the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* for a summary of a "despatch from a Lady of the highest importance," which lately appeared in the *Mémorial Diplomatique*. This momentous State Paper, signed GRAZIOSA, and relative to a subject of no less consequence than that of wearing apparel, "is addressed to his Excellency M. LE CHEVALIER DÉBRAUX DE SILDANHA, who is requested, though privately, to read and leave a copy of the despatch with all the pretty women of Paris"—a pleasant and perhaps not very laborious task, though we shouldn't like to have to read even half a dozen lines to all the pretty women in London.

At any rate, however, French ladies know how to make the most of their beauty: and, diplomatising with that object—

"THE PRINCESS GRAZIOSA says that all the pretty women of fashion on their return from 'the waters' find themselves under the influence of those fancy toilettes which were permitted at Baden-Baden, Biarritz, and all other civilised resorts of fashion. To part with costumes which were so becoming to varied descriptions of beauty, and put on the uniform of Paris is intolerable; it offends the dignity of independence and lacerates the heart with a profound grief."

So that the gayest Parisian fashions for November cover many a torn and bleeding heart, and mock a sorrow deeper than that which drapes itself in black. GRAZIOSA "cannot regard with indifference the mental affliction to which so many amiable female minds are exposed." Accordingly she has hoisted the banner of freedom of election in regard to costume. Ladies who have a taste of their own, and have the courage to consult it, will rejoice to learn that—

"It has been then decided by MADAME G—, 'that she will wear her Figaro in Paris.'"

We hope some British beauty will outshine the foreign one by wearing her *Punch* in London near her heart. But to proceed:—

"MADAME DE D. will continue to appear in the pretty short Scotch costume suggested by her pretty feet."

A very good suggestion, which, if our young ladies would adopt, it would save them the trouble of holding up their dresses with their hands.

And then:—

"THE COUNTESS G. has solemnly declared that nothing shall induce her to put away her sea-side round hat, with the white wing of a bird coquettishly placed therein, which makes her look five years younger."

She would look nicer with the wing of a pheasant in her round hat, and more coquettish also, because the ornament would signify something very much like "Come and eat me," as the little roast pigs somewhere ran about saying. Yet the wing of a goose, which is the wing of a white bird, is very nice too, would be attractive, and might, or might not, be appropriate. However, a chicken's wing would be rather unsuitable to a lady of whom we are told that a certain style of hat "makes her look five years younger." Is the diplomatic GRAZIOSA a satirical TALLEYRAND?

Lastly:—

"THE PRINCESS P. has announced to her family 'that she would not give up her Polish boots for an empire.'"

Polish boots are certainly more elegant, and more feminine, than boots with military heels, not Polish, but polished, or such as might be polished by a member of the Shoeblick Brigade.

Much, that is contrary to common sense, has been said about the Rights of Women, but among those rights women may reasonably claim the right of dressing as they please. We hail the dawn of independence, and the resistance to the tyranny of Fashion proclaimed by GRAZIOSA. It is an evidence of intelligent volition which may be considered to refute the too specious idea of the essentially instinctive nature of the female mind. Hope for humanity is inspired by woman asserting her rational prerogative in adopting a fancy-dress, albeit, that of a revived Bloomer.

A Tribe of the Catti.

THE New York *Anti-Slavery Standard* says, "Russia is slaying a people whom it has twice murdered." We candidly sympathise in the indignation of the Irish gentleman who writes the article; but would ask him how many lives he thinks Poles have? Does he mistake them for Pole-Cats?



NEUTRALITY.

Mrs. NORTH. "HOW ABOUT THE ALABAMA, YOU WICKED OLD MAN?"
Mrs. SOUTH. "WHERE'S MY RAMS? TAKE BACK YOUR PRECIOUS CONSULS—THERE!!!"

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION



NEUTRALITY.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NAGGLETONS AT HOVE.

Our friends have, like all other civilised people, been absent from the Metropolis for some time. They took a house at Eastbourne, for the season, but the defences which the doctors of that place made for its unhealthiness, convinced Mr. and Mrs. NAGGLETON that a locality requiring so much advocacy had better be left to the sanatory authorities. So they came on to Brighton. They have just come in to lunch.

Mr. Naggleton. I don't seem to want any lunch.

Mrs. Naggleton. It would be strange if you did, after eating all those apples and sweetmeats and rubbish.

Mr. N. I had only one apple, and one pear-drop, which the children made me take.

Mrs. N. Made you take! And you call yourself the head of a family, and pretend to guide and direct the rest. If you could not help indulging your own school-boy tastes, you might have some consideration for the children, and not stuff them with trash and spoil their dinners.

Mr. N. Why, you bought the apples yourself.

Mrs. N. But not to be eaten then. I meant them for dessert.

Mr. N. You didn't say so, and it was difficult to infer the fact from your immediately proceeding to distribute them among the kids.

Mrs. N. Kids! Is that the language you wish your children to talk?

Mr. N. They are none of 'em in the room.

Mr. N. It would be just the same if they were. I have noticed that Mr. SNOTCHLEY quoted one night a line he had learned from some Latin classical poet which you would do well to study and act upon.

*Mr. N. What did the Latin classical poet say to Mr. SNOTCHLEY, my dear, I forget, I'm sure. Was it *Varium est mutabile semper femina*?*

Mrs. N. I dare say—it sounded like that, but it meant that the greatest reverence is due to young persons.

Mr. N. I am sure, my dear, I show the utmost reverence to young persons—and to persons who are not so young. There is no harm in kids, unless they butt your legs.

Mrs. N. Of course, you always take refuge in buffoonery.

Mr. N. No, sometimes I take refuge in bathing machines, as to-day, when you dragged me out for a walk in spite of a sky that looked as black as you did at my making an objection.

Mrs. N. We don't come to the sea-side to stay in-doors all day, but to have the benefit of the fresh air. If you are so afraid of a little rain, you should take a Macintosh and an umbrella.

Mr. N. You lent the first to Mrs. and the second to Mrs. SNOTCHLEY on Tuesday night, and neither have they had the grace to return.

Mrs. N. Did you expect Mr. SNOTCHLEY to come out in a day like this?

Mr. N. Well, you made me come out in a day like this, in fact this very day.

Mrs. N. His habits are very different from yours. He has lived with the superior classes, who remain at home when the weather is unfavourable, or else go out in their carriages, while you have the mercantile habits of a man who is tied to business, and must go out to work like a clerk whether he likes it or not.

Mr. N. Yes, I'm very depraved and demoralised, I know, but one's balance at the banker's is none the worse for one's neglecting the barometer.

Mrs. N. I am not reproaching you, HENRY, I am only stating a fact, but you are so dreadfully thin-skinned that if I said the sun shone you would find something to complain of.

Mr. N. I should, if you said so, just now, my dear. I should complain of the absence of your usual veracity. The sun appears to me never to shine down here.

Mrs. N. I know what that means. Another hint that you want to leave Brighton, and be back in your darling London.

Mr. N. (with dignity). I beg to say, MARIA, that I do not hint my wishes, but signify them. When I deem it time to end our sojourn by the Coast, I will say so, in the meantime do not cry out before you are hurt.

Mrs. N. Why, you have been as miserable as possible all the time we have been here.

Mr. N. Thanks to your efforts, I have not been particularly comfortable, but as I have made no complaint, I do not see that you need make any.

Mrs. N. O very well then, let us go back to-morrow.

Mr. N. We cannot do that, having to pay for the house until Wednesday week. Besides (recovering himself) if you and the children are enjoying yourselves, that is happiness for me.

Mrs. N. That's right, scoff at domestic feeling. I cannot think, for my part, what you married for.

Mr. N. Well, my dear, at this very long distance of time, I am really unable to tell you at a moment's notice—and I do not observe around me any particular aid to memory on the point. But I will endeavour to recollect, and inform you on some other occasion. Have you finished your lunch?

Mrs. N. Why?

Mr. N. Because we might as well have the things taken away.

Mrs. N. What for?

Mr. N. Because somebody might call.

Mrs. N. Who?

Mr. N. How should I know? Perhaps the polite and penitent SNOTCHLEY might put his aristocracy into his pocket and bring home my Macintosh.

Mrs. N. The fuss you make about that miserable Macintosh is perfectly unbearable. I will walk over and fetch it home myself, and take care how I lend any of your things again.

Mr. N. Don't walk, my dear, go in two cabs, for I'm sure one wouldn't hold you in your present state of temper.

Mrs. N. I should like to know where you picked up that piece of vulgarity.

Mr. N. Why, my love? Do you wish to go and look for another piece like it?

Mrs. N. I quite shiver when I hear you talking to the children, and I wait to hear what coarseness you are going to teach them next.

Mr. N. (sings). "With her shivery shakery, O, O, O,

The woman that couldn't get warm."

Bless me, how the sea air freshens up one's voice. I could take the chair at a Harmonic Meeting.

Mrs. N. (slowly). Yes, I do not dispute that.

Mr. N. I think there is one held somewhere near here. I've a good mind to go, and take old SNOTCHLEY with me.

Mrs. N. He go to such a place!

Mr. N. I'll bet you a pair of gloves he does, if I ask him.

Mrs. N. You would not presume to ask him.

Mr. N. You shall see. I shall tell him that it is his duty, as an instructor of youth, to be acquainted with all the scores with which they might be tempted, and I'll undertake to bring him home by midnight, slightly flavoured with Cavendish, which he will like as an aristocratic baccy.

Mrs. N. Pray, pray, HENRY, do not talk in that manner. You cannot imagine how offensive it is to my ears. Are you coming on the Parade?

Mr. N. The swells will not be there yet, my dear.

Mrs. N. You forget that we are not in Brighton, but have a long distance to walk, thanks to your taking a house in this ridiculous neighbourhood.

Mr. N. It was my fault, I suppose, that Eastbourne became dangerous. It was my fault, I suppose, that Brighton was so full that we couldn't get a house.

Mrs. N. Had we gone to Scarborough, as I begged that we might do, we should have been in no danger, and we need not have hidden ourselves in a hole like Hove.

Mr. N. You are quite alliterative, MARIA, and I score to remind you that you utterly refused to go to Scarborough, when I offered to go there.

Mrs. N. Yes, after the scene you made, and the terrors you expressed about the frightful expense, and then at the last minute pretended to give way—of course no woman of ordinary spirit was going to be treated like a child.

Mr. N. If I had treated you like a child, I should have taken you just where I pleased, instead of coming to a place which I detest.

Mrs. N. Naturally you detest Brighton, because it is a place where the upper classes come, and where a certain decorum and refinement prevails, and you cannot lounge about the Parade at all hours in short trousers, with a distorted wide-awake hat, a dirty old shooting jacket with gaping pockets, and a clay pipe.

Mr. N. That is a gross exaggeration, but that would be more sensible than rigging oneself out like a Bond Street lounge, and parading up and down for hours, smirking at acquaintances, staring at painted women, and listening to a band playing tunes that you'd send a policeman to stop if they were performed before your windows in town.

Mrs. N. You have no refinement, HENRY, and it is one of your misfortunes.

Mr. N. As you say, one of them. And what do you say to the paint on the women's faces?

Mrs. N. Are you going to accuse me of painting?

Mr. N. No, my dear, no, no (laughing). Even the lily, we read, may be painted, but not, I think, the decidedly developed, not to say full-blown rose.

Mrs. N. I make no answer to insults.

Mr. N. I never offer any. Can't you take a joke?

Mrs. N. I delight in true wit, but not—

Mr. N. Not in wit whose essence is truth. But you won't come to the point. What do you, a respectable British matron, say to walking about among those animated paint-pots in pork-pie hats?

Mrs. N. Will you inform me how much worse it is for a woman to lay vegetable rouge on her cheek, because it is pale, than for a man to apply walnut pommade to his hair, because it is grey?

Mr. N. (floored). I wish you would leave my dressing-table alone. I never can keep a single thing—somebody comes and takes it. I didn't know the hair stuff I bought was walnut pommade—I asked the

man for anything that was good for the hair, and I thought walnuts were as harmless as anything else. What inconsistent nonsense you talk.

Mrs. N. I! Hm. (Smiles.)

[And they go on the Parade, and the humbled MR. NAGGLETON is quite civil and polite all the afternoon.]

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



At four o'clock in the morning the happy peasants on the top of the Rigi blow their cow's-horns, and the miserable visitors, who are just dropping gently into their first sleep (for anything beyond a feverish snore has been utterly impracticable up to this hour), will doubtless "blow those horns" too, but nevertheless they will grumble and get up to look at the Sunrise, not because they like it, but because it is the proper thing to do, and is in fact the aim and end they've had in view all along.

Swaddled in rugs and blankets the shivering Tourist appears in front of the Hotel. As a rule the Sunrise is an utter failure, though it ought not to be, considering how many times it has gone through the part before. Like almost all theatrical artists, Glorious Apollo gets very careless. Stars are not free from this fault, and the Sun is suffering from the force of bad example. We believe that he has lately got into a very low Sun set. Unless they've improved their arrangements with new scenery, decorations, and appointments since we've been there, you must

not expect anything more than a confused mass of clouds and mist, and the only Rise you're likely to see, is the rise which is pretty certain to be taken out of the angry audience, who, however, if they are free Britons, may use their privilege as such, and hiss the entire performance. The cow-horn players actually have the impudence to go round and ask for money from the assembled Tourists. Of course you will simply say "that you never give to people in the streets," and should they artfully suggest that "you can give it them in the House," you can pretend not to understand; or should you feel yourself sufficiently strong for the occasion, you can literally "take them in," and "pay them out" in a novel and unexpected manner.

The next movement is to get some breakfast, and then ask for your bill. When you've got your bill, do not at once cut your stick, which would be, what a low-bred woodman might call, a specimen of bill-hooking it.

The Young Jack and Jill having gone up the hill must now come down; and here will be an opportunity for Jack to show his a-Jill-ity. It takes about two hours and a half to ascend the Rigi, and it takes a quarter of an hour to descend. There are several modes of downward progression. The First is called:—

The Flying Fluteplayer. Hold your alpenstock like a flute, and whistle a tune, if you can, to assist the illusion. Stretch out one leg, whichever you like; march, quick time, don't stop playing the flute, and away you go.—N.B. Paper, pens, ink, and the usual forms for making your will, can be obtained at the Rigi Culm, and the obliging landlord will, for a consideration, be a witness to anything. The Second is termed—

The Venturesome V. Sit down in the shape of a V, keeping your hands disengaged, so as to save yourself from bumping against the sharp projections, which would otherwise annoy the unwary traveller. The Third is known as—

The Cautious Crocodile, and is, perhaps, better adapted for the progress of invalids and elderly gentlemen than either of the above.



We advise the Tourist to descend on the Weggis side, where the lake of Lucerne is. Here you are in the land of WILLIAM TELL, as the boatmen will tell you, and where also you will be told for your boat. The traveller, who understands German, should take SCHILLER'S *Wilhelm Tell* in his pocket; and the traveller, who doesn't understand it, will, if he take it, keep it there.



Here you will see the giant mountain, Mount Pilatus. There is an old legend concerning the derivation of the name which everybody knows, and according to some, the title is only a corruption of Pileatus, which means "Capped," in allusion to the ceremony always observed by the superstitious peasantry on looking in that direction. Be the derivation from the story of Pilatus, or the fact of being Pileatus,

one thing is certain, that, as the mountain can always give certain prophetic signs of a coming storm, surer even than those of ADMIRAL FITZROY, he, the mountain, not the Admiral, may be considered as the safest Pilot on the lake.

Land at Lucerne, and heartily admire the memorial Lion. Think of SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, the Nelson Column, Squirts of Trafalgar Square, the Lowther Arcade, and rejoice in your proud birth-right.

Visit Tell's Chapel on the lake; then, to his memory drink with spirit in the waters of freedom at Grütli; but be cautious as to the amount of spirit mixed with the waters, lest, in keeping the patriot's memory, you lose your own. There have been fierce disputes as to the existence of TELL,

who is, some captious pigs assert, a Swiss Mrs. Harris. The same story, they urge, was told of one Toko in Denmark. It is within our province to set them right. The story of the Danish gentleman was promulgated by the friends of GESSLER, the oppressive Governor, who, as we all know, got Toko from Tell. Hence the mistake.

The Tourist in Switzerland who wishes always to be a dandy in dress, should be provided with MURRAY'S invaluable *Handbook for Bucks*.

Now then let us get to Thun, and if we have time, visit Interlachen, which will bring us to the last scene of all that will end this strange adventurous history.



GOOD NEWS FOR THE COUNTRY.

MR. PUNCH, ZUR,

MONGST the tallegrams from Amerikey t'other day I see this here, which zounds like the best news we've had for some time from that quarter. It ses as how, arter drivin back GINERAL GREGG'S cavalry upon the Federal infantry with heavy loss:—

"The Confederates advanced to Beaton, where the fight was renewed. After a short engagement the Federals retreated to Liberty."

When the Confederates had druv back GREGG'S cavalry, 'twas a precious good job they advanced to beat un; see'n the Federals there-upon retreated to Liberty, which, ABE LINCOLN have'n suspended *Habeas Corpus*, was returnun to a tolerable state as quo.

I be, &c.

JOHN TROTT.

Baconside, Nov. 1863.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—The Newmarket Jockey, who lately rode a winning match against Time, has been presented, by way of reward, with the Spur of the Moment.

FLOWERS FROM LE FOLLET.



Begging pardon of a lady for contradicting her, we must tell the Editress of *Le Follet* that, in our humble opinion, bonnets which have soft crowns—within or under them—are particularly well suited to the fantastic style in which the hair is now worn.

THE following extract from *Le Follet*: under the head of "Fashions for November," appears fit to have rather been published under that of "Sporting Intelligence":—

"A band of the same width as the pates on the skirt is put on the body, like a square berthe in front, and forms a jockey behind."

To be sure, the rider of a horse running for the Derby could hardly be spoken of as a "jockey behind." There is, however, a description of race in which the competing quadrupeds are all ridden on the crupper, and to this class of animals perhaps we must refer the creature that has a band of the same width as the pates on the skirt put upon the body; though pates are not situated on skirts, but constitute the extremities of four legs, and are properly called hoofs in the case of any creature capable of carrying a jockey behind.

Le Follet has also the ensuing remark about bonnets:—

"Many of them have soft crowns, although these are not suited to the style in which the hair is now worn."

THE RAM OF LIVERPOOL.

AIR—"The Ram of Derby."

As I was sailing the Mersey
I saw a wonderful Ram,
Which the people there they told me
Had frightened Uncle SAM.

Thinks I, it is no wonder
For the Ram's as long as a street,
And his head is covered with iron
To smash whatever it meet.

And out of the small of his back, Sir,
Is sticking a rearing flue,
And under his terrible stern, Sir,
Is no end of an awful screw.

And a Ram we know is addicted
To rushing about in play,¹
And it might be a wiry time, Sir,
For whatever got into his way.

They said he was going to Egypt,
At least so his owner states,
But suppose he mistook the turning,
And made for Davis's straits.

I think that an honest drover
Might prove where he'd made a sale,
And not come smoothing us over
With a cock and a bullish tale.

And I think that Policeman RUSSELL,
Who to keep the peace is bound,
Has used a wise discretion
In clapping the Ram in the Pound.

A SHREWSBURY CAKE.

MR. DAVID MASSON's attention is respectfully solicited to the following extract from the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

Stop, though. We must explain.
No, on second thoughts, we will put it another way. MR. MASSON will have the kindness to read these two verses:—

"In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; streams sublime
Break over me unthought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the strings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glow unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine."

They are preceded, in the complete poem, by nine more verses, which *Mr. Punch* does not quote, because they touch upon matters to which he never adverts lightly.

Very well. Now, hear what the Salopian oracle has to say upon the poem:—

"These lines were composed by the celebrated JOHN MILTON, a short time before his death: but, strange to say, they have not been reprinted in any modern edition of his works, and therefore are not much known. They are worthy of his glorious genius."

Now, as MR. DAVID MASSON is supposed, and with reason, to be more intimately acquainted with the writings of MR. JOHN MILTON than is any other author of the age, it is remarkable that the first mentioned MR. M. should never have referred to this poem by the second mentioned MR. M. Especially as the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* gives a certificate that the verses are worthy of MR. MILTON's "glorious genius."

When MR. MASSON shall have been sufficiently humbled by the discovery that the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* knows more about MILTON than he does, and indeed knows so much as to be able to gauge the genius of a poet whose genius is not usually thought to be easily gauged, we will whisper something to him, for his comfort, in our very smallest type.

The lines are not Milton's at all, but are by an American lady, Elizabeth Lloyd, of Philadelphia. They were re-published, in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, nearly two years ago.

Still, *Mr. Punch* begs to cling, with the tenacity of a scared limpet, to the dogma of critical infallibility.

QUERY.—If you give two persons a seat in a cornfield, can this proceeding be called "setting them by the ears?"

A FOUL WORD FOR THE FAIR SEX.

CHIVALROUS MR. PUNCH.

It is with mingled feelings of horror and disgust that I would bring to your attention one of the most brutal outrages on women that have ever yet been perpetrated. I cite it from an article in the *Scotsman*, which treats of the admission of the fair sex to the medical profession, and in so doing gives vent to a few vinegarish remarks upon a paper which was read by a certain Mr. Brown, at the Social Science Congress which was held a short while since. This gentleman—or gorilla, I incline rather to call him—described the social status and distinction of the sexes in language which it must have been most horrible to hear, if this summary in the *Scotsman* be a credible report:—

"Man is made for work; his is the strong arm to expel poverty, to bring comfort to the door. Woman is made, in common with bitter beer and tobacco, to urge him to exertion, to soothe him in defeat."

"Bitter beer and tobacco!" laugh! what a vile simile! Breathes there a man with soul so dead as to talk of Lovely Woman in the same breath with such things—such low, common, nasty, noisome, vulgar, bestial things—as bitter beer and tobacco! Sir, surely such a sentiment could never have been emitted at the Social Science Congress. Its president, LORD BROUGHAM, has ever been a devoted admirer of the ladies, and would not have suffered such an insult to be offered to them. So I cannot but presume it was the *Scotsman* that invented the vile words which it puts into the mouth of Mr. Brown: and instead of begging you to call upon that gentleman to kick him for the outrage (which, as champion of the ladies, it would be the privilege of *Mr. Punch* to do), I would ask of you to pitch into the scribbler in the *Scotsman*, and tell him—or it may be *her*, for I hear there are she-scribblers in these degenerate days—that writers should take care, when they epitomise a speech, not to weaken its effect by strong language of their own.

I am, Sir, your, and the dear creatures,
Most sincere admirer and ever humble servant,

Beau Nash Buildings, Monday. ALBANY FITZ-BRUMMELL.

P.S. As for Woman, Lovely Woman, being ever made a Doctor—ugh! *Judy* forbid such profanation of her sex! For only just consider, Sir. How could one whisper a soft nothing to an ear that had been hardened by the chaff of medical students and the language of the schools: or how could one press tenderly the fingers which had just been spreading a big blister, or dispensing a black dose?

PUTTING ON THE DRAG.—Getting married.



THE LATEST THING IN IMPUDENCE.

Cook. "I should be sorry to inconvenience you, Mum; and as I shall be late, I'll take Master's Latch Key."

IMPENDING SACRILEGE.

It is intended to remove from Westminster Abbey the ashes of the illustrious dead that rest within the precincts of that venerable edifice, and re-inter them at Kensal Green.

The foregoing announcement is one which, if there were any truth in it, would astonish the natives, who owe allegiance to QUEEN VICTORIA, considerably; and would also somewhat amaze foreigners, even those who account us capable of any brutality.

What, then, will the British Public, and other Publics wherever there are any, and where there are none, what will Potentates and Princes say to the annexed statement extracted from the columns of a contemporary? —

"THE DESACRATION OF BUNHILL-FIELDS BURIAL-GROUND.—This ground formed one of the three great fields originally belonging to the Manor of Finsbury Farm, and the lease for 1,000 years, now held by the Corporation, will expire in 1867, when the property reverts to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The burial-ground, since the year 1664, has been the great cemetery for Nonconformists, and here rest the bones of JOHN BUNYAN, the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*; GEORGE FOX, the founder of the Society of Friends; DR. DANIEL WILLIAMS, founder of the library in Redcross Street; DANIEL DEFOE, author of *Robinson Crusoe*; DR. ISAAC WATTS; JOSEPH RITSON, the antiquary; THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.; PATRICK COLQUHOUN, LL.D., author of *Our System of Police*; and other well-known literary men, besides those of the BUXTONS, SOLTYS, TRAYERS, FULLERS, ROBERTS, MORLEYS, GIBSONS, MATTLANDS, and other great dissenting families. On the ground coming into the possession of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, it is intended to remove the human remains lying there, and let the ground on building leases."

It is very likely that all that is mortal of JOHN BUNYAN, except a very small quantity of phosphate of lime, has evaporated into thin air. But if any dust is of any consequence, some respect is owing to that of the most famous JACK the Giant Killer, who conquered *Giant Doubt* and *Giant Despair*, and bequeathed the story of his victory to ages. And what less can be said of the relics of that eternal benefactor to boyhood who created *Robinson Crusoe*, and survived the satire of POPE? What's in a name, if the name of WATTS, and the Logic which has memorised it, and the Psalmody which has consecrated it, cannot obtain consideration for his grave? Is there no sanctity in the tomb of STOTHARD, a painter—and not also a plumber and glazier?

We cannot be sure that the verses inscribed on SHAKESPEARE'S MONU-

ment, deprecating the disturbance of his bones, and said to have been written by himself, were really composed by the parish clerk. There is reason, therefore, to suppose that the greatest of mankind attached some importance to the chrysalis-shell whence the butterfly had flown. His judgment, coinciding with the common sentiment of humanity, should give us pause in the idea, could we entertain it, of dislodging the residue of great spirits from Poet's Corner. The dust of genius, too, has consecrated the burial-ground of Bunhill Fields.

However, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, as such, will not recognise that consecration, which is all that the Dissenters' cemetery has. It is for the Dissenters themselves, in the first place, to care for the conservation of the sepulchres of their fathers. It has been suggested that they should devote a portion of their large Bicentenary Memorial Fund to the purchase of the freehold. They will be helped by many who, regardless of the creed, respect the memory, of the gifted, the learned, the venerable if quaint and prim, and rather pigheaded old Nonconformists. Like other intramural cemeteries, let the burial-ground of Bunhill Fields be converted into a garden, in which the remembrance of those whose actions "smell sweet and blossom in the dust" shall be graced with the suitable emblems of trees and flowers.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO THE EMBARRASSED.—There are thousands of Tories who have long struggled against the force of Liberal opinion, but few are aware that the winning seats here and there only means that the Conservative agents have been cleverer or perhaps less scrupulous than their antagonists, and that a general election would replace the Tories in a hole, without their leaders being gazetted as Ministers. Money advanced for bribery is thrown away. Nor can a valuable and popular Minister be slandered out of office, or tripped up by an attorney's bag. For further information apply to MR. PUNCH, Slasher, or to his dog TOBY, 85, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Protectionists convinced of their folly for threepence, payable by instalments, if security given. Original advertisement 1841. Decided Asses confidentially conducted into Bride Court and kicked. *Verbum sap.*

Too Horrible!

THE other day, a gentleman, without assigning any reason for this act of self-martyrdom, entered a cutler's shop, and put his hands upon two sharp carving-knives, upon which he had previously fixed his eyes!!!



A PLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

FOOTMAN. "If you please, Sir, Master said I was to let you know Dinner's waiting."

TOMKINS. "Yes—but James, look here! These can't be my Trowsers, you know!"

JAMES. "No, Sir! Why, Sir, those will belong to old Mr. Shortshanks, who went away this morning; and, depend upon it, he's taken yours instead."

[Poor Tomkins, who is visiting in a strange house, and is wretchedly shy, bursts into a cold perspiration.

JACK RUSSELL'S APOLOGY TO JOHN BULL.

If you please, Sir, I'm not such a sneak as you may think. It's true I sold HUDSON; but it was his own fault, for not looking out sharper when he knew he had to deal with me. But as to threatening anybody that I would punch their heads, and then backing out when it came to the point, I say I didn't. It's true I told GORTSCHAKOFF that it was a shame to bully the Poles, but I didn't say that we would pitch into the Russians unless they left off; on the contrary, I hollered out aloud several times before the whole school that we weren't going to make a fight of it. And now, you see, I was right. Here you have NAPOLEON owning that he shouldn't like to have a row with ALEXANDER, who stood by him in that Nice business and Savoy affair. Hogg! I should think so. One good turn deserves another. Who was it that hung back and stopped short in 1856, just when we wanted to go in and double Russia up? If he hadn't prevented us then, we should have given the Muscovites a hiding that would have lasted them long enough, and you wouldn't have had those fellows playing the game they're up to now, I know.

Fight! Hogg! I should like to know how we are to, if we are ever so game. Where can we get to do it? In what field? HOHENZOLLERN is on the other side, and so is HAPSBURG, I'll be bound, if the truth was known. Catch them letting us through their grounds! If we could trust NAPOLEON, to be sure, we might force our way; but we can't. If he fought, he'd fight for another Idea, as he calls it, like that Nice idea and the idea of Savoy, that I mentioned just now. Oh, yes! I dare say! Walker!

It's all very well for him to talk of a Congress, so as to settle all differences by umpires. I suppose CORDEN put him up to that notion. It's all very fine, but it isn't new; it's as old as the Peace Society, and older. And when the umpires have decided, what then? Suppose Russia says, "I shan't," who is to make her?

I know very well that if we let the Russians go on bullying us in the way they do, they are likely to end by getting to bully the whole world. It is only a question of time, and of gunpowder and steam. But it isn't my fault they weren't kiboshed when they ought to have been; it's that NAPOLEON's fault, as I said before, for failing us in the nick of time, when, if he hadn't thrown us over for

reasons of his own, which he now owns (and we know what they were), we might have gone on and whopped those fellows, and licked 'em into the middle of next century, and rid the civilised world from all fear of them for ever so long. But now the chance has gone by, and all that's left for us chaps is to look out for our own cheek. So I want to know what I could have said or done more than what I have in answer to GORTSCHAKOFF? And, as far as that goes, at any rate I hope you'll allow that I'm neither such a muff nor such a humbug as I've been called.

A QUEER FELLOWS' CAROL.

(Pipes and Beer.)

We've all had a jolly good dinner?
It only comes round once a year;
The outer man's warmed by the inner,
Choke-full of the best of good cheer.
How pleasant this here merry making
Is arter hard labour and toil!
Such a banquet as we've been partaking,
Served up in host WALKER's best style!
Such a banquet, &c.

Roast beef, prime, and no two opinions,
Leg of mutton and trimmings thereto,
Roast goose, apple sauce, sage and onions,
Suckin' pig, cowheel, tripe, Irish stew,
And biled leg of pork and pease-puddun,
Plum puddun, and likewise mince pie,
We've each played his stick like a good 'un,
Which nobody, sure, can deny.
We've each, &c.

The liquors, the malt and the spirits,
They all was the best of the kind,
I needn't say more of their merits,
Which them as don't see must be blind,
Our brother here keeps a good cellar,
Him, therefore, I'll name for a toast,
For he is a jolly good feller,
And so here's the health of our Host.
For he is, &c.

Here's the health of our Doctor and Lawyer,
Who've honoured our meetin to day,
The Sawbones I calls a top-sawyer,
And ain't that sufficient to say?
And as for our legal adviser,
To give that same Party his due,
There can't be a better, nor wiser,
Here's health and long life to the two.
There can't be, &c.

Here's the health of our worthy Collector,
What raises the funds of our club:
'Tis true, says some grumblin objector,
We spends 'em in guzzle and grub.
Here's a health unto all absent brothers,
We deeply regrets they ain't here;
But then there's the more for us others,
Who gets their allowance of beer.
But then, &c.

Here's a health to our friend TOMMY TRUMAN,
Our Treasurer, trusty as gold,
I hope that he, being a new man,
Will better turn out than the old,
(In quod who pays off his offences)
May TOMMY's accounts be well passed:
May he charge us no humbug expenses,
And not bolt with our cash, like the last.
May he charge, &c.

Not the First Time.

IN one of the recent repulses of the Federals, we read that "they retreated to Liberty." This is no new movement, for ever since the war began, we must say that all their steps have been backward ones in that direction. Of course, they took possession of the town, for we all know what capital good hands the Yankees are in taking a Liberty.

POLITICS IN THE PRIVATE BOX.

"The play's the thing,
At which I'll catch the frivolous old King."
Hamlet, latest edition.



HAT the Continentals do everything at the Theatre is tolerably well known. Business which an Insular would think it more fitting to transact on 'Change, or in a lawyer's office, or in a Minister's apartment, is, abroad, performed in the private box, while the Opera is going on, or the dialogue of the men of business is agreeably varied by the love-talk in the Comedy. This fact may in some measure account for the farcical character of a good deal of the public and private transactions of the Continentals. But Mr. Punch has not seen the custom more agreeably illustrated than the other day by the Elector of Hesse-Cassel.

This humptions Sovereign was required by his Ministers to give his assent to a Message to his Parliament. Until this had been delivered, the so-called legislature could not be prorogued. But when the Premier came to the Palace by appointment with the document, he was informed that His Serene Highness had gone to the play.

"Bother the play," said the statesman, *sotto voce*. "Drive to the theatre, can't you?" he added, angrily, to his coachman, as if it were the poor man's fault that his Sovereign was a frivolous personage.

"The Coachman showed that he could drive to the theatre, and did."

"Wait," said the Premier, going up-stairs in no very good temper.

"Boxkeeper!"

"Here, your Excellency. Like a bill of the play, or a book of the words?"

"Confound you, no," said the Minister. "His Serene Highness is here, isn't he?"

"Yes, Excellency."

"Very well, open the door."

"The door of the royal box, Excellency?"

"What other door do you think I mean, you great owl?" said the Premier, striding to the box of his master.

The boxkeeper, in some trepidation, opened the door a very little way, so little that if the Premier had been as thin as the late Mr. WILLIAM PITT, he could not have gone through.

"I have told you half-a-dozen times I don't want any refreshments," roared a voice from within.

"I'm not bringing you any, you idiot," muttered the Premier, and then entered with a profound bow.

"O, it's you," said His Serene Highness, good naturedly. "I'm glad you've come. Here's such a capital scene going on. That chap hiding in the cupboard is Bobblewitz, and he thinks the officer, there, Guttieburg, has come after his niece, but the fact is he wants a hamper of sausage that has been delivered by mistake, and it is in that very cupboard. I'll bet you he'll smell it out—you're just in luck. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"I should not have ventured to intrude upon your Highness's intellectual recreations," said the Minister, "but the Message—"

"Bother the Message, let's see about the Sausage," said his Highness. "Ha! ha! Didn't I say so? He sniffs it, and now he'll discover Bobblewitz. No, stop, here comes the girl, Magdalen. That stops him. Isn't she pretty, eh?"

"I am no great judge of female beauty, your Highness, but she seems to me to be fat and badly painted. But if your Highness would deign to accord me a moment or two, I need not interfere again with your admiration of the young—or middle-aged person."

"Well, what is it?" said his Highness, still keeping his lorgnette on Magdalen. "She's not more than six-and-twenty, I tell you."

"The Message is ready, and the Parliament is anxious to depart. Your Highness has only to signify your assent to this document—"

"See, Bobblewitz is pinching her arm, as a sign not to leave the room."

"Which has been framed exactly in conformity with your Highness's instructions."

"That was a good scream, wasn't it?"

"Except in reference to the revenue, which cannot be described as perfectly flourishing."

"Now, you see, Guttieburg must make love to her, to account for his presence in the house."

"And we must give the promise to revise the railway taxation."

"Eh! That was a good slap in the face she gave him. I think that was given in real earnest. Perhaps there's some row between them—couldn't you go round and find out from some of the ballet-girls?"

"And the Minister of Religion must be referred to as an invaluable official, to justify the demand for increased salary."

"My eye! he's kneeling, and has stuck his spur into himself. O, this is one of the best comedies I ever saw."

"Those are the only alterations, your Highness, and I venture to think that you will approve of them."

"How he keeps rubbing himself. I wonder whether those spurs are really pointed, or whether it's only fun."

"I may assume your Highness's approval, and deliver the Message?" said the Minister, rising.

"Eh, sit still. I swear I have not heard one word that you've been saying. Can't you hold your tongue till the play is over?"

"In that case the Deputies will lose the night train, your Highness, and they have had a long session."

"Tell you what, Baron," said the Elector, getting angry, "it is not only impertinent but disloyal to come bothering me in this manner. Is a theatre a place for such important business?"

"Your Highness did me the honour to command my attendance at the Palace, and then not to be there to receive me."

"I suppose I may go to the theatre if I like?" When I made the appointment I hadn't seen the play bill, and I didn't know that *Soldiers and Sausages* was to be played. It was your business to have informed me."

"I beg leave to place my portfolio in your Serene Highness's hands," said the Minister, bowing coldly, "and trust that my successor will be better aware of the duties of a statesman."

"Now then, there you go, flying out like gunpowder because one just speaks to you, and here we are missing no end of fun. Here, porcupine that you are, give us hold of the paper. What a beastly handwriting, I suppose it's that stiff-backed ass, PUMPLEBUESKIN'S."

"My nephew may not have all the graces of a courtier, your Highness, but he is a faithful servant of yours."

"He looks like a servant out of livery. Well, as far as I can read it, the thing seems all right. Stop, what's that word?"

"Which, Highness?"

"That! Why, it's 'constitutional.' How dare you put such a word into my mouth? I will not sanction the Message, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"If your Highness will look at the context—"

"But I won't, and I don't see any context. Where's the context—do you mean the green ribbon—what's that got to do with it?"

"I mean the sense of the passage, Highness."

"There's no sense in the passage, and you just go out into the passage and scratch the word out, or I won't prorogue."

"I undertake to do so, Highness. With that correction, may I deliver the document in?"

His Serene Highness was going to refuse, but at this moment the fair Magdalen sat down to take off her shoe for the further castigation of her unwelcome lover, and the Sovereign impatiently signed to his Prime Minister to be off.

So the lover was slapped and the Message delivered, and the Parliament of Hesse-Cassel prorogued. And this is the way the Germans submit to be governed—the great Germans who claim a voice in the affairs of Europe.

THE SCOTCH DISTEMPER.

DID you ever happen to consider how it is that a certain subject of railery against the Scotch, once popular, is now never alluded to; even by the most prejudiced of the vulgar? The mention of the Caledonian Violin, as extant in these days, would be an anachronism. A cutaneous disease, for which the common name of that instrument was a euphemism, has ceased to be peculiarly endemic in North Britain. This is not a matter for unmingled rejoicing. The eruption, driven in, has produced a constitutional disease, much aggravated by the brimstone which its treatment had introduced into the system. Sabbatarianism is the national complaint of Scotland repelled.

Conundrum from the Ould Counthrees.

SORR, Av ye plase, whist now, while o' ax ye; whin is the bist month to tell a lie in? Ye give it op, ye do? Arrah now, if ye want the bist month for a lie, what 'ud it be but Fiv'-ruary? Hoorush! O'v'e sould the Saxon Pouch.
Yers, THE IRISH OWL.

JUDICIOUS V. JUDICIAL SEPARATIONS.

We learn with sorrow that the recent appointment of a Judge of the Matrimonial and Divorce Court, has caused severe, though silent dissatisfaction to many amiable members of society. Their objection is one not of degree but of kind. More learning, greater experience, higher ability were not required. It had however been fondly hoped that time would have taught our Legislators wisdom, and that two Judges would have been appointed—one distinguished by a black cap and confining his attention to scenes of tragical interest between *Othello* and *Desdemona*; the other wearing ringlets or braids at discretion, and bestowing her liveliest sympathy on petitions for a judicious separation. That such a division of labour would have been exceedingly popular, a few extracts from the numerous communications we have received in answer to our inquiries, will prove beyond all possibility of dispute.

From LADY MANETER.

"While entertaining no personal objection to the Judge recently appointed, LADY MANETER is notwithstanding decidedly of opinion that feminine claims to juridical honours, have been culpably disregarded. Acts of cruelty, which constitute, if LADY MANETER is not mistaken, the broadest basis for a separation of the Eagle from the Dove, can only be dealt with judiciously by women of enlightened minds. Is not smoking in a drawing-room or any apartment consecrated by muslin curtains most barbarous cruelty? Is not dulness of perception, when new furniture, dress, equipage, &c., &c., are urgently demanded, most unpardonable cruelty? Is not an insane antagonism to criminal most revolting cruelty? LADY MANETER pauses for a reply, not doubting that some masculine upholder of existing abuses, with brazen effrontery, will rise and loudly answer—'No.'"

From the MISSES ARTAXERXES, *Minerva Lodge, College for Young Ladies.*

"The MISSES ARTAXERXES do not object to the recent appointment in toto, but they do think that it would be extremely desirable to have two assessors to counsel and advise the presiding Judge in the satisfactory discharge of his arduous functions. The MISSES A. are not cognizant of any objections having been made to the innovation suggested, or before expatiating fully on this topic, they would dispose of them *seriatim*. In the Admiralty Court it is perfectly well understood, that the elder Brethren of the Trinity House render essential service where wrecks, merely of ships, not of happiness, are involved. The MISSES ARTAXERXES opine that the elder Sisters of the same establishment, would be fit and proper persons to sit on the judicial Bench, and support the Judge in delivering his *dictum*, who otherwise might sink beneath the awful responsibility, which all not steeled to human suffering must experience, while painfully striving to dissect *secundum artem* the matrimonial knot."

From MRS. HUPPER KRUST.

"MR. HUPPER KRUST having presented his petition for a separation on account of his having been locked out by my orders at a quarter past eleven (P.M.), I shall reserve my judgment on the question of Man's judicial capacity, until the result of this application is known. Meanwhile, I should like to have some information respecting the habits of Judges in general. If they are addicted to carrying latch-keys of their own, I cannot expect justice at their hands when dealing with mine, over which MR. H. K. never had, and never shall have, any power, disposition or control."

From the HONOURABLE AUGUSTA EDGE-BONE.

"You ask if I approve of the recent appointment. Absurd! I approve of no appointment. The question I would put is simply this: What necessity is there for any such Tribunal at all? If a monster like that created by FRANKENSTEIN united to a Being of angelic disposition, murmurs at being called upon to follow her with tremulous admiration, his ingratitude admits of no defence. By such insensibility the bond of union is cancelled to all intents and purposes—Could I descend to petition a Court of vulgar wigs and powder? Oh! rising with imperial scorn, an EDGE-BONE would wave the marital incumbrance there and then for ever into vacant air!"

From HANNAH HUGLEY.

"i don't e ya pure Servent shooldn't Hav hir pinyons hupon publiK matrs like hir Betr. has a Kuke in a barinit's familiee of XIV year standin, i Karnt help feelin warm upon the Subjot of men—judg—hits positively dishgreasefull—2 go 4 2 say that wemen haint fitt 4 sieh a Plase as the Matteromoneyall Kort, is stuff not wuth a Farthin a lb. Isn't justia orlwis wrepresenthed has been Blind? hand y? bkaws she isn't rely a femail, but only a mail im disguya. justia ort 2 b a Kuke at a dresser, not a Silly young pirson servin bhind a kownter—then she'd no longer Bother hirself with wayin Strors, and the skales woud naterrally Fall from hir l's."

From MISS TWITHEM.

"It really is highly inconsistent if not absurd, that Judges by putting

on ermine robes and tippets, should endeavour to pass themselves off for elderly ladies, and yet pretend to be indignant, when a real lady volunteers to relieve them of their disagreeable duties."

From FANNY LITTLEPIOT.

"In reply to your note, desiring my opinion on a purely legal question, I have no hesitation in saying that I wish sincerely, my dear LORD PALMERSTON would invest me with judicial authority. Nothing would please me so much as to have a set of dissatisfied people with sour looks, bothering me from morning till night to redress their imaginary grievances. What would I do? Listen. I would sentence every pair of wranglers, whether senior or junior, to be confined in a Penitentiary, where they should be separated only by a glass partition. There they should remain for six weeks contemplating each other's wretchedness until they became so weary of it, that they would petition the Court out of charity, to fit up the partition with folding-doors. That would be my rule. I shouldn't study to make it *nisi*, to suit silly people's tastes, and think those are very much to blame whose rules are not as absolute as mine would be."

We have a hundred more opinions in our portfolio, but we have quoted enough. In conclusion we strongly recommend MISS LITTLEPIOT's disciplinary process to our Law Reformers. A Court of Reconciliation similar to that which she so graphically describes, would furnish a cheap cement for family jars, and please all lovers of social harmony. Then we might witness such a phenomenon as never before was known in horticulture. Fancy the apple of discord cast upon a BARON WILDE, and after a little coaxing, producing a very sweet pair!



AN INTEMPERATE YANKEE WINTER.

ACCORDING to the *North American*, the HON. H. WINTER DAVIS, of Baltimore, at a Union Mass Meeting in Philadelphia lately, made a speech, the conclusion of which may be interesting to the friends of the Federals in this country. After threatnings and slaughter breathed against France, the WINTER of Yankee discontent belched the following menace against ourselves:—

"And if ADMIRAL DUPONT should live, he hoped to see his bombshells bursting over the dome of St. Paul's, and the ruins of London Bridge tumbling into the stream below."

When we call this a menace directed against ourselves, we mean ourselves particularly. If St. Paul's is to be shelled, the bombs that are to burst over it being of course filled with Greek Fire, danger will necessarily accrue to 85, Fleet Street. For your own office is in jeopardy, when the shop next door is burning, which it very soon would be in the case supposed. This consideration, however, ought to touch our neighbour and contemporary the *Morning Starfish* as well as us; for fire is no respecter of persons, even if it is the Greek fire of an alien enemy with whom persons sympathise. A word to the wise is sufficient; though to be sure that is no reason for brevity in addressing the *Morning Starfish*.

DERIVATION.

Crockery.—From the verb, to crack. Perf. I crock. "Liability" to crack being by no means "limited."



SERVANTGALISM.

Mary. "DID YOU CALL, MUM?"

Lady. "YES, MARY! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO WEAR YOUR HOOP BEFORE YOU HAD DONE YOUR ROOMS, BECAUSE YOU BROKE THE JUGS AND BASINS WITH IT!"

Mary. "OH, MUM! YOU SEE THE SWEEPS WERE COMING THIS MORNING, AND, REALLY, I COULD NOT THINK OF OPENING THE DOOR TO THEM SUCH A FIGGER AS I SHOULD HA' BEEN WITHOUT MY CRINOLINE!"

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

HIS MAJESTY *the Elected of the Millions*. Enter to him, DR. PUNCH.

Dr. Punch. I have the honour to wish your Majesty a good morning. I trust that Her Majesty is in the best health and spirits. I hope that the Imperial Prince is all that the fondest parents could desire.

The Emperor. Sit down, Doctor, and don't be loquacious. I hate too much talk.

Dr. P. In that case, your Majesty, is—forgive me—part of the secret of your people's admiration. A Frenchman thinks it a miracle that any one should be able to hold his tongue.

The Emp. There may be something in that. Anyhow, hold yours.

Dr. P. I thought your Majesty did me the honour of sending for me.

The Emp. I did. But I want you to listen.

Dr. P. If I thought I should hear any good of myself, Sire, I would listen with pleasure.

The Emp. If you will not be silent, Doctor, I will communicate with you through my new talking Minister.

Dr. P. I am dumb, Sire, in presence of that menace.

The Emp. I have invited the Sovereigns of Europe to a Congress, that we may settle all our troubles and quarrels by Arbitration.

Dr. P. And what, in the name of all that is reasonable and humane, Sire, have I been preaching to you—I, DOCTOR PUNCH—for the last ten years? What, in fact, have I been preaching to all the Sovereigns, and Emperors, and Presidents ever since I mounted the pulpit in 1841?

The Emp. Confound you, are you going to favour me with a verbal re-issue of all your back volumes!

Dr. P. No, Sire, but I insist upon saying that I am glad and proud to see the greatest King of the Earth—you will observe the masculine gender in my observation—

The Emp. Well, well, everybody knows your chivalrous loyalty to your own admirable Sovereign—get on.

Dr. P. Proud to see the greatest King of the Earth at length converted to the faith which I have been preaching for twenty years; namely, that war, except in self-defence, is a crime and a blunder.

The Emp. All wars are in self-defence.

Dr. P. That in Mexico, Sire, for instance? I did not hear that the Mexicans were marching on Normandy, or even on Cayenne, which is nearer to them, but your Majesty is perhaps better informed.

The Emp. Don't you talk cant. All wars are in self-defence. Are you not defending yourselves against Japan? Have you not just destroyed an entire city which—

Dr. P. Sire, we were not talking of Japan, and I believe that EARL RUSSELL will have explanations to offer which will be entirely satisfactory to—to parties without prejudice. But that is not the point. I have been proclaiming with all my might, for nearly half a century, that the Captains Tongue and Pen ought to do the work which barbarism intrusted to Captain Sword, and I am rejoiced to have made a convert of the master of 600,000 soldiers.

The Emp. Have you done?

Dr. P. No, Sire; I have only just begun. And then, Sire, how truly wise it is in you, as Emperor of France, to have taken this course. Study to be quiet; and, as my friend EARL RUSSELL says, Rest and be thankful. You have no Constitution—

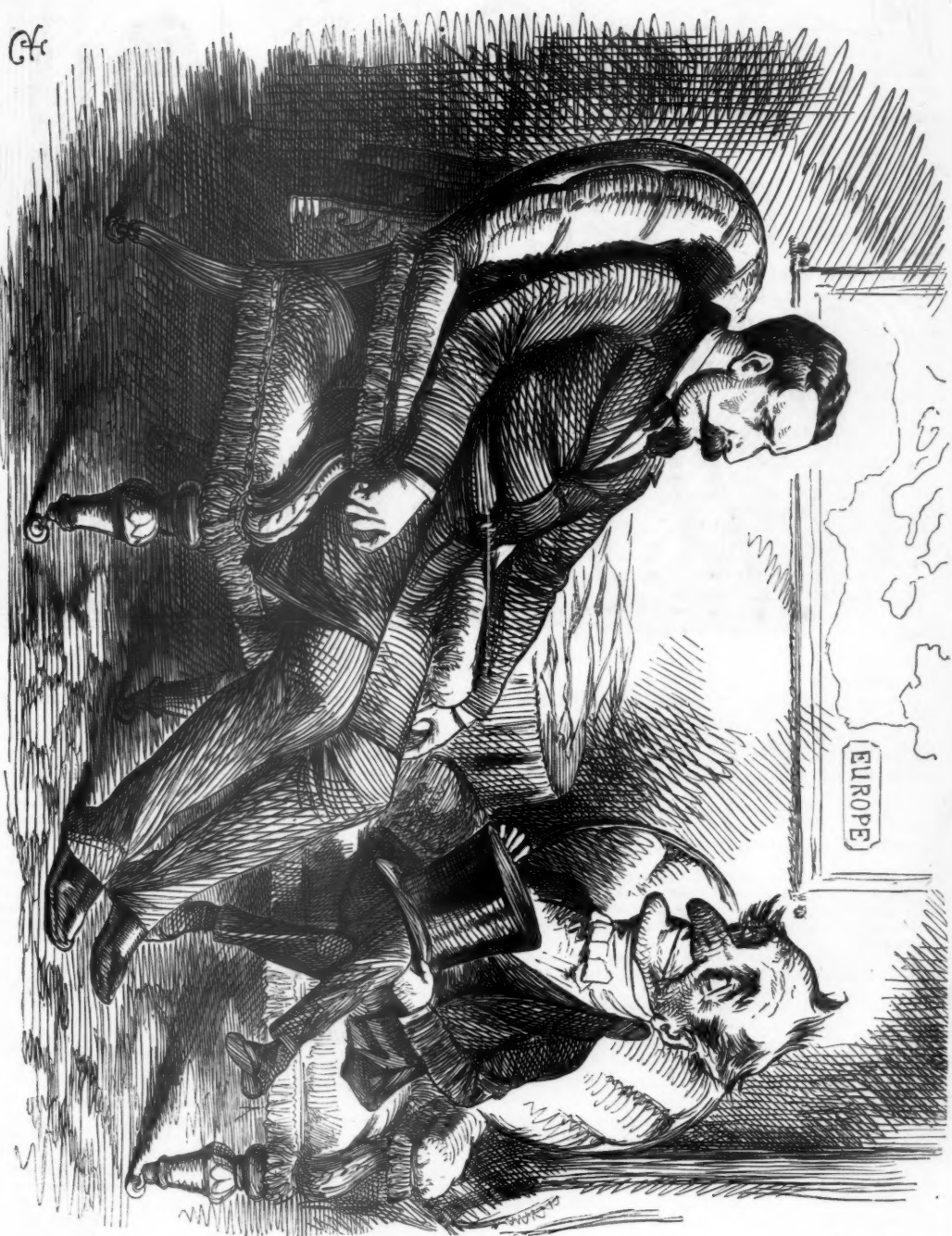
The Emp. I'll hunt with you, shoot with you, dine with you,—come, I'll even sit out a melodrama in eleven acts with you, for a thousand napoleons. Or make it sovereigns.

Dr. P. Sire, could you suspect me of a personal reference? I mean that you, as France, have no Constitution, and therefore cannot afford to racket about as sturdy MRS. BRITANNIA can do. The quieter the better, and as EMPEROR OF FRANCE—

The Emp. "Of the French," it says on the coins.

Dr. P. But the Parisians are Frenchmen, Sire, I have heard; and if proclivities are to be judged by elections—

The Emp. Don't remind me of that infernal Duke of Defeats.



TAKING THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

NAPOLEON III. "I'VE TRIED BOMBS, AND REVOLUTIONS, AND BAILS, AND BAYONETS—ALL OF NO USE. I SHALL NOW TRY ARBITRATION."
DR. PUNCH. "OF COURSE—JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU TO DO FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS. YOU'VE NO CONSTITUTION AND YOU WANT PEACE AND QUIET."

Dr. P. Pardon the allusion, Sir. If you can get a Congress into Paris I dare say a good many Frenchmen, especially those in the commercial and hotel line, will be convinced that their patriotism was a mistake.

The Emp. Well, am I to have a Congress? That's what I sent for you to ask, but you are so full of your self-glorification that there's no edging in a word.

Dr. P. Consider, Sir, a struggle of nearly half a century crowned by my finding myself the Victor of the Victor of the world.

The Emp. Very well, Dr. JOHNSON, and now answer my question.

Dr. P. Well, Sir, if you come to that, there are several preliminary inquiries which I must make, and the first is, what time does your Majesty dine?

The Emp. We'll ascertain, and then have a quiet weed in the pavilion.

Dr. P. I am at your Majesty's orders. You will not regret having followed the Doctor's Advice. [Exeunt.]

HADJI HERE AND HADJI THERE!

A Most gratifying evidence of progress in Turkey is afforded by the subjoined advertisement, extracted from the *Terjuman Ahsat*, a journal published at Constantinople:—

"Headaches, toothaches, lumbago, eye-sores, fever, &c., cured by a celebrated divine just arrived from Asia Minor, by breathing on the patient and by charms. Address, &c."

The Mussulmans are even with the British Aristocracy in medical enlightenment. There are also in this capital advertising Mesmerists, though they do not include any clergymen of the Church of England, that we know of; and Dr. CUMMING himself has never yet put forth such pretensions as those which are asserted by the "Celebrated Divine" of the Mahometan persuasion at Stamboul, where he has "just arrived from Asia Minor." The "Clergyman of Cambridge University" who offered to cure people of nervous and mental complaints, "from benevolence rather than gain," has long since departed to that clime where quacks no longer advertise, and his cassock has fallen on no successor in orders.

It is true the Turks have no HOLLOWAY whose pills and ointment (the pills, we suppose, rubbed in behind the ears, and the ointment taken night and morning on toast) cure eruptive fevers and small-pox. They have no MORISON, who, being dead, yet cures all diseases by his Universal Vegetable Medicine, which is, as we all know, an effectual substitute for vaccination. And, above all, they have no Government which endorses the advertisements of HOLLOWAY, and MORISON, and OLD PARK, and KATE'S WORDSWORTH, and DIXON, and HOOPER, and all the other nostrum vendors whose patent medicines yield a tribute which is inodorous to the nostrils of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

If the fortunes of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY and his brotherhood should ever turn Turk with them, let them change with their fortunes, turn Turks too, and set up at Constantinople, where the celebrity of the Divine who has just arrived from Asia Minor to practice on the Faithful is an assurance that they will prosper.

"OUI, MONSIEUR."

MONSIEUR,

HAVING been residuary in your Metropolis for half a sentry I myself never make ornithological errors in spelling your language, therefore it is permit to me to ridicule a native when he is not capable to spell in public like that wise man who have painted on the board at Hyppark Corner that such is the way to the Crystal Place at what he pleases himself to call

SYDNEHAM.

Aha! Aha! In the future shall you ridicule a foriner who cannot spell your barbarous proper names.

Sablonsiere Hotel.

Agréez, Monsieur, &c.
ALCIBIADES DUMONT.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

LORD SHAPPESDAY having been pleased to grant to the Ministry a *congé d'être* in respect of the Archbishopric of Dublin, and having been further pleased to recommend DR. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH for such office, BISHOP PUNCH has also been pleased. Specially, as the new Archbishop is going to Ireland, it is well that he is thoroughly up in the Queen's English, which (like the Queen's subjects), is often rather wantonly massacred in that country. The appointment of CANON STANLEY to the Deanery of Westminster is beyond all praise, for who but a man who has writ admirably on Palestine should sit in the Jerusalem Chamber?

THE SPANISH DUKE'S MOTTO.—"Onion is Strength."

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR PUNCH,

You have seen *King Lear*, but have you seen *Queen Leah*? for a queen she clearly is in her command over her audience, and the power wherewith she sways them to a sympathy with her. If you have not, go at once and take a stall and see her, and you will come away as I did and own yourself her subject, though; thanks to the insufferable badness of the drama, not till the fifth act will your allegiance be confessed.

Pray don't fear from this beginning that I am going to let my admiration run away with me. Miss BATEMAN has been puffed and pamphleted enough, and I have little wish to be regarded as her butterman. A young actress who aspires to queen it on the boards will always have a court of foolish flatterers about her, and much damage may be done her by their overflow of praise. Still, without predicting that Miss BATEMAN will surpass a MACHEL or a SIDONS, I am not afraid to say, that I think she has great talent, and there is the more promise of her proving a great actress that in spite of all the schooling with which she has been trained, she is natural and simple in producing her effects. As we have spoken of her elsewhere, we will now turn to clever MONSIEUR FECHTER, who has re-opened the Lyceum, and the town is ringing with his *Bel Demonio*—a *Bel* whereof I hardly know a critic but has acted as a clapper. I am sorry I can't lend a hand in this applauding peal. Not that I object to the way the *Bel* is cast, but that, to my thinking, it is not of good metal. Metaphor apart, the piece is all bombast and bustle, and, unlike the *Duke's Motto*, gives no whiff of scope for acting. Now, when one has an actor so good as M. FECHTER, one hates to see his talent wasted by his taking a bad part; and his part in the new play is all boah and bravado, and, excepting one short love-scene, has nothing that calls forth his careful subtlety and skill. The piece is chokeful of "sensations," and abounds in hot pursuits and perilous escapes; but its misty plot is made the more incomprehensible by being served up in short spasms, with nothing to connect them, and just as you begin to take some little interest in the bustle of the story, down comes the act-drop and knocks it clean out of your head. The only thing, in fact, that really pleased me in the play was to see the skill with which it has been put upon the new stage. How many hundred thousands have been laid out since last summer upon this new piece of mechanism I leave dramatic statisticians to calculate and state; but, lavish as it has been, I have no doubt the expenditure will bear abundant profit, for every playgoer in London ought to go to the Lyceum, if it be only to applaud some of the stage reforms there introduced. Farewell to the old foot-lights, which are now sunk out of sight; and farewell to the old dingy, dusty, dismal, dirty skies that used to dangle down eternally in front, no matter if the scene were a dungeon or a drawing-room, or anywhere in nature where a sky could not be seen; and farewell to the footmen who moved the chairs and tables at the changing of the scenes, and were made nervous in so doing by the plaudits of the Gods; and farewell to the soapless shirt-sleeves of the carpenters, which have always hitherto been terribly conspicuous in the shifting of a scene, and have destroyed so much illusion in so many a fairy piece. Thanks to common sense and men like MONSIEUR FECHTER and MR. WEBSTER, the stage is being cleared from many an old nuisance and conventional absurdity, and improved in every way that gives a life-look to a scene. I only hope M. FECHTER's stage improvements will not blind him to the fact that, in spite of the sensationists, there are still playgoers among us who like to see good acting even better than good scenery, and care more for the moulding than the mounting of a play. When he sees this he, perhaps, will, look a whit more sharply at the new pieces submitted to him; and if he turns his eyes up for a happy inspiration, he may see upon his ceiling the names of some old dramatists who are worthy to be taken down and put upon his stage.

With every wish for his well-doing, and for that of all good actors, I sign myself, as heretofore, my dear *Punch*,

ONE WHO PAYS.

P.S. In my next I hope to speak of Mr. BALFE's new opera, and I may also say a word about the *Opera di Camera*, which I find all the great critics unanimous in praising, and which, in my small judgment, is as pretty a piece of music as we have had for many a day.

* The Adelphi was the first theatre to do away with this deformity.

Chorus of Jack Tars.

Ye Gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,
To save poor shipwrecked sailors
From the dangers of the seas,
Subscribe unto the Life Boat
Institution, if you please.

THE PROPOSED PANACEA.—If a European Congress can preserve peace, that is more than an American one has been able to do.

ON ANCIENTE JESTS.

THE Kynge with a goodlie compagne rydinge thoro' Cheape one daye espied a very fat woman and he asked who she was, whereupon y^e LORD MARE with reddie wyt answered that she was BARKLIE and PERKINS, his stout, if it might please his Majestic; and his Majestic graciously replied "BARKLIE and PERKINS, his stout, well pleases mee, but yt seemeth mee shee is not XXX, but XLent stout." At which every one laughed ryghte merrilie. Then the Kynge asked the LORDE MATR if he wold have that woman for hys wyfe: but quoth he, "We thanke y^e Maj^{ty}, butt there is a proverbe 'Waist not, wante not!'" which pleased the Kynge muche, and he gave to the LORDE MATR a dygge in y^e rybbe, and caused him to fall off of hys horse into y^e Conduit, whych greatlie delyted y^e Kinge and his Courtiers and he sayed "Rise uppe SIR THOMMAS DE MUDDINOSE." So he becam a knight that daye. And y^e Chroniclers saye that SIR THOMMAS DE MUDDINOSE was the only Mare that ever made 2 jests, and that y^e Cittie of London is famous for its wittles and not for its witt.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



INTERLACHEN is of that picturesque order of Swiss villages contained in a child's toy box. The plan upon which it was originally constructed is, as is the work of every truly great mind, of the very simplest description, consisting in fact of one side of a street and a row of trees, and is in consequence admirably adapted for obviating the necessity of a voluminous guide book, or the smallest chance of losing your way. The residents are hotel-keepers, lodging-house keepers, and purveyors of the necessaries of life. During the season they are busy enough, but when the Tourists have departed, it is supposed that to keep themselves in good practice, they stop at one another's houses, going through the pantomime of paying money and the laughable farce of making out the bill, in the

most correct manner. The visitors in the summer are Americans, English, and waiters. We begin to think that somewhere or other, Heaven only knows where, there is a Cosmopolitan Canton populated entirely by waiters, possessing no nationality in particular; where the children are born waiters, and from the moment of their beginning to talk at all, speak five languages with equal incorrectness and facility. Perhaps 'tis this mysterious spot that the retired waiter seeks, when the familiar "Coming" is about to change into the sure and certain "Going." Perhaps 'tis here that there is an Asylum for Dumb Waiters; a Charitable Institution presided over, may be, by a Side-Board of Directors. But we are wandering: let us return to Interlachen. Every window in front commands some sort of view of the Jungfrau, and from the back you can gaze upon the swift running waters of the Aar, and the steep hill on the opposite bank, called the *Harder*; a name evidently given to it by the many English pedestrians, who have found the meadow bank on the Interlachen side the *Easier*. There is one street musical nuisance, that comes out in the evening in the shape of a band of five Swiss Minstrels in the national costume, who favour the company with what they are pleased to call a song. Despite the accuracy of the "get up," we have our doubts as to the genuineness of these minstrels' nationality, for, coming upon them at an unguarded moment, we couldn't help fancying that we heard the chief singer talking with just the least taste in life of a brogue; and, but for the assurance of a learned philologist, that there is a close affinity between the two languages, we could have sworn that the speaker was from the County Tip.

The gardens of the two principal hotels, we forget their names, adjoin one another, which is a very pleasant discovery for JONES, who had purposely gone to the one in order to avoid those BROWNS who are putting up at the other—JONES' reason for this being that he cannot put up with the BROWNS. How charmed then is he to find that there is

nothing to divide them! May be he has whispered soft nothings in Miss LETITIA's finely chiselled, in this instance very finely chiselled, ear, or pressed her younger sister's hand, or done both impartially, which is embarrassing; or there may be that little matter of a few pounds still standing twist JONES and OLD BROWNS, which causes BROWNS to be very glad to meet JONES, but occasions no reciprocity of sentiment in the latter gentleman's breast. The gardens form the stage for the performance of many little comic dramas of everyday life.

The Tourist who is fond of shooting, or who takes an interest in the Volunteer Movement in his own country, will do well to walk along the banks of the Aar, when the members of the Swiss Rifle Club are practising. The Switzers take up position in a hut about a hundred yards from the river on the Interlachen side: the Target is fixed upon the opposite bank of the Aar. The happy and unsuspecting Tourist cannot be too noisy during this walk. We advise him to be constantly shouting out "Hi," or "Ho," or "Hibo!" or "Hilliho," or in fact anything he likes, and as loud as he can, in order to attract the attention of the marksmen, who from their guarded position, cannot see anybody coming, and the pedestrian will be lucky if the first inkling that he gets of his proximity to the rifles, is hearing a whirr and then a sharp report at no great distance from him. We say he will be lucky, as the ball may be through your hat or your head before you know where you are.



One middle-aged Englishman of nervous temperament held up his new hat, and shouted to the riflemen to show that he was there. The Switzers mistook this for a challenge to their skill in hitting a new kind of target, and in less than five seconds as many bullets riddled his brain-new gossamer. To go upon all fours is no protection, as they might take you for a beast, and though their firing at you under these circumstances would be pardonable, nay, even commendable, yet it is admitted on all hands, that whether you are killed by mistake for somebody or something else, or on purpose, the result to yourself is equally unpleasant. Perhaps, after this, the conclusion to which you will come, if you do not come to any other unfortunately premature conclusion as above-mentioned, will be

the sensible one of not walking on the banks of the river Aar.

If the Tourist is fond of Natural History, and for the matter of that, if he isn't, he will come across some curious specimens of the Insect

tribe, and some too curious specimens of the insect tribe will come across him. We never realised Spiders until we saw them in this neighbourhood; neither could we have imagined to what a Grasshopper might come at last, if it once had its own way. There was once upon a time a Pantomime called the *Butterfly's Ball*, where all the insects were as big as men, but even in those early days of oranges in the boxes to keep us quiet, we knew that they were men, because we saw the familiar shape of their legs, and consequently did not cry after making that discovery: and there used to be at the Polytechnic a lecturer of cruel tendencies, who was wont to frighten children under the shallow pretence of instruction, by showing them a drop of Thames water magnified. Do you recollect those black, crawling, swimming, darting, jerking, unpleasant animalculæ? They were not nice to look at; but we swallowed them then, and do now, in spite



of a patent filter and the Thames Commissioners. Well, these awful beings are nothing to the sweet creatures inhabiting the fields on the Harder Bank of the Aar.

In the heat of the day you go to sleep among the long grass, and are dreaming that HER dear face is beaming upon you with love and tenderness, when suddenly you awake to the following dread reality here depicted, to which in our terrified opinion the *Dweller on the Threshold*, in SIR E. LYTTON BULWER's *Zanoni*, is not for one instant to be compared.



THE EAGLE'S INVITATION.

THE Eagle called himself the pink of birds,
No winged thing more modest, milder, meeker;
Proved by that best of all criteria, words,
In every quarrel guardian of the weaker.

And yet, from ill designs however clear,
The Eagle was misconstrued and mistaken;
The Lambs drew towards the Dog when he sailed near,
The Pigs made haste to save their piglings' bacon.

The Turkeys sought their pen; fussy DAME PARTLET
Clucked in her chicks or ducklings where they dabbled;
His wing's broad shadow the whole *bas-cour* startled,
All save the Geese, who still serenely gabbled.

Such general distrust among his kind—
Was very painful to the Eagle's feelings,
And he cast round, in his much-pondering mind,
To efface this false impression of his dealings.

"The potent beak and talons Nature gave
I cannot lay aside—the more's the pity!
Or both from head and feet I'd gladly shave,
Though the proud buffeted, and jeered the witty.

"Tis my misfortune—not my fault, alas!—
That Mother Nature has made me carnivorous;
How gladly, otherwise, I'd go to grass,
Enjoying peace and herbs with things herbivorous;

"Myself from this ill-odour to relieve,
Prove mine the innocence of babes and sucklings,
Convince men that my food I buy, not thief,
And ne'er make raid on lambs, pigs, chicks, or ducklings,

"There's but one way—my brother beasts and birds
Here in a solemn Congress to assemble,
To settle matters not with claws, but words,
And prove I'm not a thing at which to tremble.

"Why should the British Lion trade and culture
Neglect, to show his fangs at me, his brother?
Why should Russ Bear, Prussian and Austrian Vulture
Go thus armed to the teeth against each other?

"Come all and gather here, into my eyrie;
I charge myself with your accommodation;
Let generous faith replace suspicion wary,
And for self-interest try self-abnegation.

"In the wide Kingdoms of earth, air, and sea,
All questions that want settlement let's settle;
Far from us let recrimination be,
And vulgar interchange 'twixt pot and kettle.

"Heav'n knows I have no private ends behind,
No underhand designs, no projects sinister;
I am a harmless bird—though much maligned,—
To the world's brotherhood who'd gladly minister.

"Come brethren!"—so the Eagle's missive spake,
And more mellifluous words were never written:
It made the Vultures stare, the Turkeys quake,
And stirred e'en the slow Lion of Great Britain.

Quoth Austria's black Vulture, "I don't mind
Whose prey's ta'en, so that my preserves aren't peddled with;"
The Prussian Vulture, too, was well inclined,
"But, be it understood, *our* game's not meddled with."

Quoth the Russ Bear, "While kindly winter freezes,
And angry Europe calls me o'er the coals,
Delay's my game: be it as Eagle pleases,
Provided he don't perch upon my Poles."

The pip-sick Turkey swelled his scarlet wattles,
And gobbled, "*Timeo Danaos—et Gallos*;"
Small German Bantams talked quite big of battles,
And the Geese flapped applause, out of the shallows.

The Lion shifts and snorts and sniffs the air,
Lifting, deliberate, a doubtful face;
Then turns him three times round upon his lair,
And slowly settles down in his old place.

And growls, half-answer, half-interrogation,
"A message from the Eagle, H'm—I know!
Brotherhood, justice, and pacification?—
Don't seem to see it—and don't mean to go!

"Eagles may easily win gulls' applause;
But 'tis my rule *'saying'* to test by *'doing'*;
And as I laugh when Doves use beak and claws,
So I distrust when Eagles take to cooing."

ÆOLUS IN THE ORCHESTRA.

In his proposal of a Congress, the French EMPEROR observes:—

"If I take the initiative in such an overture, I do not yield to an impulse of vanity."

"Taking the initiative in the overture" of course means, in plainer English, that His Majesty, in Congress, intends to play first fiddle. Supposing he succeeds in getting his band together, we doubt if those who take a part in it will submit quite to his leadership, and we rather fear his overture will be sadly unlike MENDELSSOHN'S *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*. Besides playing first fiddle, His Majesty inclines rather to blowing his own trumpet; and if he attempts to play both instruments at once, the chances are, we think, that there will be some little discord. His Majesty is somewhat of an Æolus in his command of that wind instrument to which we have referred, and hitherto his tone has been so loud and warlike, that we can hardly fancy him performing in a quiet overture of peace. We fear that when he takes the chair at his proposed harmonic meeting he will find he has hard work to do in keeping up the harmony, for some element of discord is pretty sure to trouble him; and if his overture should be unfavourably listened to, he would be among the first in kicking up a row.

Important News from America.

THE collecting of old postage-stamps has become such a mania in the Northern States of America, that the supply of the genuine article is insufficient to meet the demand. The Government has, therefore, decided on a further issue of an immense quantity of Greenbacks, which, it is expected, will answer nearly the same purpose in the end.

AFTER THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER.

WE found the following in our box last week:—

- Q. When is a dishcover like an omnibus in Cheapside?
- A. When it's block't-in!

MR. BOUCAULT'S NOTION OF COPYRIGHT.—The Right to Copy."



THE COSTERMONGER AS HE IS

Coster (with hideous yell). "YA!—Ho!—CAULIFLOWERS—Ho!"



AS HE MIGHT BE.

Coster (blandly and politely). "CAULIFLOWER, MA'AM? YES, MA'AM! IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE?"

לֵאָה
בַּטְמָן

If you want to know whether any person whom you meet has lately seen MISS KATE JOSEPHINE BATEMAN in *Leah*, all you have to do is to look at your friend's eyes. The amount of crying which that young lady has caused among people who are not much in the habit of making hydraulic demonstrations is extraordinary; and the odd part of the thing is, that they bear her none of the malice which one usually bears towards anybody who has set one's tears flowing; but, on the contrary, they begin praising her with all their might, and finish by declaring their intention to go and have another cry at the earliest opportunity. *Mr. Punch* himself has yielded to the sympathetic magic. As a rule, you might as easily resolve the Koh-i-Noor into a dew by talking to it, as melt *Mr. Punch's* heart of diamond. His mission is to be made of sterner stuff. Orpheus drew "iron tears down Pluto's cheek," but Orpheus, and all the Orpheonites into the bargain, would draw down nothing from *Mr. Punch* but a blow from his iron flail for their cheek. He is firmer than Tilburina's Papa, and does not soften as a Father while fixed as a Governor. But, as *SIR WALTER* observes:—

"Hearts are not flints, and flints are rent;"

(though we never knew a landlord who was at all happy to accept them as such), and, for once in his life, *Mr. Punch* has given way. MISS BATEMAN has "raised the waters."

If you want a real "sensation," and one which you need not be ashamed of having experienced, go to the Adelphi, and if you can get a place, sit down quietly and see the play. You need not be in a hurry to be interested or excited, the sensation will come to you all in good time. The drama is an adaptation of a work by a German Hebrew named MOZENTHAL, whom few persons would, from the specimen before us, describe as a constructive dramatist of superhuman skill. But a story is laid out, and MISS BATEMAN has to do the rest. She takes the play calmly and resolutely into her own hands, and gradually works up to something, the like whereof has not been achieved by any actress of our day. *Leah* is a loving, revengeful woman, but not one of those melodramatic ladies who have been, not to put too fine a point upon it, rather a nuisance of late. She is selfish in her love, terrible

in her hate, but she has a higher nature that rises above selfish love and savage hate, and which is called out in the later part of the play. There is a curse of tremendous power, which no one will ever forget, but it is not by this volcanic display that *Leah* will be chiefly remembered. The picture that will abide with us will be that of *Leah* crouching to caress a little child, and listening for a reply to her question as to the child's name. The sound that will live in our ears will be the wild womanly cry that answers the child's speech, the passion of sobs that follow, and the marvellously sympathetic utterances of mingled joy, and love, and forgiveness, which MISS BATEMAN pours out from the fullest heart that ever gave vent to emotion.

This is a "sensation," and as it is brought out, not by the inartistic device of the exhibition of mere crime, nor by a somewhat more artistic, if not more justifiable display of immoral passion, but from a "situation" in which repentance and forgiveness are the lessons imparted and illustrated, we see the Drama doing its noblest work, and we cordially thank the young actress who has come from the West to charm us with her true art and true womanhood.

A Music-mad King.

THE ears of the KING OF PRUSSIA are too generally compared to those of Midas. KING WILLIAM has a fine sense of music: indeed, his mind is much too musical for a constitutional sovereign. Nature meant him for an absolute *maestro*. This is clear from the way in which he treats his Parliament. He expects it simply to echo his decrees. The truth is, that the legislative body which His Prussian Majesty wants is not a Parliament, but a Chorus.

Dear Creatures!

NAUGHTY PUNCH,

"PUTTING ON THE DRAG.—Getting married!"

Just so. The wife keeps her husband from going *too fast*, and many a time saves him from *destruction*.

Yours affectionately,
MATILDA.

A TRYING MOMENT.—When your new coat comes home from the tailor's.



Infuriated Principal opening Fast Clerk's telegram by mistake (reads)—"TOM TIT SURE TO WIN—TELEGRAPH AND SAY IF YOU WILL HAVE PONY ON—IF SO, SEND CASH TO-DAY!"

ZOOLOGICAL STREET MUSIC WANTED.

DEAR PUNCH,

AMONG the many scores of other interesting creatures which the Zoological Society have recently exhibited, I am delighted to observe that some Red Howling Monkeys have been added to the various attractions of the beast-garden. Of these enchanting animals a report before me states:—

"The ursine or red howler (*Myiotes ursinus*), the species to which these specimens belong, is found in Guiana, Venezuela, and New Granada. Like others of the same genus, it is remarkable for its extraordinary vocal powers. 'Nothing,' says the well known traveller, WATERTON, who encountered this animal during his wanderings in Demerara, 'can sound more dreadful than its nocturnal howlings. While lying in your hammock in these gloomy and immeasurable wilds, you hear him howling at intervals from eleven o'clock at night until daybreak. You would suppose that half the wild beasts of the forest were collecting for the work of carnage. Now it is the tremendous roar of the jaguar, as he springs upon his prey; now it changes to his terrible and deep-toned growlings, as he is pressed on all sides by superior force; and now you hear his last dying moan beneath a mortal wound.'"

And a further statement tells me that—

"The howling monkeys are provided with a special mechanism in the throat, formed by the development of the hyoid bone and thyroid cartilage, for the production of these discordant sounds, which, according to HUMBOLDT, can be heard at the distance of nearly a mile."

I regret to learn, however, that these delightful animals "appear to possess a very delicate organisation, and to suffer severely from the effects of our changeable climate." I am shocked to find that when the latest bulletin was issued the invalids were "languishing from the effects of close confinement," and I hope some kind zoologist will propose that now and then they should be let out of their cages and taken for a walk, or, if they would prefer it, allowed to climb about the trees and bushes in the gardens, or to amuse themselves, like many a "young monkey" in a pinafore, by plucking all the flowers that they can lay their paws upon. If any be too weak to walk, or take this other active exercise, I should hope an invalid carriage will be at their disposal; and if it were announced that the Red Howlers would be wheeled about the gardens in perambulators, every day while they continued in their invalidish state, I have no doubt that the sufferers would become still

ROME AND STRATHBOGIE.

Pio Nono, Pope o' Rome,
Just retract your vain pretensions,
Haud your ain by Peter's tomb,
O'er a space o' ama' dimensions,
Hech, ye puir auld doited deil!
Hoot awn', ye daft auld fogie!
Ye're nae Pontiff to the chiel
That doom'd *Gude Words* at braw Strathbogie.

On the Seven Hills sae hie
Ancer there sat a Scarlet Bodie;
Noo aloft enthroned is she
In the land o' whiskey-toddie.
Aye wi bluid o' martyrs fou,
Noo she gets as unco groggie,
Whilst she sips the mountain dew,
An' sits in pride aboon Strathbogie.

In the Vatican's mirk den
Dwelt of auld the muckle Beastie.
Seven heads and hornies ten
Typified the tyrant priestie.
Sair his number has perplexed
Mony a learned mystagogueie;
'Twill, in JOHNNIE CUMMING's next,
Aiblins be explained Strathbogie.

Frae the banks o' Tiber's gane
Babylon the Great an' glorious,
Wi' her interdict, an' ban,
And *Index Expurgatorius*;
Sae *Gude Words* is pit into
That forbidden catalogueie,
Gang an' kiss M'GILVRAY's shoe:
Babylon is noo Strathbogie.

Geological Intelligence.

A HORSE-SHOE, real iron, has been turned up at the depth of seven metres in the diluvium of pre-Adamite deposit in a railway excavation in the Orme valley, between Caen and Condé. We expect that this so-called pre-Adamite horse-shoe will turn out to be less of a *pre* than a *pony*.

greater objects of attraction than they would ever be in health and in their natural state.

It seems a pity the Howling Monkeys should not by some process be acclimatised to England, for just consider, Sir, what valuable creatures they would be, could they be trained to give street concerts for the benefit of organ-grinders, and take a part in the nocturnal music of the Waits. A voice whose howlings are quite audible at nearly a mile off is an organ much more powerful than any barrel one I know of, and would prove most useful in disturbing hardworked students, and keeping sick people awake. Were bands of these Red Howlers to be let loose, like the German bands, upon our quiet neighbourhoods, the nuisance of street music might become so unendurable that Parliament might be disposed in time to take the matter up. Every student knows that it is even now so terrible that nothing short of howling monkeys could aggravate its horrors, and I should like to see these animals performing day and night before the houses of our senators, until in their collective wisdom they might think it worth their while to pass a stringent Act whereby street music should be stopped.

Fondly hoping the Red Howlers may for this end be acclimatised, believe me, my dear *Punch*,

Yours distractedly,

A SUFFERER.

P.S. If the monkeys be too delicate to do what is required of them, might not an Anti-Member-of-Parliament-Ever-Sleeping-Club be started, to hire the worst of street musicians perpetually to haunt the houses of M.P.'s, until they thought it worth their while to do something or other to mitigate a nuisance which, although innocuous to idle empty-headed people, is terribly tormenting to workers who have brains?

MOTHER WIT.

First Coster. I say, BILL, wot's the meanin' o' Congress?
Second Coster. A shee heel. Female of Conger.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Splitting your Vote.

FLAGGING INTEREST.

(From the Court Journal.)



DELIGHTFUL news has arrived! The *Champion of the Seas*, with MR. OUTRIDGE as Captain, and MR. CHARLES KEAN as Chaplain, has arrived safely at Melbourne. We also learn that on

"Passing Cape Otway, where there is a telegraph station, CAPTAIN OUTRIDGE signalled that MR. KEAN was on board, in answer to which announcement the ensign was hoisted, an honour heretofore only paid to Queen's ships."

As the Captain did not hoist the ensign, the performance cannot be described by any irreverent ribald as an Outridge on the English flag, and indeed we see no objection to hoisting an Ensign, that the poor young fellow might have an early peep at the great tragedian, but we hope that the Ensign came down all right. In

future the Navy will be divided into two classes, QUEEN'S ships and KEAN'S ships. It was interesting, too, that this should have been done at Cape Otway, because OTWAY was a dramatist, and wrote a play in which MR. CHARLES KEAN was distinguished himself. In fact, everything has gone well, and we sincerely hope that the brilliant career which was opening to MR. CHARLES KEAN in the Colonies will induce him to favour them with as long a visit as possible.

THE NAGGLETONS ON POLITICS.

The SCENE is laid in MR. NAGGLETON'S "Library," an imposing apartment measuring twelve feet by ten, and containing a book-case and a boot-rack. Enter to MR. NAGGLETON, MRS. NAGGLETON, bearing a newspaper.

Mr. Naggleton (who is at his desk, reading a large Blue Book and making enormous notes therefrom). Ah, MARIA. One moment. "Witness considers that the outlay upon a Royal Palace ought to be under the control of the vestry of the parish in which such palace is situate." (Writes.) And I concur. Now, then, my dear, what is the next article?

Mrs. Naggleton. You need not remind me of your tradesmanlike education; but—

Mr. N. No, my dear, but if you use such language, I must take leave to remind you of the rules of syntax. An education cannot be like a tradesman. Devote the energies of your remarkable mind to the consideration of that proposition.

Mrs. N. Be pleased to stop talking nonsense, and just tell me what this means.

Mr. N. (Reddening, but pretending to be unconscious). I am pleased to see that you can condescend to take an interest in any periodical besides *Le Follet*, my dear. What is this? (Reads.) "We understand, from good authority, that at the approaching general election, one of the candidates for the representation of the great and liberal borough of Finsbury will be found in the person of MR. HENRY NAGGLETON, the eminent drysalter of Lower Thames Street, and of Westbourne Gardens, Hyde Park. This gentleman's political principles entitle him to the confidence of the electors, and his oratorical powers are of no mean order. We hope that he will stand." Well, I am sure that it is very pleasing to be introduced in this favourable way to the notice of the public.

Mrs. N. MR. NAGGLETON!

Mr. N. He hears with ears.

[Shows him a paragraph in her newspaper.

Mr. N. You cannot mean to tell me that this—that you have given the slightest authority for printing such a disgraceful and disgusting paragraph.

Mr. N. Modestly waiving the newspaper's compliments, I see nothing to object to in the paragraph. All its statements are true. I am a drysalter, and those are my two addresses.

Mrs. N. The newspaper ought to be prosecuted. As if the vulgarity

of printing your trade, and trade address, was not enough, you must drag my house into the business.

Mr. N. Well, your house came out of the business.

Mrs. N. HENRY, this is no common affair. I generally speak my mind, and there is an end of it, but this becomes serious, and you must be good enough to abstain from insulting me with jokes. What does this paragraph mean?

Mr. N. What it says.

Mrs. N. What! You have the face to sit there and tell me that you are going to squander the money which ought to be your children's, to buy yourself into Parliament for such a place as Finsbury. That it should come to this!

Mr. N. (savagely). That what should come to what?

Mrs. N. O, well, that is enough. I must consult with my family as to what it is my duty to do. I feel crushed and bewildered.

Mr. N. Consult your family, Madam? What do you mean by that? I have merely to inform you that if your family takes the liberty of intruding its impertinence upon me, I shall make very short work with your family, MRS. NAGGLETON.

Mrs. N. I cannot answer your violence, HENRY. That it should come to this!

Mr. N. (We fear with a strong expression which need not be set down). If you would cease to repeat that idiotic cuckoo note, and talk sense, I might answer you. If you can't, perhaps you will let me read.

Mrs. N. HENRY! HENRY!

[Looks earnestly at him, and then takes to her pocket-handkerchief. Mr. N. (relenting). MARIA, do not be so absurd. In the first place there is no harm done at present, and in the second there is none intended.

Mrs. N. (with a very long sob). O——o!

Mr. N. There is nothing unreasonable in a man's having an ambition to sit in Parliament, I suppose?

Mrs. N. (with another very long sob). O——o!

Mr. N. Don't go on in that way, or you will compel me to act without consulting you. I had looked for your advice and assistance.

Mrs. N. Mine! I help to ruin you and rob my children. HENRY!

Mr. N. Ruin and robbery be—left out of the argument. I tell you that nothing is settled, but that if I stand for Finsbury it will be on the distinct understanding that I do not pay one shilling. Do you hear that?

Mrs. N. It is well to treat me like a child, HENRY, but I listen to the conversation that goes on around me. I understand your Jesuitry.

Mr. N. And I don't understand the word.

Mrs. N. MR. SNOTCHLEY mentioned the other evening how these things are done. You do not pay. Of course not. But somebody puts a large sum of money into a bank, for bribing votes, and though you have no idea who has done it, you are bound in honour to see that he gets it again.

Mr. N. MR. SNOTCHLEY has derived his experience from observing and probably participating in the corrupt practices of his patrons, the unscrupulous aristocracy, who—

Mrs. N. HENRY—it is a small matter at such a moment as this, but your whole language has changed, and you talk as if you were making speeches to the rabble.

Mr. N. Rabble, MARIA, is not a term to be used in describing any portion of your fellow-creatures, and you will specially eliminate it from your vocabulary during my connection with political life.

Mrs. N. Oh! That means that you are going to be connected with the lowest of the low. If you must move out of your own sphere into one for which you are ridiculously unfit, you might have tried for something respectable.

Mr. N. For some pocket borough, I suppose, on sale by some friend of MR. SNOTCHLEY'S.

Mrs. N. There you might at least have been elected like a gentleman.

Mr. N. Certainly. I might have broken the laws myself, and caused a few hundreds of other persons to take bribes and to perjure themselves.

Mrs. N. If you are so much better and more virtuous than other Members of Parliament, I wonder you condescend to join them.

Mr. N. (proudly). There are men, MARIA, who will enter Parliament unstained by a single offence against the law, and if I enter it, I shall be one of that band.

Mrs. N. Band, indeed, yes, a brass band, to profess such hypocritical virtue. Don't I know that you can no more get elected for Finsbury without the good-will of the public-houses than you can fly in the air.

Mr. N. (uneasily). Who told you that nonsense?

Mrs. N. Is it nonsense? I am not to be fooled. HENRY, I think it my duty to tell you that you must be insane to go on in this manner. I can account for your conduct in no other way.

Mr. N. And who asks you to account for my conduct.

Mrs. N. Everybody will ask me.

Mr. N. Who's everybody. Your family, perhaps?

Mrs. N. Well, if they should show enough interest in my welfare and my children's to remark that you ought to be very rich to engage in elections—

Mr. N. You may ask them to show a little more interest, and promote your welfare and your children's by paying me certain debts which you know of.

Mrs. N. And you would consign my relatives to incarceration that you may squander the money in the beer-houses of Islington!

Mr. N. That speech is perhaps the greatest feat in the way of a flying leap that will be performed during the whole hunting season. Ha! ha! ha! What an old goose you are!

Mrs. N. Pray, HENRY, pray take advice.

Mr. N. My dear, I'm quite well.

Mrs. N. Think of the children. Why should their prospects be blighted for the sake of your foolish vanity. Don't fly out, you know I speak the truth, and only for your good. You are about as fit to be a Member of Parliament as I am to make a steam-engine. You have no seriousness, you can amuse people of your own sort with after-dinner speeches of not very refined humour, but you cannot speak so as to command respect, and as for politics, you know nothing but what you learn from newspapers. You will only be a laughing-stock, and it will be very hard upon me to hear you made a butt in good society.

Mr. N. (in a white rage). Your unwelcome disrespect for me, and your utter ignorance on political questions I can pardon, with some pity, but please to leave the children's names out, or I shall leave the house.

Mrs. N. (quietly). Is it good grammar to say unwelcome disrespect. Can disrespect be like a wife?

Mr. N. (snorting). Perhaps you will allow me to finish my reading?

Mrs. N. Before you turn me out of the room, will you be so kind as to say what I am to answer when anybody asks me about the truth of the paragraph?

Mr. N. Ask them in return how they think I made my money.

Mrs. N. What a question!

Mr. N. Never mind; ask it, and if they can't tell, say that it was by minding my own business.

Mrs. N. (sadly). And this is the treatment which a wife receives when she humbly creeps into her husband's room and ventures to ask for his affectionate confidence in a matter of such importance to them both. Well, well!

Mr. N. Affectionate confidence! Pelts him with abuse for an hour, and then talks of affectionate confidence.

Mrs. N. (almost tenderly). And cannot a man of the world, and a husband, make a little allowance for the excitement of a wife whose mind has been suddenly troubled, as much for his sake as her own, and who beside is far from well?

Mr. N. I did not know you were not well, my dear MARIA. You look the picture of health. Why don't you sit down?

Mrs. N. (smiles). You did not ask me.

Mr. N. Ask you! How can you be so foolish. *[Gives her a chair.]*

Mrs. N. Never mind now, dear, I must go up to the nursery. Don't be angry with me.

Mr. N. You do try me, occasionally, MARIA, and really it is not the thing to try and drive me. If you had not flown at me as you did, I should have told you that before you came into the room, I had sent off a letter to the paper to contradict the paragraph. I have no intention of standing for Finsbury.

Mrs. N. Well, I did not think that upon reflection you would be such an idiot as to offer yourself.

Mr. N. You did not?

Mrs. N. No. But I am sorry you sent away the letter without letting somebody else look over it to see that you had expressed yourself with tact. *(Has the door in her hand.)* Mr. SNOTCHLEY will call in the afternoon, and he could have corrected it for you. However, I am glad that you have shuffled out of it somehow. *(Exit, and shuts door.)*

[And on the whole it is as well that she did shut it. The enraged politician takes the oaths and his seat, but not in a way that would at all please that eminent theologian and bishop-stirrer, the SPEAKER.]

THE POPE'S EYE AND BETTY MARTIN.

THE lower orders in intellect of Italy are well known to believe in a ridiculous superstition which ascribes to the gaze of some persons an unlucky radiance under the name of *jettatura*, the person whose eye emits it being called a *jettatore*, and that baleful organ itself the *mal' occhio* or evil eye. Of all people in this world, that personally benevolent old gentleman the POPE is supposed by the Romans to be gifted with this sinister endowment, and they cite, as a proof of its operation, the fall of a ballast-train off the new railway drawbridge over the Tiber, which structure His Holiness had solemnly blessed only a few days before. As this accident arose from the bolting of the train at the time when the drawbridge happened to be up, and the train probably bolted because it was not looked after, there are sufficient grounds for referring to common negligence that effect of gravitation which the Roman populace has imputed to the eye of the POPE. As nobody was hurt by it, the Holy Father might even claim the credit of having affected the bridge with a favourable eye instead of an evil one, and

thus averted the serious consequences which might have attended the catastrophe therewith connected. Many will attribute this fortunate result to the papal benediction, and perhaps His Holiness himself may think that had something to do with it, if he is one of those patent-medicine mongers who believe in their own pills.

It is said that PRO NOXO, who is something of a wag, is quite aware that his people impute to his smile of benignity an involuntary effect as bad as that which might be conceived to be exerted by a malicious squint, and that he occasionally cracks jokes on his supposed quality of a *jettatore*. No doubt he is accustomed to say that he knows it is all his eye; and as often as he makes this remark, ANTONELLI, DE MÉRODE, and all the other Cardinals go into fits of laughter. We may here observe that there is one Pope's Eye which can never incur the discredit of being an evil eye; and that is the Pope's Eye in a leg of mutton.

THE QUESTION OF COLOUR.

Am I not a Man and a Brother?

No, replies Anthropology,

Less like than one ape's like another,

Distinct in craniology;

The form of your head and your face is

Inferior in particular;

Your jaw projects more than our race's:

Your front's less perpendicular.

Besides that your skin is dyed sable,

You have also bones more ponderous;

Their weight is so considerable,

Alone it sinks you under us.

Your shanks, too, present a deflection;

From rectilinearity:

We hold your long arms an objection

As dead against your parity.

Your great-toes are formed for prehension,

Like thumbs; to true humanity,

They prove, beyond contention,

That all your claims are vanity.

Your heel than our own's rather longer;

Your hair is likewise woolly; you

Are the weaker, and we are the stronger;

So we've a right to bully you.

How strange will this new information

Appear to that Society

Combined for your emancipation?

Perchance 'twill shock their piety:

Perhaps it may stagger LORD BROUGHAM:

With more, too old to learn it, he

Will uphold, for all we can show 'em,

Your manhood and fraternity.

POLITICAL INFORMATION.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY is also called the Premier or Prime Minister. PAM is a Premier, who is really prime.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has the best place in the Cabinet. When his colleagues get the sack, he loses the woollack; but the loss is made up to him with a £5,000 a-year or so pension instead.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's office differs in one important point from that of the Lord Chancellor. It is not pretended to have anything to do with Equity, of which the Income-Tax is a standing violation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also is his own taxing master.

THE SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS may be called our War Minister, for whenever we do get involved in war, it is through him.

THE SECRETARY FOR WAR, on the other hand, might be called the Peace Minister, because his business is to get us out of the scrapes into which we have been got by the Foreign Secretary.

THE SECRETARY OF THE HOME DEPARTMENT resembles the Foreign Secretary in having to deal with rogues, but differs from him in the circumstance that those rogues are domestic.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL is a rising Barrister, holding a brief for his colleagues, who frequently, when in trouble, want the help of a lawyer to get them out.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL is the Attorney-General's devil.

THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS is our Minister for Æsthetic affairs; a sort of comic edile.

THE HORSE GUARDS regulate the Army with a wisdom that savours less of the horse than of a more patient but less docile and less noble animal.

THE ADMIRALTY comprises some land-lubbers; but is always at sea.



THE CRINOLINE STORM SIGNAL; A WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES AT THE SEA-SIDE.

SHAMEFUL BARBARITY.

WE had thought, erroneously it appears, that the days of English cruelty to the natives of India had passed away, and that a more humane rule had been established. We were mistaken. SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN himself, who, when at home, was regarded as rather a wise and enlightened man, has fallen into the old ways, and it is with profound regret that we read this latest act of his, than which we have rarely noted anything more savage:—

"SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN has offered a prize of 500 rs. for the best Essay on the following Thesis:—'Compare the influence of Greek learning on the Arabs under the Abbasside Caliphs of Bagdad and the Ommiyade Caliphs of Cordova, with the subsequent influence of Arabian learning on the reviving European mind after the dark ages; and from the comparison infer the probable influence which the mature intellect of Europe should exercise in its turn, now that it is once more brought in contact with the Mahomedan mind in India.'"

Five hundred rupees! Why, it is worth that to read the sentence. If this is a specimen of what the mature intellect of Europe (and SIR CHARLES'S is a fine intellect, we cannot deny it, while deploring its perversion), does, when brought into contact with the Mahomedan mind, we can only deplore the case of the unfortunate followers of the Prophet. The "probable"

influence of such treatment may be easily inferred and concisely described. The Mahomedan mind will shut up. In the name of humanity we demand the recal of SIR CHARLES by the very first mail.

HOMOEOPATHIC SOUP.

TAKE a robin's leg,
Mind, the drumstick merely;
Put it in a tub,
Filled with water nearly.

Set it out of doors,
In a place that's shady;
Let it stand a week,
(Three days for a lady).

Put a spoonful in
To a five-quart kettle,
It should be of tin,
Or perhaps bell metal.

Fill the kettle up,
Put it on a boiling;
Skim the liquor well
To prevent its oiling.

Let the liquor boil
Half-an-hour or longer,
(If 'tis for a man
You may make it stronger).

Should you now desire
That the soup be flavoured,
Stir it once around
With a stalk of savory.

When the soup is done,
Set it by to jell it;
Then three times a day
Let the patient smell it.

If he chance to die,
Say 'twas Nature did it;
But should he get well,
Give the Soup the credit.

STANLEY IS "THE CRY."

THE Presbyterian organ of the Church of England, we need not name our esteemed *Record*, has performed an act of gracious kindness, for which we are obliged to say that the *Record's* usual habits had not prepared us. We hasten to note it. That the wisdom and justice of the appointment of CANON STANLEY to the Deanery of Westminster might be clear to everybody, the *Record* gives its certificate that such appointment is "a melancholy fact." Disapprobation by the *Record* having been thus signified, of course every sensible person must now be convinced that the Dean is the right man in the right place. The voluntary tendering of this conclusive evidence, shows a noble instinct in the Presbyterian Church of England journal.

Notes on the German Diet.

THE German Diet must be sad sour kront if it is going to curdle the milk of European concord with its pretensions to Schleswig and Holstein. If it were a generous diet it would not bully Denmark, when it might stand up on behalf of the Poles against a Power of its own size. The German Diet would be fine food for powder.

Q. Where does Neptune stable his horses?
A. Why, wherever the Sea-Mews may be, of course.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.—Mixing Whiskey-toddy.



THE CONGRESS QUADRILLE.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "VOULEZ-VOUS DANSER, MADMOISELLE?"
MISS BRITANNIA. "THANKS, NO—I'M NOT SURE OF THE FIGURE—AND I KNOW NOTHING OF THE FINALE."

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.



ENTER NOW OUR Theatrical Shadows, and at once we take off our hat to MR. FECHTER, expressing a hope that his Theatrical Shadow may never be less! The Romantic Melodrama, *Bel Demonio*, has been preceded by a charming little piece, entitled *Uncle Baby*. Any one with the slightest pretension to taste in theatrical matters ought to go early and see *Uncle Baby*. For the benefit of those who, either by reason of a late dinner or dyspepsy, circumstances over which they have no control, may be prevented from witnessing this truly delightful Comedietta, we will attempt to give some slight notion of the plot, dialogue, and interesting situations.

The curtain rises and discovers MISS CARLOTTA LECHERCO, dressed as *Mary* (shall we say *Mary*? very well), and seated at a desk. MISS LECHERCO looks at the audience, and everybody cheers enthusiastically for about the space of two minutes, by MR. BARNETT's, the Acting Manager's, watch. When this has subsided the play begins in earnest.

Mary (putting some money in a secret drawer). Ah! for these many years—

(Goes on saying something which evidently affects her deeply, but which is totally inaudible in the gallery, and not heard in the other parts of the House, in consequence of there being some confusion in the Box-keepers' minds as to the precise numbering of the seats.)

Enter MR. SHORE, lightly.

(He is supposed to be in love with *Mary*. Shall we call him *Arthur*? we never heard his name, and it wasn't in the bills:—very good then, *Arthur* be it.)

Arthur (aside). Ah, she little knows who's down-stairs. (Aloud.) *Mary*!

Mary (turns suddenly and almost crying). *Arthur*! (Pouts.) How you frightened me.

Arthur (who evidently has very limited ideas on any subject—aside). She little knows who's down-stairs. (Aloud.) *Mary*!

[*Mary* pouts and locks up suspicion in a secret drawer. *Arthur* (opening a door—aside). She little knows who is down-stairs.

Enter a Girlish Young Lady, whom we'll call ELLEN.

Ellen (with feeble passion). *Mary*!

Mary (emotionally affectionate). *Ellen*! Sister!!

[They embrace three times. *Arthur* (aside). She knows who was down-stairs. (Aloud and bashfully.) As it's your birthday, *Mary*, I've brought you this.

(“This” appeared from where we were sitting to be a small cabbage leaf, but as *Mary* called it violets on the spot, we suppose she was right.)

Mary (rapturously). Oh, *Arthur*! [Shakes his hands heartily.

Ellen. And I've brought you this. (We forget what.)

Mary (more rapturously and sobbing). Oh, *Ellen*! [Embraces her several times.

Enter a Little Boy about nine years old, whom we will call JIMMY.

Jimmy (squeaking). I've brought you some Violets, be-cos Sis-ter loves Violets. [Finishes in a very high key.

Mary (ecstatically). Real Violets. (The others weren't then?). Oh!

[She embraces JIMMY, who stands with his hands in his pockets. Then crosses and embraces ELLEN, who embraces MARY, who shakes hands with ARTHUR, who pats JIMMY's head.

Arthur (suddenly). Let's hide! [They all get behind tables and chairs.

Enter UNCLE BABY, played by MR. WIDDICOMB.

Uncle Baby (in a wandering manner). I met a friend, and I said, there's my *Mary* at home. [They all come out of their hiding-places.

Mary. Oh, you dear *Uncle Baby*.

[Embraces him, he embraces MARY, she embraces ELLEN, ELLEN hugs UNCLE BABY, UNCLE BABY hugs ELLEN and MARY, ARTHUR shakes hands with JIMMY, and then the business of the scene continues.

(*Ellen* begins telling her secret, supposed to be only intended for her sister's ear, either ear of course, probably the one farthest from the audience.)

Gentleman in Pit. Speak up!

Gentleman in Boxes (angrily). But I've got number 48, boxkeeper, and this is the third time that—

Everybody (in every part). Hssssssssssssss!

Enter an aimless young man, played by MR. F. CHARLES, let us call him DUMPKINS.

Mary (politely). Mr. *Dumplings*—my sister—*Ellen*—my sister *Ellen*. *Dumplings* (jumping a good two feet from MARY by way of indicating a start, aside). Ha!

Ellen (giving a little cry). A— (it doesn't get to “A.”)

Mary (clearly). You've met before.

Uncle Baby (who knows nothing about it). They've met before.

Arthur (who has not said anything for some time). I know what's down-stairs (goes to fetch it whatever it is).

Mary (severely). I understand it all.

Gentlemen in Pit (loudly). That's more than we do.

[Exeunt everybody except MARY and ELLEN, who, being alone, embrace one another in the right hand corner of the stage.

Mary (sweetly). *Ellen*!

(*Ellen* is supposed to say “*Mary*,” as perhaps she does. Anyhow they walk to the left-hand corner and embrace again by way of novelty. *Ellen* tells her long and melancholy history, during which the following observations are made by the deeply interested audience.)

Indignant Paterfamilias (in Dress Circle). Look here, boxkeeper.

Where's 48? I've been put into—

A Voice (close at hand). A passion.

[PATERFAMILIAS turns, but owner of voice remains undiscovered.

Paterfamilias. I've been in 97 and 84—

Somebody. 84! Good vintage.

[Remains undiscovered.

Boxkeeper. Let me see your tickets.

Lovers of Order. Hssssssssssssss!

Paterfamilias. I've given you my tickets. I've got none now!

Boxkeeper. Well, S'r, if you've got no tickets you must go out.

Paterfamilias. But I've paid, I tell you, and I've given you—

Lovers of Order. Hush, Hush, Hush!

[Exit PATERFAMILIAS with BOXKEEPER, and they are heard having it out in the lobby. In the meantime ELLEN has told her story, and MARY has embraced her and appealed to the picture of her mother over the door; UNCLE BABY enters intoxicated.

Uncle Baby. *Mary*, lendmertenpounds!

Mary (opens desk). My earnings—

Ellen. Oh, *Uncle*!

[Embraces MARY.

[Exit UNCLE BABY, and enter aimless DUMPKINS, JIMMY, and ARTHUR.

Dumplings. Oh, *Ellen*!

[Takes her hand.

Arthur (bashfully). If she only knew what was down-stairs.

Enter UNCLE BABY, sober.

(*Uncle Baby*. I've seen him and sold the annuity, and got permission for you all to be married. Take her—bless you—be happy;—and if our friends in front will only join, then there will not sit down a happier party to supper than *Uncle Baby*.)

Curtain descends.

This piece, turned into a very pretty ballet, with costumes à la Watteau, and sparkling music by MR. W. H. MONTGOMERY, would open the evening very well; but who that knows how to give a good entertainment will dose his guests with a glass of sixth-rate Chablis with his oysters, simply because the remainder of the dinner is to be washed down with the very best sparkling Mock and Chaudon? No, no, MR. FECHTER, *Bel Demonio* will suffice for everybody, and begin at eight by all means; but if there must be a comedietta, by way of first course, then let it be something better of its kind than *Uncle Baby*.

LINCOLN AND SHAKESPEARE.

A SENTIMENTAL admirer of PRESIDENT LINCOLN, imitating the sycofantish watch which parasites keep on the gestures of kings in the Old World, tells us in print that MR. LINCOLN lately went to hear *Macbeth*, and that when the *Macdoff* had uttered the following celebrated passage, the President “wore a sad, sober face, as if suddenly his thoughts had wandered far away.”

“Now sorrows
Strike on the face of heaven, that it responds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllables of noisome.”

We are not surprised that the last word struck the President. The syllables of *Dol-lar* well mouthed out, are just those which would arrest MR. LINCOLN's attention. But we suspect that his thoughts did not wander farther than MR. CHASE's manufactory of Green Backs.

Stupid Old Woman.

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know why the Americans cannot imitate the French in this last move as in everything else. Why not submit the quarrel to arbitration? She is sure MR. LINCOLN is arbitrary enough for anything.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



THE Poetical Tourist will make a point of walking along the Lauter-brunnen Road, only stopping at the Castle of Unspunnen, the reputed residence of the amiable but mistakenly impulsive *Manfred*, to call for MR. PHELPS. Somebody writing concerning this Castle has observed, that, "from its position in front of the high Alps, LORD BYRON must have had it in his eye." That the noble Poet, not being exempted from the ills to which all flesh is heir, might have had at some time or another a sty in his eye is probable, that he ever had a castle in it is simply impossible. A Cockney Tourist, however,

actually observed that, "If LORD BYRON 'ad a sty in the heye, he might 'ave 'ad a castle in the 'air." The Legend of the Castle of Unspunnen is a very touching one, and will be sung to you by any peasant for a mere song. The following is a translation adapted to the well-known and once exceedingly popular air, *Vilkins and his Dinah* :—

THE LEGEND OF IDA THE BOLD BARON'S CHILD.

OLD BUSKARD THE BARON, the last of his race,
Had a very big body, and very red face,
That he came of a right Royal Stock, some suppose,
From the purple he constantly wore on his nose.
Singing: tooral li, tooral, &c.

In Unspunnen Castle this Baron did dwell,
He had but one daughter, a werry fine Swiss gal,
Her name it was IDA, with a fortune that seems
A whole heap o' money when told in centimes.

Singing: tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

Said the Baron one day, in a very stern voice,
"I want you to marry the man of my choice."
Says she, "I can't do it," says the Baron, "For why?"
"Coz," says she, "I love RUDOLPH," says the Baron, "My I—
—da," tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.



When the Baron heard this he was furious and riled,
And he bullied his daughter who patiently smiled,
Which annoyed him so much, that he hit at her crown
And u-pon a feather bed he knocked IDA down.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

Then he bolted the door and he locked it outside,
"You shall *never* come out to be that RUDOLPH's bride;"
Then he kicked all his servants impartiallee,
Till the menials each felt like a vassal at sea.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

While the Baron was a-swearin' just like anythink,
RUDOLPH, at her window saw Miss IDA wink,
He squeezed through the iron bars, being but thin;
While the Baron "let out," he was being let in.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.



To Zähringen the fond lovers ran away,
And the Baron waged war upon RUDOLPH next day,
It lasted some time, as they went on this plan,
Each alternately fought and alternately ran.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

At the end of two years, p'raps, or rather before,
The Baron one night heard a knock at his door,
Sharp as hit with the stick that the Scotch use at "Golf,"
It was MISTER and MISSIS and MASTER RUDOLPH.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

Then his Daughter knelt down, and said she, "'I'm a Ma';
Then held up an infant, "so like Grandpapa!"
And the Baron, who had of real feeling no lack,
Felt *hysterica passio* all up his back.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

"Oh, bless you, my IDA, my RUDOLPH and Boy!"
Said the Baron; and all from that moment was Joy!
And they wrote 'neath the crest that belongs to their kin,
"Love locked out of doors by the window gets in."
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

So much for the Baron and his fair daughter IDA. ? ?

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

DEAR DR. PUNCH, Danbury Palace, Chelmsford.
I AM bound to testify to the gentlemanly character of the remonstrances which you sometimes think fit to address to myself and other dignitaries. But I am grieved to notice a departure, last week, from your ordinary courtesies.

You must be aware that I am not a Hebrew scholar, for I stated that fact when I put down DR. COLENSO.

Yet last week you headed an article with what I *know* is Hebrew, because I have compared the letters with the alphabet in the beginning of my PARKHURST'S Lexicon.

I am willing to believe, however, that you did not intend to annoy me, and having protested against this blemish upon a very beautiful article about MISS BATEMAN,

I am, your faithful friend,

Dr. Punch.

JOSEPH COTTON WIGRAM.

THE DANISH DIFFICULTY EXPLAINED.



YOUNG persons who dine out, and wish to be considered well-informed young diners-out, must desire to be able to answer, in a few simple words, the question so frequently put as to the real value of the difficulty about the KING OF DENMARK's succession to the Schleswig-Holstein duchies. *Mr. Punch* will explain the matter in a moment. The case is this. KING CHRISTIAN, being an agnate, is the collateral heir male of the German Diet, and consequently the Duchy of Holstein, being mediatised, could only have ascended to the Landgravine of Hesse in default of consanguinity in the younger branch of

the Sonderburg-Glücksburgs, and therefore Schleswig, by the surrender of the DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA, was acquired as a fief in remainder by themorganatic marriage of FREDERICK THE SEVENTH. This is clear enough, of course. The difficulty, however, arises from the fact that while the Danish protocol of 1852, which was drawn up by LORD PALMERSTON, but signed by LORD MALMESBURY, repudiated *ex post facto* the claims of PRINCESS MARY of Anhalt, as remainder-woman to the ELECTRESS of AUGUSTENBURG, it only operated as a *uti possidetis* in reference to the interests of PRINCE CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, while BARON BUNSEN's protest against Catholicism, under the terms of the Edict of Nantes, of course barred the whole of the lineal ancestry of the Grand Duke from claiming by virtue of the Salic clause of the Pragmatic Sanction. The question is therefore exhaustively reduced to a very narrow compass, and the dispute simply is, whether an agnate who is not consanguineous, can, as a Lutheran, hold a fief which is clothed by mediatisation with the character of a neutral belligerent. This is really all that is at issue, and those who seek to complicate the case by introducing the extraneous statement, true no doubt in itself, that the PRINCESS OF WALES, who is the daughter of the present KING OF DENMARK made no public renunciation of either the duchies, or the ivory hairbrushes, when she dined with LORD MAYOR ROSE, are simply endeavouring to throw dust in the eyes of Europe.

GAME-MURDER MADE EASY.

WHAT does the *Times* mean by the heading of this paragraph?—

"GOOD SPORT.—THE DUKE OF C—, LORD G. M—, GENERAL H—, COLONEL M—, and COLONEL N—, have shot this week over the L— prosvows, near N—, and made a bag of 636 head—viz., 393 pheasants, 256 hares and rabbits, and 43 partridges. On a second day the same party shot in three hours in C— Park, 100 pheasants, 60 hares, 23 rabbits, two partridges, and one woodcock. The DUKE of C— has also shot over the covers of GENERAL H—, in the same neighbourhood, with the DUKE of B—, LORD M. C—, LORD S—, the MARQUESS of S—, and COLONEL M—. In two days 1,200 pheasants, 324 hares, 101 rabbits, and 10 partridges were shot, making a total of 1,605 head."

"Good sport!" Good gracious! Can you call such wholesale butchery as this "good sport"? That six guns in two days should kill (five wanting only) seventeen hundred head of game, is an act that appertains less to a sportsman than a slaughterer; indeed is quite unworthy to be spoken of as sport. There can surely be no sport in destroying hares and pheasants where they exist in such abundance, that a man can shoot well nigh two hundred of them in a day. To bag a brace or two of pheasants with a couple of good spaniels, to see your dogs work well, to flush your game yourself, and to follow it up skillfully—this you may call "good sport," and *Punch* will not complain of you. But *Punch* never will allow that lounging by a covert-side, and firing at tame pheasants is an employment that can rightly be looked upon as sport. No, no, my noble sportsmen. Walk your birds up yourselves, and use more dogs and fewer beaters, and you will get a better appetite for dinner, and have less chance of getting headaches

from the banging of your guns. If mere rapidity in killing be considered as "good sport," why don't you use blunderbusses in the lieu of common fowling-pieces, and have your hares and rabbits penned up in a sheepfold before you begin shooting, so that you may slaughter, say, a dozen at a shot. The same thing might be done with your partridges and pheasants, which are so tame in large preserves that they might easily be caught by the gamekeepers at feeding-time, when their wings might just be clipped enough to stop their flying, so that when the day for killing came, they might be huddled into poultry-pens and shot upon the ground. Larger bags in this way might be made in shorter time than is possible at present, and, to judge by the reports which are paraded in the newspapers, some "sportsmen" seem to think that the only aim in shooting is to make up a big bag.

OPERA IN CHANCERY.

WHAT is all this quarrel in which COLONEL KNOX? Against MR. GYE is uplifting his Vox? One's sense of the fitness of things it quite shocks When Harmony's friends give each other hard knocks. Why, the case is just this. The brave Colonel had crocks Full of gold, and no end of console in the stocks, And debentures, for aught that I know, in the Docks; Of which tin, with true friendship (like that of *Miss Fox*) He advanced heavy sums, but demanded a box, To be kept every night, which in Latin is *ser*, For his own occupation, no matter what *socks* Should crowd to the Opera and ask for it. *Mos*, One night of a run upon LEADER and COCK's, And other librarians, for boxes; when rocks Had melted at prayers of young ladies in frocks! In the height of the fashion,—a keeper unlocks The box set apart for the brave COLONEL KNOX. It was nine of the night by the watches and clocks, When he comes to the house, with his elegant hocks! Invested in O the most beautiful socks, And finds in possession a party that blocks His entrance, and all his remonstrances mocks. He might have gone off and beheld *Box and Cox*, Or to chapel, to SPURGEON's, to BINNEY's, or BROCK's, Or home to a novel of old PAUL DE KOCK's, Or to read rare BEN JONSON's fine play of *The Fox*, Or to TATT's and made bets upon horses and jocks, Or to good PADDY GREEN's to hear music of LOCKE's; But no, on his mouth there hath tramped the Big Ox, And he says there's a partnership. Firm: "GYE and KNOX."

FINE WORDS FOR FOUL WORKS.

THERE seems to be a growing fashion now for calling foul things by fine names, and a word or two from *Punch* perhaps may aid in checking it. A murder, for example, is seldom called a murder, it is generally spoken of as an "appalling tragedy." Now this word "tragedy" has far too much of staginess about it to fit it to give force when used in real life. By calling murders "tragedies," you class them, as it were, among dramatic unrealities, and so weaken the abhorrence wherewith we should regard them. The penny-a-liners are of course the chief delinquents in this way, and that their example appears to be infectious we may infer from the letters which have lately been in print about the murders in the cab. From one of these communications, inserted in the *Daily Telegraph*, and signed by a writer who adds M.D. to his name, we quote the following words:—

"The question then arises who [*sic*] did the poisoner commence with in offering the fatal chalice—the mother or the children?"

The "fatal chalice" here referred to was a common pewter pint pot from a public house, and we can see no reason here for calling that utensil by any finer name. On the contrary, indeed, we see strong reason for not doing so; for the words "fatal chalice" have a stacy smack about them, and are entirely out of place in a medical analysis of the evidence brought forward in an actual case of crime. People who can speak of a murder as a "tragedy" of course may be expected to extend their paraphrasing, and talk of "fatal chalices" where they mean common pewter pots. Such poetry is apt to put a stage gloss upon criminals, and to make us view their villainies as merely stage effects. Many a man would shrink from murder, who, were it simply called a tragedy, might feel a smaller dread of acting in it; and to our thinking the threat of being "launched into eternity" sounds a good deal less intimidating than the threat of being hanged. If people go on speaking of a murder as a tragedy, they will soon talk of a murderer as simply a tragedian; and an act that should excite the deepest feelings of abhorrence, may in time be merely viewed as a theatrical performance, and if carried through with cleverness, as not unworthy of applause.



OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR. "Vitechapel or Mile End, Sir?" (SWELL takes no notice of the insult).
CONDUCTOR. "Deaf and Dums 'Orspital, Sir!"

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIUS.

If the *Hull News* may be relied upon for a truthful report of certain proceedings before MR. TRAVIS, the Stipendiary Magistrate of that place, the following interesting little drama was performed the other day, when an unfilial fisherman, named WILLIAM HAM, was summoned by the Board of Guardians for neglecting to maintain his parents.

Relieving Officer. Your Worship, I support this information, but HAM will not support his lawful father and mother.

Unfilial Fisherman. Worship, I left home at thirteen years of age, neither more nor less, and I have ever since done what I could for the old ones, and wishing I could do more, but can't.

Stipendiary Magistrate. HAM, do you happen to have any goods which we can take away from you?

U. F. A few, Worship.

S. M. Because I don't want to take you, if I can take them.

[His Worship considers.]

R. O. (aside to U. F.) A man should maintain his aged parents.

U. F. Who's a denyin' on it? Not me, to my knowledge.

S. M. HAM, I find I can't touch your goods, so you must be good enough to go to prison for two months, with hard labour.

R. O. There, you see, HAM.

[The UNFILIAL FISHERMAN is conducted to the cells below.]

S. M. (after a time). Bring that fisherman up again.

[The fisherman is dived for, and restored to the realms of light.]

S. M. HAM, I find that I can't send you to prison for two months with hard labour, therefore I shall not commit you direct, and you will be good enough to pay a fine of Ten Shillings.

R. O. There, you see, HAM.

U. F. Ten shillings, Worship?

S. M. No, HAM. I find I can't fine you in the sum of Ten Shillings, inasmuch as the penalty is Twenty Shillings and costs. You will be good enough to pay that.

U. F. Twenty Shillings and costs, Worship?

S. M. Yes, HAM, and if you do not, you will be good enough to go to prison for One Month.

U. F. One Month, Worship?

S. M. Yes, HAM, One Month.

U. F. I have not got any money, Worship.

S. M. Then, HAM, go to prison.

[The UNFILIAL FISHERMAN is sent to prison, and the audience is decidedly of opinion that MR. TRAVIS is underpaid by a salary of £800 for taking so much trouble with a case, and that he ought to have £1000, and he thinks so, too.]

A CHIVALROUS KING.

ABYSSINIA. We suspect that this word does not convey much impression to the minds of most people. Except that we have all read the poem MR. COLERIDGE made in his sleep, about

"An Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora."

The district in question is a *terra incognita*. But we shall hear more about it soon, for the King, whose name was KASSA, but is, by Coptic baptism, THEODORE, has been getting into scrapes, and is sending an embassy to ask help from England. We owe him a good turn, out of gratitude; for two English officers, volunteers in his army, having been killed, the excellent Christian King came down in full force on the slayers, took three thousand prisoners, and slew them all as offerings to the English *manes*, and indeed proceeded to extremities by adding the hands and feet of a hostile Prince, by way of rounding off the account. Such chivalrous devotion to one's friends, in these Bohemian days when a man smokes your cigars over-night and abuses you in print next day, is quite refreshing, and we hope that something will be done for this mirror of friendship. Before he became king, it seems that he sold worm-powders, and we think that for this reason, and for his piety, MR. HARPER XII trees might take him up, and give him some washing powders to scour his country of enemies. France is unluckily intriguing against him, or his business might be booked into the Congress. But, any how, we must stand by an ally of such unhesitating loyalty.



PAINFUL SITUATION OF A FATHER OF THE CHURCH.

"I say, Gue'nor, give us sixpennuth o' bronze for a Tizzy, to toss with Shinee William."

THE CONGRESS CORRESPONDENCE.

BY OUR OWN PATENT HIGH-PRESSURE CONDENSING ENGINE.

No. 1.—NAPOLEON to VICTORIA.

Madame ma Sœur,—Folks don't believe in my pacific intentions. I invite you and all the Sovereigns to a Congress.

Madame ma sœur, de votre Majesté, le bon frère,

NAPOLEON.

No. 2.—RUSSELL to COWLEY.

Tell the EMPEROR that we are considering his letter. Say everything civil.

No. 3.—From the Same to the Same.

We [have considered, and don't think the Congress necessary. Neither the Treaty of Westphalia nor that of Utrecht was revised at a Congress, and the Treaty of Vienna is, mainly, in full force. However, the EMPEROR can let us know exactly what he proposes to discuss, and whether we are to be bound to lick any monarchs who may not see things as the majority in Congress does. Keep, of course, awfully civil.

No. 4.—DROUYN DE LHUYS to DE CADORE.

We have nothing to say against the Treaty of Vienna; indeed the EMPEROR has bound himself to observe all engagements, after which of course there can be no doubt of his views. But we think it wants re-editing. We cannot, as the youngest of Sovereigns, pretend to bind Congress, nor can we even say for ourselves, at present, whether we should feel inclined to fight or not. We should like to overhaul Poland, Denmark, the Turkish provinces, Italy, and Rome.

No. 5.—RUSSELL to COWLEY.

We have nothing to gain or lose. We don't see that a Congress will set matters square. Nobody will give up anything. We have been preaching to Russia for months about Poland, and have been snubbed. Would the POPE recognise the KING OF ITALY? Would Austria give up Venice? What have Spain and Turkey to do with Denmark? And really, is it asked that a Congress shall meet about Mouldy-Wallachia? All bosh. But I shall be too happy to write despatches to everybody about everything, till all's blue.

So, say, with the most intense civility, that we are not coming.

THE FUTURE OF THE FINIANS.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,—To give you some faint idea of the bashfulness of an Irishwoman (that of an Irishman has been long well known), I beg to forward you "The Future of the Finians."

Yours truly, AN IRISHWOMAN.

Whoop, ould Eyrian, rouse up from your slumbers,
Sure 'tis we have the illigant news,
How the Finians are coming in numbers,
To make Saxons shake in their shoes;
Their real ould aincient Milasians,
Who tuck all the "castles in Spain,"
To be backed be their Yankee relations
Whin they've washed their own blackmoor clane.

'Tis quite sartain they flourished at Bable,
Of which they wor always called bricks,
An at Eyrian first cast their cable,
Whin the tin thribes wor cuttin' their sticks;
An besides whin they all lost their simses,
Whin their languidges all wint asthray,
They stuck to the ould tongue like princes,
An talk "Babble" down to this day.

Whoop hubbaboo tare an ages,
What dhread on ould PALMY now falls,
Arrah! where will they all find safe cages
Whin the Finians are bombing St. Paul's?
Yeh, thin, where is that famous Zealandher?
Till he ready gits pincil and book,
He'll be hardly in time, the slow gandher,
London Bridge, if not broken, is shook.

An won't we too who niver "betrayed her,"
All join in the beautyful row,
Marching joyful to meet the invadhor,
With cabbage-laives wraithing aitch brow,
Thin the green flag an stars an shtripes wavin'
Togither in joy will be seen,
An the Saxons for mercy vain cravin',
Must to Jarminey thramp width their Queen.

Oh 'tis thin our Reypublic will flourish,
That's publican's lickor cost free,
So that our poor hearts we can nourish,
An no more blighted praties we'll see;
A presarve full of landlords for shootin'
We'll keep till the race is extinct,
An the whole thribe of agints uprootin',
We'll pay no more taxes or rint.

We'll be all sint to Aishey to collodge,
Where one GOODLE* they say keeps a school,
Who spakes Irish width great taste and knowledge,
An taches its grammar be rule;
He's full cousin, I'm tould, to O'FOODLE,
Who lid on our army of yore,
An own cousin to ivery MCNOODLE,
Who flocked to our sthandhard before.

'Tis that Paathriarch great from the Aiste, Sir,
Larning's light will thin shadow our path,
Whin the blissings of paice we shall taste, Sir,
An we shaithe our good broadswords of lath,†
In the Castle our own King will reign thin,
Full an plinty aitch iv us to give,
Ould Eyrian will thin be our own whin
We'll all go to London to live.

There we'll practise aitch ould aincient game, Sir,
Have beautiful fairs every day,
Width no could Saxon laws to make tame, Sir,
Our lives will be splindil and gay;
Thin whoop, hubbaboo, botheration,
Ould Eyrian, wake up to the news,
Sure 'tis we'll be the illigant nation,
An make Saxons shake in their shoes.

* This distinguished sage seems to be identical with "GADEL" mentioned in WRIGHT'S History of Ireland, pages 9 and 10.

† Perhaps the inmates of this Great Brotherhood in their mane sperit of persecution may not wish it to be made generally known, that with the noble consistency which marks their intire behavior, they shulte their arms to their heads, an phrasethe the sword exercise width lath—width which "wooden arguments" they are redly an willin to meet any Saxon that iver fid before a Dane.—Note by one of the Brotherhood.

A CRAWLING COURT-MARTIAL.



WITHOUT reference to any particular tribunal, (and certainly without any inclination to deal lightly or prematurely with a certain inquiry involving a very painful story) *Mr. Punch*, always anxious to amend the institutions of his country, must say that he does not see any reason for expecting any termination to the sittings of a Court-Martial where proceedings go on after this fashion:—

LIEUT. M'SABRETASH recalled, and his examination in chief proceeded with.

The President. Do you wish to qualify your last answer, just read to you, in any way?

Yes; I should like to say generally, that it doesn't exactly express my meaning.

Prosecutor. Well, what was your meaning?

Prisoner. I am advised, MR. PRESIDENT and gentlemen, that such a question ought not to be put; but I will not oppose it if I am allowed to ask the witness a preliminary question or two.

The Court consulted for an hour, and then intimated that *LIEUT. M'SABRETASH* must explain his meaning.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. But I did not mean anything in particular.

Prosecutor. State your meaning generally.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. Well, what I suppose myself to have meant to imply was, that foreign service is not exactly the same thing as home service, and—

The President. If that is meant as a reflection on the Horse Guards, and an allegation that officers abroad do not receive the same consideration as officers at home, I make no observation on the charge, but I cannot allow it to be imported into this case.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I desire to make myself clearly understood. I

The Prisoner. I can have no objection to that.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. When an officer is, at a [considerable] distance, from headquarters—

The Prosecutor. We should know what you mean by considerable. It is an elastic word, and therefore capable of various interpretations.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I bow to the Court, and beg to substitute for "a considerable distance" the phrase "a good way." I would then say that when an officer is a good way from headquarters, he is compelled to rely upon himself in a great measure—

The Prisoner. I am advised, MR. PRESIDENT and gentlemen, that if a witness is permitted to enter upon the moral position of an officer, it is competent to me to adduce evidence to show that the witness himself was not so moral as he should have been.

After an hour's discussion the Court came to the resolution that the prisoner's demand was legitimate. He was therefore directed to cross-examine the witness.

Prisoner. You spoke of morals, *LIEUT. M'SABRETASH*?

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I spoke of nothing of the kind.

Prisoner. I am in the hands of the Court.

The President. The word moral was your own, but the Court considers it legitimately applied to the position the witness was describing.

Prisoner. Then I ask the witness whether he considers himself a moral officer.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. Unquestionably.

Prisoner. I have to request that the Court will read the eleven volumes which I now put in.

The eleven volumes consisted of the works of J. J. ROUSSEAU, in French, small type. The Court having read them, signified to the prisoner to go on.

Prisoner. I now ask *LIEUT. M'SABRETASH*, whether he is not in the habit of reading those volumes?

Lieut. M'Sabretash. Certainly not. I do not understand a word of French.

Prisoner. But they were found in your quarters.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I am glad of it, because I was afraid they were lost. They belong to a brother officer who left them in my charge. I never opened one of them.

Prisoner. In that case, I withdraw this part of the examination, as I had intended to show that an officer who reads Rousseau cannot be considered moral. But, with apologies to the Court, I proceed, as advised, to ask *LIEUT. M'SABRETASH* whether, on the 11th of July, 1859, he did not suddenly hear of the marriage of a friend of his, COLONEL PIGSKINNER.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I will not swear to the date, but I admit that the news came to me as a surprise.

Prisoner. What were the remarks you made on hearing it?

Lieut. M'Sabretash. As it is four years ago, I decline to undertake to say exactly.

Prisoner. Were they not to the effect that COLONEL PIGSKINNER was an everlasting ass?

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I cannot say. I may have formed, in respect of COLONEL PIGSKINNER, an opinion which may have been crudely expressed by the language you use, and I may retain such opinion.

Prisoner. But this, or something like it, was said in reference to his having married.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I think it probable.

Prisoner. You considered him an everlasting ass for entering into the holy estate of matrimony. Yet you have just said that you call yourself a moral officer.

The President. We think a stop must be put to this line of cross-examination, and we now think that the time has come for the witness to explain what he was going to say when the prisoner claimed the right to interfere.

The Prosecutor. As it is seven hours ago, I will refresh the witness's memory. He was saying that an officer when a good way from headquarters was compelled to rely upon himself.

Prisoner. I am advised, MR. PRESIDENT, that I am entitled to ask the witness whether he is in the habit of going to church?

The Court deliberated, and decided that the question should not be put.

The Prosecutor. The witness will proceed from "rely upon himself."

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I beg to ask the Court to give me a few hours to recollect myself.

The Prisoner. I am advised, MR. PRESIDENT, to protest against any such delay being accorded. An officer who is accustomed to rely upon himself ought to be able to answer a simple question without taking several hours to consider his reply.

The President. There is great force in that observation, but nothing as yet is before the Court to inform it, judicially, that the witness was speaking of himself, or that he was not describing the Service generally.

Prisoner. Then, MR. PRESIDENT, if the witness is allowed to enter into a general description of the Service, I am advised that it will be competent to me to bring forward other descriptions of it, and I ask leave to put in a variety of military novels, which I shall ask the Court to read.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. To save the time of the Court—

The President. The time of the Court is of no consequence, and the Court will sit here until Christmas, if necessary. Unless you have some better reason to assign for the course which you intend to take, the Court will adjourn to consider the prisoner's demand.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I beg to say that the officer I described did mean myself, and that when a good way from headquarters, I was compelled to rely upon myself.

Prisoner. Who compelled you?

Lieut. M'Sabretash. Well, nobody in particular, but I was compelled.

Prisoner. But somebody must have compelled you. To compel is an active verb, as I am advised, and there must be an actor. Who was the actor?

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I repeat that I cannot say that anybody was. I use the words in the common acceptance of being obliged.

Prisoner. But somebody must have obliged you.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. You never did, and I take this opportunity of saying that a more disobliging person I never met with since I received HER MAJESTY'S Commission.

The President. The question for the witness is not as to his personal feeling towards the accused, nor as to the grammatical construction of a sentence, but as to what he meant by the answer he gave yesterday afternoon. He has elected to go on, and will be good enough to do so.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. An officer, a good way from headquarters, is compelled to rely upon himself to a great degree—

Prisoner. I am advised to request that this witness's answer, No. 1174, be read to him.

This being done, it appeared that the witness's former words were "rely upon himself in a great measure."

Prisoner. I will not detain the Court, but merely point out the contradiction.

The President. There is no contradiction. A degree is a measure.

Prisoner. But I am advised that every measure is not a degree. A yard measure, for instance. If that is held to

be a degree I shall ask leave to put in *Guy's Geography and Use of the Globes*, which I shall ask the Court to read.

Lieut. M'Sabretash. I am willing to withdraw any expressions which I have used.

Prisoner. I am advised to protest against any such course being permitted, but I also call attention to the extreme pliancy of the witness's conscience.

At this stage of the proceedings, the Court, which had sat for eight hours and a half, adjourned, announcing that in the morning its decision would be given on the last objection urged by the prisoner.

RUSSIAN PASTIMES IN POLAND.

MR. PUNCH.

The heart of every Russian sojourner in a strange land has been thrilled with enthusiasm by the subjoined telegram of REUTER'S, showing how zealously our CZAR is served in Poland by his soldier-hangmen, who know how to deal with rebels:—

"*TERESIE BRONIKOWSKI* was shot at Warsaw on the 14th, at 10 a.m., on the glacis of the citadel. The soldiers fired three times at the unfortunate woman, and although he was bathed in blood, not one of his wounds was mortal. The officer in command then came close up to him and shot him with his revolver, but still without inflicting a mortal wound. The victim was then thrown into a pit, and buried while still alive."

How delightful are these details of the punishment of a revolter against the divine government of our Imperial Master! The pangs of the traitor shot almost to death by degrees, and then buried alive, regale the hearts of the children of Holy Russia, just as we conceive the doom of the enemies of Heaven to afford a pleasing spectacle to the Saints.

And, oh! with what rapture we legal subjects of the mighty ALEXANDER read such interesting statements on the following, in a letter from Warsaw:—

"We expect every day to hear of the execution of two ladies who have been condemned to death—the Abbess of the Convent of the Sisters of St. Felix, and a lady who took refuge in that convent. Rumours that this execution is delayed by the hesitation of the Government which wavers between its desire to terrorise women and its fear of the indignation of Europe."

Not so, however. The Government of the Supreme Ruler of all the Russias despises the indignation of Europe. It will hang, or behead, or shoot, or flog the Abbess of St. Felix and her *protégée* to death—I hope it will flog them to death—in its own good time. In the meanwhile I trust that they are continually tortured, to the glory of our CZAR; and I derive the most exquisite gratification from imagining that I hear their shrieks and survey their contortions.

The writer of the letter above-quoted goes on to say:—

"If these two women are executed, I am certain that two hundred more will be found ready to share their fate."

I sincerely hope they will share it. And when those two hundred women have been executed, may their execution be speedily followed by that of another two hundred. The more the merrier. It is, indeed, cheering to read, in connection with the foregoing, the further remark that:—

"In spite of all the atrocities committed by MOURAVIEFF—the flogging of women to death, the slow torture inflicted on FLORKOWSKI, who was attached to the tail of a horse in full gallop—these victims of Russian cruelty have found numerous successors."

"One down t'other come on," as your people say. This must go on till the Poles are either exterminated or crushed; I had rather see them crushed, surviving as examples of the wrath and vengeance of our CZAR. But, Sir, you love a joke—don't you see one in the description of FLORKOWSKI's punishment as "slow torture," whereas that criminal was "attached to the tail of a horse in full gallop?" I call that fast torture. Don't you? Well, *Mr. Punch*, I know that our "Russian cruelties," as your newspapers call the chastisements inflicted by the avenging angels MOURAVIEFF and DE BERE, exasperate the British, and the French, and every "civilised nation." Your execrations amuse us. You, alone, cannot get at us, and we defy you. You can't trust the French, you dread a Popish state established in the East of Europe. Prussia is for us, the other Powers have separate interests, which render any alliance against us impossible, so we snap our fingers at you, and the more you cry out upon us the more we shall keep on shooting, hanging, and torturing the Poles right and left, and flogging Polish ladies to death. With sentiments of esteem for CODDEN and BRIGHT, the friends of our friends the Yankees, our allies in the event of a war with England, accept the assurance of my supreme contempt for that public opinion which has no arm long enough to reach, without catching,

A TARTAR.

P.S. What sport our gibbets and scourges in Poland must afford the spirit of the blessed NICHOLAS!

A GHOST WE SHOULD LIKE EXCESSIVELY TO SEE.—The Ghost of Crinoline.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.

UNLESS the Tourist is going to somewhere else, he will not pursue the Lauterbrunnen Road any farther. On his return to the hotel at Interlachen, the pedestrian will probably be inclined to walk into his dinner. The real economist, by the way, will never live *en pension*. It sounds very nice; only six francs a day for everything! You agree and commence, let us say, with breakfast. Being an Englishman, and accustomed to make rather a substantial affair of your first meal in the day, you are somewhat surprised when the waiter brings you a small coffee-pot holding about a cupful and a half, a diminutive and aërial looking French roll, one small thin pat of butter, and a kind of large earthenware salt-cellar filled with lump-sugar. It is true that whatever is deficient in bread and butter is certainly made up to you in saccharine nutriment; but, eke it out as you will, this is hardly a substitute for the fish, meat and eggs of the domestic table. The gaileless traveller will probably call the waiter, and order a couple of eggs and some more bread. At midday the simple Simon will further command a light repast, and, while enjoying himself with a cold collation, will say to a friend, "Capital idea this, you know; I'm living *en pension*; only six francs a day, and it includes everything." The friend, being perhaps unwilling to disturb this blissful state of ignorance, will perhaps say in a tone of surprise, "Oh, does it?" If the Tourist be of a fagety turn, he will repeat these words to himself in his friend's absence in the form of an inquiry as to "what" he means by "oh does it?" The explanation, which will be given in the bill at the end of the week, will probably cause the simple one to lengthen his face and shorten his stay. "Why," says the indignant gentleman, "I thought *en pension* included everything, and here (emphatically slapping the little account) I find eggs charged extra."

"Yes, M'sieu," explains the polite garçon, "but M'sieu must understand that everything in an *en pension* sense means only the regulation breakfast provided by the hotel. Some coffee, a little bread, some milk, some sugar, is everything that—"

"But—surely—Eggs—you know—" gasps the Tourist.

"Ah! M'sieu, eggs are not everything."

And so the Tourist having learnt that, as at home so abroad, "Eggs are Eggs," and that the comprehensive Everything often means almost Nothing, packs up his portmanteau and returns to England a wiser and a sadder man. But he mustn't pack, and he mustn't go back, until he has seen the sights round about Interlachen; unless indeed his economical living *en pension* has rendered his departure an inevitable necessity. Seek then the Lake of Brienz and the Giessbach Falls. If you are a member of the Alpine Club you will take your way to the Lake of Brienz by ascending the Faulhorn and walking along a pleasant footpath which cannot be attempted without a guide; so take this present number with you, and there'll be nothing to fear. When on a dizzy height or a dangerous pass, such as the one first mentioned, never look down at the depths below you; such a proceeding is fraught with danger: on the other hand you will find that the method, practised by some, of invariably keeping your eyes steadfastly fixed on the sky, is not entirely without its own peculiar disadvantages. The woods about the Giessbach Falls offer many charms to the naturalist. Here the rare hen Cockeyolly Bird pipes her tuneful lay; a peculiar note it is, and specimens of this Ornithological curiosity may be seen in the Lowther Arcade, the Pantheon, and the German Bazaar.

In Switzerland the Physiologist will notice the glorious type of Face, immortalised by the carvers of wooden match-boxes, nutmeg-graters, and ornamental paper-knives. The searcher after Physical Facts may try to ascertain if their heads come off; but we believe they do not, as a rule; still there's no harm in making the experiment, if agreeable to the peasant.

Strict Impartiality.

So strictly are the laws against smoking carried out at Windsor Castle, that the very chimneys have received intimation from the LORD CHAMBERLAIN that they will be expected for the future to consume their own smoke. It will thus be seen that not the least partiality is shown, high or low.



UN-ENGLISH-FARMER-LIKE CONDUCT.



THE WIRE FENCE.

(Dedicated to those Farmers and others in the Shires, who use that treacherous and unsportsmanlike contrivance.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—You carry your years so well, I need not remind you how many of them have elapsed, since you and I were undergraduates together.

You were a moderate weight, my old friend, before you married, and a hard-goer, particularly over the mahogany, you cannot deny it. Don't you remember how GRIFF LLOYD swore when you jumped upon him in the Ripley brook? Ah!—Time has rusted our spurs since then, but you have still doubtless a fellow-feeling for the young ones, and take an interest even now in the frolics of the flyers and the fun of the field.

Well, my dear Mr. Punch, I gather from what I hear, that these adventurous young men are in a sad taking this winter, that they contemplate their favourite horses with no pleasure, and are scarcely in sufficient spirits to study the fit of their leathers and the setting-on of their tops; they vibrate with delight no longer at the hounds' challenge or the huntsman's horn, and have altogether lost the neck-or-nothing dash, which makes youth so enviable, and elevates the "beggars on horseback" into something like a hero for the time.

"In short these funk, who never funk'd before,
And those who *always* funk'd, now funk the more."

Not without reason either! as I think you will admit when I tell you the conversation I overheard at the next table to mine only last night at my Club.

I was just peeping into a second pint of port after a light dinner which you may imagine for yourself, when two hungry young men, whose names I ascertained from the waiter to be MR. SPARKLES, of somewhere in Cheshire, and CAPTAIN BRUSH, of the Hindoo Hussars, entered on the following conversation:—

Brush (*loquaciously*). It's no use, old fellow, the thing's about over now, and I'm very much afraid that wire fencing will put an end to our fun.

Sparkles. But won't they take them down? I hear there's a Circular signed by every swell in England, going round all the hunting counties, entreating the farmers, for their own sakes, to leave off breaking all our necks.

Brush. If they don't, it's all up, you may take your oath. It don't

matter to me, for I'm going back to India, and can fall back upon pig-sticking; but it's a bore for you fellows "who live at home at ease."

Sparkles. I meant to have bought a horse of one of my tenants this week, but it's no use having horses if one can't ride straight, and I daren't for one, when every second fence is made a certainty.

Brush. Have they ever got you?

Sparkles (*vehemently*). No!—and I'll take care they never do. Why it makes it about the most dangerous thing out.

Brush. The devil doubt ye, my boy, I found that out last season. I was riding old *Superb*, you know my good old horse *Superb* by *Targuin*, the one that follows me about and puts his nose in my pocket. He's a good horse, and a bold one. Well, he was carrying me like a brick, for I'd got a good start, and been lucky and all that, when I rode him at a thickish place out of a large grass field without pulling him off his stride, for the hounds were running like smoke. I can't help fancying the old horse thought there was something up by the way he cocked his ears, and went at it as if he'd eat it. Poor old boy! he never saw the *curse*d wire, how should he? and though he jumped an awful distance, and let me off, he landed with his stomach on it and cut himself all to ribbons. If he'd been a brute, he'd have broken my neck! I tell ye the odds ain't fair. I shall cut it in my small way. That's neither here nor there, but when the great guns have all sold their horses, and the swell packs are all given up, and there's no more hunting to be had, why the country won't be much fun in the winter, and I'm afraid a good many poor devils will find themselves out of work and out of bread.

This was obviously a long speech for the young soldier, and the waiter appearing at the moment with two tin-covered portions from the joint (haunch of South-down kept to an hour), the subject was discontinued and not again resumed. I could trace, however, a cloud upon SPARKLES's fair young brow during the rest of his repast. He was obviously thoughtful and ill at ease. His season I fear is spoilt, his money wasted, and there can be no question, he will refuse to buy his tenant's horse. Can you not put in a word for these young fellows, my kind old friend? Wire fences are certainly unnecessary in the winter, and might easily be lifted in the hunting-season, and replaced, if required,



COBDEN'S LOGIC.

"I DON'T know, perhaps, any country in the world where the MASSES OF THE PEOPLE ARE SO ILLITERATE AS IN ENGLAND."—
From Mr. Cobden's Speech at Rochdale.

"Sound Statesmanship requires such an extension of the franchise as shall admit the Masses of the People to political power."—*From the Same Speech.*

on May-day. How would you have liked it yourself, when you used to lead the whole University on *Smoke-Jack*? Fancy riding gaily at a fence and never finding out a wire had been placed just four feet beyond it till you got up with a very confused notion of locality, a broken collar-bone, a crushed hat, and poor *Smoke-Jack* on three legs for the rest of the season. Many a good fellow may be dangerously hurt, and many a gallant horse cruelly mauled, though I think in my heart, from what I observed last night, that come what may, "they won't get SPARKLES!"

I remain, dear Mr. Punch, with the utmost respect, your old and attached friend,

LUCIUS LAMBWOOL.

THE GAME OF NOVICE IN MARGARET STREET.



ONORIA, DEAREST.—Now *enough* is over for the season, there is no game that I know of to beat that of Roman Catholics. You must enjoy it much at Claydon with such capital players as MR. DAVID and FATHER IGNATIUS, and the other Monks who perform Monks' tricks so cleverly in the Church. We had a capital game here the other day, at All Saints, Margaret Street—played at Nuns—EMILY took the white veil and vows for a year. It was so nice; all in church: the altar all decked out with flowers, and covered with white satin, and the postulant also in white, dressed as a bride, in a lovely wedding-dress, orange flowers and everything complete; and what with a little artificial colour in her cheeks, which would otherwise have been rather too pale, she looked so pretty—as we all said, "beautiful for ever."

Well, and then you know the candles on the altar were lighted, and the service performed quite like a real mass—nobody but a regular Roman Catholic could have told the difference, and the CARDINAL himself would have been some time in finding it out. And so then EMILY was questioned, and had to say that she was going to take the vows of her own free will; and then she took them for a year; and the Sisters all said, "Bless thee, Sister URSULA!" and that wicked wretch, BOB VILLIERS, who was asked, whispered close behind me, "Bless thee, thou art translated!" And then URSULA, that is EMILY that was, courted to the Lady Superior, and to the Father who performed the service, and a splendid Father our Clergyman made. Just then, while the choir was singing *Subilate*, we were so frightened by an idle school-boy who poked his head in at the door, and cried out—"Cavy! the Bishop's coming." When the ceremony was all over, we went to breakfast; a regular wedding breakfast, you know, brides cake and everything; and I kept a bit of the cake and put it under my pillow, and dreamt of kissing the Pope's toe. We had such fun; pulled crackers with the Father with Church mottoes enclosed; so good, some of them, and VILLIERS was so agreeable, but made himself such a goose. He said he must kiss the bridesmaids—and did! And what do you think! He advised me to work the Father a pair of slippers inlaid with glass beads inside the soles, and to embroider him a hair shirt. The creature suggested that we might find the materials off our own heads.

Everything went off so nicely. EMILY's friends are in mourning for her, as she is supposed to be dead to the world; her sisters look well in black. The nunery she goes into is attached to the Church, and as much as possible like a real one I believe in discipline, whipping and all. If EMILY finds all this too much of a joke, she can give it up at the end of the year.

For further particulars see the *Western Morning News*. Write soon, and be sure you tell me all about dear Father IGNATIUS. I wonder if he will really keep his vows of celibacy? That dreadful VILLIERS says that perhaps Puseyism in sport will become Popery in earnest. What a shame of him! Believe me, dearest, ever yours,

Belgravia, December, 1863.

ETHEL.

P.S. He has just called, in a white hat with black craps round it—says it is for EMILY, and calls it butcher's mourning.

A MOTHER ON SMOKE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM very partial to country newspapers, and I believe that most women are. You see nothing in the London papers except politics, and long trials, and bursting ARMSTRONG guns, and quarrelling about drainage. But in a good country paper you get column after column of real news, nice little stories, and such information about the QUEEN and the Princesses and other great people as you never can find in London newspapers. I would sooner go without all of them than my own county journal, which my sister sends me up weekly in exchange for my *Punch*.

Well, in this week's county paper, I find this, Mr. Punch:—

"SMOKING NOW-A-DAYS.—A YOUNG TRICK.—THOMAS JONES, of Oswestry, a boy eleven years of age, was charged with stealing seven ounces of tobacco, the property of the Great Western Railway Company. A policeman testified to finding the tobacco upon him, and it seems that he stole it to smoke with another boy. He pleaded guilty. Sentenced to be confined for the remainder of the day and once whipped with nine strokes of a birch rod."

Now, Mr. Punch, I dare say that if I had been on the bench of justice, as they call it, I should have given this bad boy a good scolding, and let him off, for I see that he cried, and said he would not do it again. I am sure I should, in fact, if the stealing a little tobacco, which I dare say was going to the shop of some cheating cigar-seller, had been the only thing. If he had stolen it to give it to his father or somebody else, I could not have allowed him to be much punished, though of course I am not defending stealing, and I would certainly have had him locked up for the rest of the day, and let him have nothing but cold meat and a very little beer for his dinner. But he stole the nasty tobacco to smoke it, and now that the affair is all over, and as I did not know that he was going to be whipped, I think I am glad of it, though I hope he was not much hurt. It is perfectly shocking, Mr. Punch, to see children of eleven, twelve, fourteen, and sixteen smoking away at pipes and cigars as they do. When I see them in the street I feel inclined to snatch away the tobacco, and throw it into the gutter and say, "You little wretch, how dare you ruin your health and stunt your growth in that way?" The doctors agree that though tobacco may not do a grown-up man much harm (it only makes him a pig, and I wish you could see the Utrecht velvet of my dining-room chairs after my husband and a friend or two have had a smoky evening—and then the price of cigars is perfectly wicked), it is most deleterious to young persons, and the use of it ought to be put down by law. I am not at all sure that the same punishment that MASTER THOMAS JONES received would not be a very good thing for any little boy smoking, and as for the bigger ones, they should be shut up to do the most severe impositions. I wish you would take up the subject, and prevent the rising generation from being a stunted, sickly, sallow, surly, cigar-smoking set of stupid.

I am, dear MR. PUNCH, your devoted admirer,

Brompton Square.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

P.S. I quite approve of the notice which HER MAJESTY has caused to be stuck up in Windsor Castle.

THE WIND DID IT.

MR. PUNCH stated, the other day, in conversation with his friend the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, that as to the Japanese affair EARL RUSSELL had an explanation to offer which would be quite satisfactory to all persons without prejudice. LORD CLARENCE PAGET has since been permitted to make this explanation, and anything more entirely satisfactory can hardly be conceived. It is "the sweetest thing out." We were obliged to bombard PRINCE SATSUMA, in sheer self-defence, for he had fired on us while inoffensively stealing his steamboats. We bombarded accordingly, meaning only the slaughter of his men and the destruction of his forts. But the Wind was thoughtless enough to get up, and the sea—it is an awkward way it has—knows no better than to get agitated by the wind, and our vessels shook and swayed about so that it was quite impossible to direct our fire very carefully, and Kagosima, a city of 180,000 people, was totally destroyed. Really, no person of ordinary candour and civility can say a word on the subject after this explanation; and if the Japanese bear any malice when they have read our apology, it will show that they are savages, and unworthy of the consideration of gentlemen. Still, if they like, they can talk to the Wind, which is indeed the last court of appeal for savages who have complaints to make of over-ardent advances on the part of civilisation.

Mozart Outdone.

BALFE, who is a *bel esprit* as well as a great musician, upon being told that MR. FLATOU had received from MR. GRAVES not less than £20,000 for FRITH's picture of *The Railway Station*, simply lifted his hands and his eyes up to the proscenium, and most devoutly exclaimed, "If FLATOU *Magico*!"



LADY. "What on earth, Mary, have you been doing with that Dog; he is Dripping with Water!"

MARY. "It's all Master Tom; he's been and tied him to the end of a Pole, and cleaned the Winders with him."

A HINT TO THE HOSPITABLE.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR, BEING accustomed to receive numerous invitations to dine, which are the only invitations I ever accept, allow me to suggest, for the instruction of persons who practise hospitality, and the convenience of those whom they wish to enjoy it, that, whenever they ask anybody to dinner, they should enclose him a bill of fare. Esteeming and regarding my friends everyone alike, and taking an equal pleasure in the society of all those who are good to me, I should by that means be enabled readily to decide what I now often find a question of distressing difficulty, namely, out of a number of houses where my company is requested on the same day, which to go to. One can't write to all one's friends who ask one to dinner, and say, "What are you going to have?"—because that would look as if one's regard for them were the sort of attachment vulgarly called "cupboard love." But if they had any delicacy they would spare one the necessity of making that inquiry, by letting one know what delicacies they proposed to give him. Pray, Sir, publish the hint which may induce them to do so, and which, if it does, will be pronounced one of the best things that have ever appeared in *Punch*, by all who are such judges of good things as your constant reader

APICUS.

P.S. One word would often suffice—"Turtle."

CHANGE OF LOCALITY.—Since the exhibition of the monster balloon at the Crystal Palace, the central transept has been called "The Giant's Causeway."

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR PUNCH,

I WONDER, is a play the more attractive to the public because a score or two of swells have chanced to go and see it? One would think a man went to a play because he wished to see it, and not because he heard that peers and peeresses had seen it. Yet in many a playbill now-a-days I see a puff protruded about some whiff of "royal patronage" which has been wafted to the house, and scraps from some Court Journal are paraded underneath, to show how many noble swells have recently attended there.

If the fact that H. R. H. & Co., have gone to see a play be regarded as a critical opinion of its merits, would it not be well to state with what parts chiefly H. R. H. & Co. were pleased, that the loyal British playgoer might learn how to applaud where Royalty applauded. For instance, were a farce to be advertised in this way, it might be said that H. R. H. was graciously pleased to smile no less than twice in the first scene, while LADY GIGGLETON was seen to snigger six times in the second, and LORD HAWK HAWK roared with laughter all throughout the piece, and for twenty minutes after the falling of the curtain. Or were a pathetic drama to be puffed, the playbill-wright should gauge the flood of tears that nightly overflowed the stalls, and state how many peeresses were borne out fainting every evening, and how many cambric handkerchiefs were nightly wetted through and through by every Royal person in the Royal box.

While thus speaking of the Peerage and their patronage of the drama, my thoughts are naturally directed to the Duke and his Motto, now turned into the opera of "*La Dame Blanche*"—*de Nevers*. MR. BALFE has had no easy task to set the play to music, and critics who complain of the shortcomings of his work should be reminded of the difficulties he has had to fight with. To my thinking, an opera should have a simple, easily intelligible story, for music is adapted more to give expression to passionate emotion than to portray the subtle phases of a mazy and misty plot. Moreover, when a drama is turned into an opera, people who have seen the one are apt to be dissatisfied a little with the other; for the singers miss the points which were made much of by the actors, and the libretto sadly mars the neatness of the play. But MR. BALFE has done his best in what he had to do, and people who like music will enjoy much of his opera, in spite of the fatigue of hearing the encores which the *claqueurs* of the music-shops are able to demand. The quartette in the first act is to my thinking the prettiest *morceau* (is that the right word, Mr. Critic?) in the opera, and the night when I was present it was sung extremely well. Indeed, the

singers all have done their best] to aid the composer, and the opera is mounted as well as any foxhunter could wish himself to be. Musicians who remember the shabby sort of way with which poor English Opera was treated by the managers some twenty years ago; the scrumpiness and scrubbiness of the scenery and chorus, whose faces were in general as dingy as their dresses; should surely vote their thanks to the Covent Garden Management, which in producing a new opera spares neither trouble nor expense.

The *Ticket of Leave Man* still continues to do well at the Olympic, and has reached uninterruptedly its hundred-and-sixtieth night. This success in chief degree is owing to its author, for the piece is written carefully, the characters are natural, and the interest is sustained with more than common skill. Moreover, it is acted evenly and well, with less staginess and straining than in most plays of the sort. I notice, though, in certain of the smaller parts, a tendency to this; and as the piece depends in a great measure on its naturalness, this error should be checked. What was said when *Black-eyed Susan* first achieved its run should be borne in mind as being a wise warning on this point:—

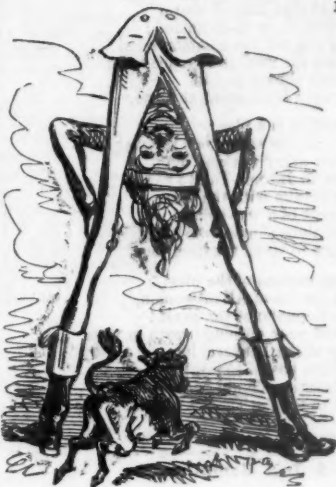
"The minor theatres, although of late they have made great progress, can never hope fairly to compete with the larger establishments, until the practice indulged in by actors of verbally *improving* the author, and thus in fact becoming rather *improvisatori* than performers, is abolished. No matter how irrelevant, how marring, how coarse be the fancied joke, if the sixpenny critic laugh, the actor-wag is satisfied, little thinking how much he suffers in the mute condemnation of the discerning, and who indeed may embrace in their wide censure the innocent author, who probably has frequently though vainly remonstrated against the offensive interpolation, which is to him at once an insult and an injury, and a fatal sign of mediocrity in 'the fool that uses it.'"

The little *Opera di Camera* at the Gallery of Illustration I think is better worth a hearing than many larger works. In these days of universal tum-tuming and too-tooting, chamber music is of course well known to connoisseurs, and less instructed ears have lately learned to like it at the pleasant "Monday Pops." A chamber opera however in England is quite new, and, judging by the specimen which MR. GERMAN REED has lately introduced to us, there seems reason for believing that the plant, though not a native here, will flourish on our soil. A prettier little opera than this same *Jessy Lea* I think that even the Italians will not easily invent, and I feel sure that DONIZETTI would have commended the nice taste with which his sweet *Elisir* has been composed afresh. The music is so pleasing that one's ears do not get tired of it (who could ever tire of MISS POOLE'S singing?) and the smack of amateurism about the three new vocalists, to my mind,

rather heightens than impairs the effect of a slight work which is adapted for the drawing-room as well as for the stage. Like other mortal people, both the REEDS and MR. PARRY of course at times require rest; and *Jessy Lea* will fitly serve to keep their Gallery from disappearing from the list of pleasant public places of amusement. For certainly with so much of attractiveness about it, there is not a whit of fear that the *Opera di Camera* is likely to turn out a Camera Obscure.

ONE WHO PAYS.

THE TURF AND THE PRESS.



LL for having criticised the proceedings of the Jockey Club in their judicial capacity, that assembly of high-minded gentlemen disdained not to warn *ARGUS*, the sporting correspondent of the *Morning Post*, off Newmarket Heath. The Court of Queen's Bench has decided that they had a right to do so, because Newmarket Heath is private property. Very well. If Newmarket Heath belongs to ADMIRAL ROUS & Co., and the public have no business there but on their sufferance, it is for the public to decide whether ADMIRAL ROUS & Co. shall or shall not continue to carry on their races with the assistance of public money. Queen's Plates are run for at Newmarket three times a year, and their expenses are defrayed out of the Civil List. If there is

any gentleman in the House of Commons who loves justice and hates iniquity, as soon as the fit opportunity occurs in the debate on the Estimates, a resolution will be moved for the reduction of the Civil List by an amount equal to the sum that has heretofore been appropriated to the provision of the Queen's Plates at Newmarket. Let the Press be free of the Turf, or stop the supplies.

FURTHER FROM THE SPIRIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

(To the Worshipful Master Punch.)

RIGHT WORTHY,

GHOSTS now-a-days are admitted to so much fuller and easier speech of living men and women than they were in the days of good QUEEN BESS, that you must not marvel if I address you in the fashion of your times rather than my own.

Ghosts were ghosts when I lived, and comported themselves with gravity. I have tried to show one on the Boards, as I knew him, and you may gauge the distance between embodied spirits in the seventeenth and in the nineteenth century, by comparing my *Ghost of Hamlet's Father* with the rapping ghosts who come at the call of MESSRS. HOMS and HOWITT, MRS. DENNET or MRS. HAYDON.

Of a truth I prefer the old style of ghost, and though I did lately try the effect of a few raps on you, I found the process so slow (to say nothing of the company elbowing me), that I was minded to make my next communication through the post. We spirits are allowed pen, ink, and paper, and the post-office arrangements between our world and yours are excellent.

I hold it well to enlarge a little on the subject of my late message to you, wherein I said a good theatre would be the best monument to my memory.

Of course in revisiting the glimpses of the moon, I often bend my steps to London. I like to hover about my old haunts, the Bankside and Blackfriars, and the Bear Garden, and to amuse myself by noting the wonderful changes that two centuries and a-half have made in men and things. I visit the theatres, and marvel at the many huge and splendid homes of the Drama that have replaced my poor old Globe and Fortune, the Red Bull and the Curtain: to compare the stately scenes that have succeeded our ragged traverses and curtains; the well-trained, well-clad, and bravely appointed crowds, which stand for the five or six ragged serving men, who in my day did duty for mobs, courts and armies. I have seen my own plays right royally apparelled, nobly housed, set in grand frames, with fair backgrounds, but of the chief personages therein, and their enacting—well—I have seen nought—of late days at

least—to make me forget DICK BURBAGE, and my LORD LEICESTER's men, his and my fellows, who strutted and bellowed, when I was in the flesh, and trod the Boards with them.

With all this, I have an embodied spirit's privilege to hear the critic's complaints, and note the taste of the public. There is free passage for me to managers' rooms and authors' studies. I list to critics, and authors of plays that cannot find their way to the stage, bitter in denunciation of the scurvy brainless stuff brought out by your managers and swallowed by your playgoers. I am doomed to overhear that my own plays will not bring money unless it be as stately shows, or unless some actor or actress from over sea bring to them the graces of a foreign accent, and a French delivery. Many use my name as though it were a spell or a heal-all: calling for "SHAKSPEARE!" "SHAKSPEARE!" as if my plays could change the tide of a people's taste, and bring back to the theatre all I found or made there. Methinks, it would be strange if, when all is changing, stage plays should stand still: if the fashion of writing, the subjects, the manner I essayed with my co-mates and copyists were to be the rule for all that came after us. I changed plays from what they were before my time, and I ever looked to see like change made when I should hold the Boards no more. But under all outward changes, some things that go to a play, in my conceit of it, methought should never die, or plays must die too—to wit, true thought, sweet or stately music of well-fitted speech, stirring and noble action, deep passion, or kindly mirth and merriment. These make up the tenure by which stage-playing and play-writing use the right to live, to hold the ears, and exercise the brains of men. Groundlings there will ever be; and of such I had enow, methinks, in my lifetime. Needs was I should tickle their ears by word-play, and clownish jesting, from which, but for pleasing them, I had gladly refrained me. I was manager as well as play-writer, and if the fools brought grist to my mill, they must be drawn in as well as the wise and the witty.

If, now, I say that the best monument to SHAKSPEARE would be a theatre where good plays would be well and worthily put forth, think not I would claim for myself or my fellows of the past sole hold, or chief hold of its stage. Every good play—be it writ in verse or prose, be its characters kings or beggars, clowns, or courtiers, be its time in the past or the present—may claim kin with the plays of my writing, and admission to a theatre devoted to my honour. Nay, rather such plays are most akin to mine as are fullest of the living spirit of their time, and most in tune with the hearts and pride of Englishmen. I but ask for high and true thought, well-graced speech, and living action; season these with what mirth you will—as all life is seasoned with mirth—and they will like me all the better. Give me but stuff worthy to hold the ears of grown men, and not mere ape's tricks, or show of painted vizards with no brains behind them, or piling up of cunningly contrived engines, such as old BEN JONSON and MASTER INIGO JONES were wont to quarrel over at Whitehall or Theobald's. These toys may do well for a court-masque, or to follow soider stage meat, as cooks after beef serve devices of spicery and marchepaine. But keep them to that. Let my theatre stay the stomach of its guests with soider and manlier fare—holding the mirror up to Nature, and showing the body of the time its true form and pressure.

Were the money about to be raised for a monument to me, used for the support of such a theatre as this—men of fair fame, sound knowledge, sufficient experience, and true love of stage-plays, being chosen to administer it, with a fitting manager—such a one as old EDWARD ALLEBYNE, or BURBAGE—to do the work under them—my spirit would have a pleasant haunt for its nights in London than it has now. But you will ask me, what need of applying other money to this, than men will be found willing to devote out of their own purses? If the people will come to see such plays—methinks I hear it said—they will make profitable the theatre where they are acted. If they will not, to what end strive to keep up by draughts from alien pouches that, which in the end, must needs languish and fall?

This were true enough, were it not that you have in some sort a taste to create—a people to draw from high-spiced or windy meats to soider simpler fare—and the sore temptation—was I not myself a manager?—of the day's profit, needed to meet the day's charge. The moneys thus held in trust for my theatre would be a stay and a stand-by—what your scribes now-a-days call a reserve fund,—to be drawn on, till its fair fame was spread and grounded, till its actors were trained and taught, till the public was slowly won to worthier stage-fare than is put before them now. But this once done, throw away the corks, in Heaven's name, and let my theatre sink or swim. If it sink e'en let it, and leave me without a monument other than my printed plays and my tomb. But methinks it would not sink. And if it swam, my name would swim with it—swim as I would have it, on the ark that floated the art I loved and lived for.

With this I commend my cause to your fair keeping and rest Master Punch's true servant to command in all worthy service,

WILL SHAKSPEARE.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Outside MADAME RACHEL's establishment, during certain repairs, there was lately written up the generous caution, "BEWARE OF THE PAINT."



ATTEMPTED FRAUD ON THE L. B. AND S. C. RAILWAY.

Boy (about fourteen) "HALF TO BRIGHTON."

Clerk. "ARE YOU ABOVE THIRTEEN?"

Boy. "NO; ONLY TWELVE LAST —"

Clerk (interrupting) "THEN YOU ARE WHOLE PRICE!" (Sold.)

POINT AND EDGE.

A CONTEMPORARY, who has not lately been lucky with its scandals, has got another story against a member of the respected aristocracy. We allude to it only that it may be—on authority—trampled down, scrunched, disproved, demolished, and obliterated for ever. It is said that LORD STANLEY of Alderley, the Post Master General, is "very jealous of his name," as a nobleman ought to be. Further, that divers of Her Majesty's subjects congregate and dwell, in large numbers, at a place called Alderley Edge, and naturally, if impudently, require postal convenience for their large correspondence. That the LORD STANLEY of Alderley does not like this Alderley Edge, and considers that it takes a liberty with his name in becoming more notorious than his own Alderley. Therefore, as Post Master, he marks his sense of the rudeness of the Edge by causing its many letters to be sent through a place which hath but few letters, to the detriment and inconvenience of the Edgers. Now this is a wild and wondrous tale, and LORD STANLEY of Alderley will, we dare say, be down at No. 85, Fleet Street, in an hour from the appearance of this paragraph, to assure us that the story is simply another of the *Starfish's* objectionable canards. Still, we shall be very glad to see him, and though he is only a Post Office official, we shall ask him to sit down, and offer him all the hospitalities. And we should like the edge taken off this Edgy Story.

Video Meliora.

"MR. HENRY FAWCETT was on Friday elected to the Professional Chair of Political Economy at Cambridge."

A KEENER political vision is rare
Than FAWCETT's, whom Cambridge has raised to the chair:
And the choice, spite infirmity, proves to my mind,
That Cambridge is not, like her candidate, blind. PUNCH.

TOUCHING THE RUSSELL RESIGNATION.—We knew it was all nonsense. A Whig is like the old French Guard—he dies, but never surrenders.

REFORM CONJURORS AT FAULT.

To raise the tempest of Reform
You waste your spells; the winds are dumb,
Deaf are the spirits of the storm,
You call them and they will not come.
How should they, when, whilst all are free
To buy and sell, to speak and hear,
Your strongest charms are untaxed tea,
Tobacco, sugar, gin, and beer?

Broad lands, in many a narrow farm
Pieced out by Confiscation's hand,
Are not a likelier kind of charm
The British Lion to command;
And when you bid the common mind
Elsewhere for weal and justice roam,
It only looks abroad to find
Good reason for content at home.

Direct taxation is a plan
Whose mention serves but to array
Against you every working man
That has an Income-Tax to pay.
And 'tis a maxim with the wise,
In prospect of a war-halloo,
That those alone should vote supplies
Who have to stand taxation too.

Extol those regions of the blest,
Beyond the broad Atlantic main,
The great Republic of the West!
You spend your burning breath in vain.
With envy of the Yankees' lot
The British bosom to inspire,
Your declamation should be hot
Enough to set the Thames on fire.

A Just Compliment.

It was not necessary for the EMPEROR to propose the Congress to convince us of the fact, that of all the Monarchs of Europe he is the one who has the most *inviting* ways about him. If anything, he is too inviting, for the suspicion is always haunting us lest, before we know it, he should succeed in taking us in.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE are happy to be able to state that the prospects of English Opera are as brilliant as ever, and that a series of new works is in course of preparation. MR. WALLACE is engaged upon a libretto founded on the *Ticket of Leave Man*; to be followed by a new opera by MR. BALFE, founded on *Leah*; to be followed by a new opera by MR. WALLACE founded on *Miriam's Crime*; to be followed by a new opera by MR. BALFE, founded on *Bel Demonio*; to be followed by a new opera by MR. WALLACE, founded on *Manfred*; to be followed by a new opera by MR. BALFE, founded on *The Ghost*; to be followed by a new opera by MR. WALLACE, founded on *Cool as a Cucumber*; to be followed by a new opera by MR. BALFE, founded on the *Irish Tiger*. Other new works by the same eminent composers, and based on subjects judiciously selected from the current playbills, are talked of, and it is truly gratifying to look backwards and forwards and watch the progress of English musical art.

The Yankee Ladies' Man.

THOUGH last not least upon the list of toasts drunk at the banquet at St. James's Hall on the American National Thanksgiving Day, was the following:—

"The Ladies—our sweethearts, wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, friends: their holy influence will break all chains but those which bind our hearts to them."

The Ladies! And with that toast the gentlemen who drank it with demonstrative enthusiasm, doubtless coupled the name of GENERAL BUTLER.

A BOAST WORTHY OF JOHN BULL.—A new pavement has been laid down in Trafalgar Square by a French company. It is not the first time by many that NELSON has seen French flags lying at his feet! (*Hallo, boys, hallo!*)

CROSS PURPOSES.—Puseyism is always playing this little game. It is difficult to know, sometimes, which side it aspires to most, Popery, or Protestantism. In fact, it may be called "a cross" between the two.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



THE Tour is finished. From Antwerp to Interlachen has been done, and nothing now remains but to quit. "To those whom Providence has blessed with affluence," we say, winter at Rome, and as, in that case the present Guide must unfortunately be absent, let one general piece of advice be given and acted upon; namely, "Do" at Rome; as they 'do' at Rome.

If an intelligent and enlightened Protestant, be on your guard; such is the ecclesiastical tyranny in this ancient city, that every waiter in your hotel is obliged to take orders, and you may look upon each one of them as a Jesuit in disguise. Visit the hotel kitchen and in the man cook behold a Friar. Being accustomed to see the notice, "You are requested to take off your hat," stuck up in your own St. Paul's, you will make a point of keeping it on, there being no such requirement in St. Peter's.

Pooh-pooh everything that is not strictly English, and show your own superiority over the poor superstitious Italians by talking loudly in the churches, and criticising in any terms of artistic slang with which you may be acquainted, the paintings that adorn the interiors. The truth of the ancient Proverb will strike anyone after a walk round the City, viz., that "Rome was *not* built in a day." We must not, however, forestall a future trip; so if you be bound Romewards, our paths lie in opposite directions. Farewell. Homewards, to the coast; and we have nearly reached the end, at all events the Ost-end, of our journey. And now, to occupy the time taken up in retracing much of the old ground, we will request the Traveller's attention to a few parting remarks, the result of our own personal experience, which we will call—

BUBBLES FROM THE BRÜNNEN; OR, CONTINENTAL BATHS.

The order of the Bath is peculiarly English. None but the cleanliest of nations would possess such an honourable decoration. The terms arising out of the constant use of the bath enters largely into our ordinary converse. A needy Toady, we are accustomed to hear, "Sponges" upon his patron. The sour crab-apple disposition'd man "throws cold water" upon every jovial proposition. "How are you off for Soap?" is an inquiry supposed to relate to the financial resources of the party interrogated. The moral teaching of those excellent institutions, "Baths and Wash-uses," is conveyed in the dingy chambers of a "Sponging House;" and many other instances will, we doubt not, occur to the careful observer. Let us not be misunderstood: Foreigners enjoy a *bathe* as much, nay perhaps more, than we ourselves: but the domestic matutinal "Tubbing," is on the Continent, comparatively unknown.

The Tourist need not trouble himself to con the French, Italian, or German for "Bring us a hip-bath or saucer-bath," as the case may be, because he won't get one, at least not what he wants. To remedy this great inconvenience, a certain cunning artificer in India rubber, invented a portable bath of that flexible material.

It was capable of being reduced to the size of an ordinary table napkin when folded up, and might be carried in the tail coat pocket with as much facility as a pocket-handkerchief. There were, and ever will be, a few disadvantages accompanying this ingenious contrivance. The first is, that supposing you've got it with you, everyone in the carriage begins sniffing and observing that there is "a strong smell of india-rubber somewhere." If you are nervous or bashful this is unpleasant. If you are neither one nor the other, you will say, "Dear me, yes—these carriages are not well ventilated," and will insist, homoeopathically, upon smoking a cigar. Again, its receptacle in your coat becomes for ever after a very Pariah of pockets, and impregnates every article that may be placed in it with a faint sickly smell of india-rubber.

This bath was fitted up with a brazen mouth-piece, which rendered it a somewhat unpleasant companion in the hinder pockets of any traveller, who, forgetful of his treasure, was in the habit of impulsively jumping into railway carriages and sitting down sharply. When required for

use, you had to sit down on the floor of your room, cross-legged like a tailor, and applying your lips to the aforesaid mouth-piece, blow into it with the vigour of at least three professional players sustaining a note upon the gay bassoon. When we first travelled we purchased one of these curiosities, intending to go over the wide world like a cleanly Diogenes. The tale of our tub was brought to a sudden and unexpected conclusion. It was, if we recollect right, at St. Gershausen, that, while we, orientally squatting as above-mentioned, were engaged in filling our bath with air, the intelligent waiter entered our room, and on seeing our undignified occupation, paused, stuttered out an apology and quickly retired, leaving the door partly open. Now to get up and shut this door would have been, under the circumstances a waste of breath, and therefore as we had still a cheerful half hour's "blow" before us, we preferred keeping our seat. In a few minutes a shuffling of feet in the passage and a sort of "hush-hush-hush" chorus, made us aware of the presence of the landlord, landlady, his two daughters, and other members of the establishment, not being otherwise engaged, who were stealthily peeping into the room. Our host, on observing that we stopped and probably appeared somewhat angry, stepped forward, and by way of apology informed me, that "he and his family were very musical: and so, hearing that the English gentleman was just going to play a tune upon quite a new kind of instrument, they had taken the liberty of being present at the performance." This had evidently been the report of the imaginative and artistic waiter. "My daughters," continued the landlord, "have a piano in the house, and would accompany you with pleasure. Does the English gentleman play



by ear or from notes?" After an explanation of the real use of the machine, we were evidently considered as a harmless lunatic; an opinion shared in by everybody except the Boots, upon whose shoulders was thrown the onerous duty of regularly every morning during my week's stay, bringing two buckets full of water up to my room, six flights of stairs above the level of the first landing. He went through the work for three days, but on the fourth morning, he, for we have no moral doubt that he it was, wreaked his miserable vengeance upon us. On the previous afternoon he had cut a hole in the bottom of the bath. Of course there was no one who could, or if they could, *would*, mend it. His vengeance was complete; for as a bath of some sort was a necessity, we had to take those at the bottom of the house, fitted up in its foundations, to which we had to descend exactly eight flights of stairs. But we were fertile in expedients for torturing the malicious menial; so we made him come up the usual six flights to fetch our sponge, soap, towels, and hair-brushes; descend eight flights following us on our way to the bath; and finally, when we had finished our ablutions, he was summoned to ascend the eight flights, bearing the aforesaid requisites back again to our chamber. We had lost our pet luxury, and now began our travels in search of a tub, with what success shall be hereafter shown.

Lord Dundreary, Mr. Tupper, and, "Cithara."

"I THAY, whath this new book of TUPPETH? He calls it *Thithawes*, which is a word no fellah can be expected to thay. *Thithawes*? Ith it a thing of pathte and Thithawth? Or no, stop, that ithn't it. It mutht be thomething about my fwiend, EARL RUTHELL's motto, "*Cethaw-thawa*." That's it, and now I'll just thell MASTER THAM with the widdle."

TWO TALES OF THE QUEEN'S BENCH.



CIRCUMSTANCE over which Mr. PUNCH had no control compelled him to be present in the Court of Queen Victoria's Bench the other morning at the unpleasantly early hour of ten. Having, therefore, to get up in the middle of the night, that is to say at 8.30, A.M., he drove down to Westminster Hall, in a bad cab and a worse temper, which latter was in a very slight degree improved by his finding all the seats occupied, either by counsel, or by the singularly frowsy and disreputable-looking Public which haunts the courts of justice, and makes them smell of bad rum. He had his own reasons for not going round to the Lord Chief Justice's private room, taking his Lordship's arm-chair, dragging it into court, and placing it next to the Judge; though had he done so, there is no doubt that SIR ALEXANDER would have been much pleased. Mr. PUNCH preferred to stand close to the jury-box (into which, if the public must be told, he expected to be invited at a later date, but, happily, was not) where he had excellent profile views of Mr. MONTAGU CHAMBERS and MR.

SERGEANT PARRY. Briefly observing that he thinks the arrangements of this court and every other, as regards accommodation for jurymen of the Future, as perfectly beastly, and indignantly asking why an intelligent and elegant-minded jurymen is to stand and be squeezed in an evil-smelling crowd, while folks who have no earthly business in the place, and who are evidently unmitigated Duffers, have all the lofty and comfortable seats, he proceeds with his affecting narrative.

He arrived in time to be in at the death of a case which had occupied the Court

for several days. Two respectable medical men, DOCTORS FRASER and ANDREWS, had been persecuted during that time for doing, in the most professional as well as the most humane manner, their duty in reference to a female called SYMM, who had taken to drinking, and had been a sufferer from *delirium tremens*. This woman had been advised, very wrongly, to drag her medical benefactors into a court of law, and to try to prove that they had ill-treated her. MR. SERJEANT PARRY tore the wretched case to pieces with his accustomed energy and skill, and Mr. PUNCH had the satisfaction of hearing SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN sum up with a lucidity which that learned Judge, if fortunate enough to catch the expression in Mr. PUNCH's eye, must have seen afforded him great satisfaction. The jury instantly found a verdict for the Doctors-defendant. Mr. PUNCH was almost as much pleased at this as at finding that the British Themis did not want him that day, and he fought his way out of court, cheering like one o'clock, which it was, by BIG BEN REDIVIVUS.

Now these two Doctors, for doing their duty by the woman SYMM, have not only been aspersed and persecuted, but have been put to very heavy expense in defending themselves. There must be an awfully long law-bill to pay. Considering that a Doctor ought not to be fined for showing courage, skill, and humanity in a difficult and painful case, Mr. PUNCH rejoices to read in the *Lancet* that a subscription list has been opened at the office of that journal, in order to aid these gentlemen in paying their lawyers. With such names as those of DR. FORBES WINSLOW, MR. ERNEST HART, DR. SIBSON, and MR. FERGUSSON at the head of the list, and with Mr. PUNCH's simple but touching narrative above given, no other guarantee can be needed as to the merits of the case. He will therefore trouble everybody who ever did or ever expects to need medical service to send in something, (much or little, but much for choice) to the *Lancet* Office, 423, Strand, W.C.

Also, he will trouble the Judges to ordain that seats be kept for expectant jurymen, or, after this notice, he shall decline paying the slightest attention to any judicial invitation with which he may in future be honoured.

Q. WHAT will probably be the last language spoken on earth? A. The Finnish.

A BOOM FROM BIG BEN.

DEAR PUNCH,

KNOWING you hate work, as every fellow does of course who would be thought a gentleman, I feel assured of your deep sympathy when I tell you that my "hours of idleness" are over. Alas! yes, my dear boy, such is the melancholy fact. Only see this brutal bulletin which has been put in print about me:—

"BIG BEN.—'Big Ben' is once more announcing the time from the clock-tower of Westminster Palace. It was discovered, on examination by the founders, MESSRS. MEARS, that it was not so cracked as people imagined, and consequently it has been again set to work. The crack did not pass completely through the metal, and though the tones are rather subdued, it performs its functions in the most exemplary manner, proclaiming the passing hours to distant parts of the metropolis."

Painful, is it not, for a bell in my position to be set to work again, after so many pleasant months of living like a gentleman, with nothing on earth to do, or up in the air either. As for saying I "perform my functions in the most exemplary manner," I suppose that bit of kudos is meant just to console me for my disappointment. I only know that since I've been set to work again, I have done my very best to sound my very worst, and make my voice as hoarse and husky as I can, in the hope of being once more put upon the sick list. Give a dog a bad name and hang him, says your proverb: but my fate was worse than that, for the wretches hanged me first and gave me a bad name afterwards. Ah, well, such is life! We—I mean, we bells—are here to-day and hanged to-morrow, and when once they've hanged us there is no rest for the wicked. Cling, clang, bang! bim, bom, boom! We have to work both day and night, and get no rest even on Sundays. I hoped to have sneaked out of it by pretending I was cracked; but in these enlightened times hang it! even lunatics, you know, are set to work, for you are told employment's good for them. Besides, they soon found out that I was only cracked skin deep, and, as my tongue was sound enough, my voice was not affected. Well, it comforts me to know that some folks think me a great nuisance, and so perhaps they will petition to have me work short hours, by which I mean that I should not be made to strike the twelves and other long ones. I'm sure my deputy did well enough when I was out of sorts, and I should only be too glad to hold my tongue if they would let me. I must knock off rather suddenly, for

those confounded chimes are calling me to strike for them, and so believe me, my dear boy,

Yours mournfully, BIG BEN.

P.S. Would EARL RUSSELL kindly mention my sad case, and say that I am really much too delicate for daily active service? After what he said in that Scottish speech of his, he must surely feel some sympathy for those who, like myself, desire to "Rest and be thankful."

FOULD, FOULD, FOULD!

PATIENCE, ill-treated EMPEROR,
Nor, baffled Paris, groan:
If you have not a Congress got,
You've a twelve-million Loan.

Think of the Northern saw (if sick
Glory's high price at learning),
"There is no loan that is so long,
But it must have a turning."

Of money-loans that saw holds true,
Though muddy loans 'twas made for:
Howe'er long debt and glory run,
Both, at last, must be paid for!

"The French Lake."

SAYS the Parisian *Opinion Nationale*, "Good bye to the Congress. The *Lords of the Isles* have killed it." Perhaps, not being exactly eager to help France to her coveted title of the *Lady of the Lake* called the Mediterranean.

A CALEDONIAN GEM.—A Scotchman, upon being informed by one of his fellow-countrymen of the name of the inventor of the *Giant* balloon, said it was precisely his own case; because, if he were asked to go up in it, he should not hesitate to say "Nae-dare."

CHINESE OBEDIENCE.

A TELEGRAM from Trieste thus announces about as affecting an example of implicit and loyal obedience as it is possible to conceive:—

"Advice received here from Peking, to the 3rd of October, state that the General-in-Chief of the Imperial troops received from the EMPEROR an order to strangle himself, and obeyed."

Everybody knows SAM JOHNSON'S paraphrase on

"Græculus cœlestis, in cœlum jussus, ibit."

The slaver of JOHNSON'S "fasting Monsieur," and of JUVENAL'S hungry Greekling, to do what they were told, is realised and literally reduced to practice in the readiness with which the Generalissimo of the Chinese Imperial forces committed suicide at the request of his Sovereign. He obsequiously went and hanged himself, taking his chance of wending afterwards the poor little Greek beggar's way, or that of the famishing Frenchman. Being told to go and be hanged and going accordingly, a man exhibits a pattern of submission that beats all the holy obedience which Popery practises, and which is aped by Puseyism.

The General-in-Chief of the EMPEROR OF CHINA'S forces should have been general of the Jesuits instead. One who knew so well how to obey as he did must have been an excellent Commander; and so loyal an officer would have been just the right man in the right place at the head of IGNATIUS LOYOLA'S army.

The case, however, assumes a different aspect, if we suppose that the Chinese General hanged himself only to save his life from being more gradually extinguished by vivisection, or some other form of torture. In that point of view it will naturally suggest the conclusion that the EMPEROR OF CHINA, like the Czar of RUSSIA and the King of DANOMAY, is one of those barbarians who ought to be improved off the face of the earth.

BEECHER FOR EVER!

Broadway, Wednesday.

WAL, *Punch*, old hoss, and what dy'e think of our bhoys new? Guess they've been and given yar blest Methodoes the go by. Talk about your SPURGIN! Punckinsquash and thunder! See what A reception we've bin givin' to our BEECHER! Jist you have a squint at this here extract from a newspaper, which gives a hull account of the splash we made about him:—

"Our limited space precludes the possibility of giving a detailed description of the decorations, but suffice it to say that the cultivated taste of hundreds of ladies and gentlemen was exercised in adorning the interior of the building. The lecture-room, which has recently been enlarged, was brilliantly illuminated with jets of gas, the pillars on either side were tastefully festooned with evergreens, and suspended at convenient distances from each other were a number of birdcages, containing sweet songsters, whose unceasing melodious strains filled the room with enchanting music."

As ben emblematical of MR. BEECHER'S preaching, I hear that some of these "sweet songsters" were meant to have been doves, but somehow they got pecked to death afore the meetin'. So a mockin' bird or two were brought to take their place, and on one side of the room I seed a "Laughing Jackass." But go ahead, old hoss, with your perusal of the peayper:—

"Ascending from the lecture-room the Sabbath schoolroom is reached, where was presented to view one of the most beautiful spectacles which the eye can behold. The first object that attracts the visitor is a fountain in the centre of the apartment enclosed in a temple constructed of evergreen, each arch of which had inscriptions, such as 'Love,' 'Truth,' 'Faith,' 'Hope,' and similar sentiments. The temple was adorned with rare flowers and birds, whose mellifluous notes made one feel as if he were in fairy land, or roaming through Eden's bowers. Every part of this room was gracefully adorned with evergreens and flowers, and at one end was a large bower festooned with the American flag. A beautiful young lady was its occupant, who disposed of bouquets to the visitors, and it is needless to remark that she met with many purchasers. The air was redolent with the perfume of the choice flowers which were scattered in profusion through the room; the ear was enchanted by sweet strains from a secret company of instrumental musicians; and the occasion furnished an excellent opportunity for the exchange of thought and feeling, which was duly improved at intervals throughout the evening."

Them birds which made you feel that you were "roaming in Eden's bowers," I suppose were birds of Paradise, though I didn't chance to see 'em. But in course I had a squint at the "beautiful young lady," and snakes! she looked so scrumptious that, arter buyin a big booky for to stick in my left buttonhole, I was forced to buy another for to shove into my right one. While makin these here purchases, I tuk good care, of course, to "exchange" some tender "thoughts" and highly amiable "feelings," and I felt it was my duty to "improve the opportunity," by jist giving her a wink as she handed me the flowers, and a-squeezin of her fingers as she handed me my change. But I couldn't spare much time for flummery and flirting, for I seed the bhoys commencing to pitch into the refreshments, and I calculate we Yankeees air all-fired smart at eatin, and soon gobble up a supper when we once begin. There was enough for all, however, and so one didn't want (so much at least as usual) to get one's grub down at a gallop, for fear one

might come short. Perhaps from this next extract you may pictur' to your mind what a blow-out had been bought for us:—

"During the intervals the refreshment saloon was liberally patronised, where tea, coffee, ice-cream, and other delicacies were furnished by an efficient and attentive committee of ladies and gentlemen, who spared no efforts to minister to the comfort of the visitors. Some idea of the quantity of these articles provided for this occasion may be formed when the fact is stated, that our reporter on passing in observed a large waggon-load of ice-cream."

Wal, I'm a whale at ices, and I guess of that are "waggonload" I corn-sumed pretty near upon a barrowload my-self. I swallowed it slick off, tew, without so much as whistlin'; for you see I wished to hear the "grand instrumental concert," which, as the peayper tells you,—

"Was given in the Church by the Germania Band."

You Britishers I guess would have called that band a German one, but our bhoys air everlastin' "smart in fixin" up fine names. And I calculate you Britishers would never have dreamt of giving a concert in a church, at least a concert where such pieces as the following were played:—

"Welcome Home—Grand March"	HELMESMULLER.
Selections from the new opera, <i>Ionæ</i>	PETRELLA.
Arietta in forma di Valse, <i>Il Bacio</i>	ARDITI.
Green Seal Galop (by request)	LUMBYE.
Waltz, First Filtrations	STRAUSS.
Little Darling, Polka tremblant (First time)	HELMESMULLER."

Wal, arter this sublime and most appropriate selection, we had some picturs brought to look at in a thing called a Stare-opticon, which I guess is Greek for peep-show. And then came a heap of spoutin and some more appropriate music, of which, for what I know, the following was the

PROGRAMME: I

Trumpet Solo, "Suoni la tromba intrepida," performed (on his own trumpet) by the Rev. Mr. BEECHER.

Drinking Chorus, "Here's a health to all Good Pastors," Sung by the Congregation. Nigger Melody, "I would I were with BEECHER!" (Sung by a reverend gentleman of colour, assuming the character of a converted Hottentot.)

Buffo Song by the Rev. Mr. B., "Oh, what a fortunate humbug am I!" (Slightly altered from the opera of *Blanche de Nevers*).

General Chorus, "He is a jolly good fellow," Shouted by the Congregation.

Comic Song and Dance, "The Perfect Cure," Rev. H. W. BEECHER.

Convivial Chorus, "We won't go home till Morning," Sung (with brimming teacups in their hands) by the Entire Congregation.

Whether all this here was done I can't exactly say, for I'd swallowed such a heap of ice that I felt kyinder as though a slide had got inside of me: so I skeddaddled away hum, afore the speakin was haaf over, and tuk down six gin-sling and a couple of brandy cocktails, jist by way of a preventive fur to keep myself from freezin'. But the peayper-scraper says that "operatic airs" were played when they'd done spoutin, and when he left "at nearly midnight, the festive scene was still progressing." For anything I know they may be at it still, for them Temperance bhoys air stunnors for a spree when once they're warmed to it. But I can't stop to inquire, for I want to save the post, and jist show you what we've done to glorify the bhoys whom you Britishers tried hard to enub, and silence, but you couldn't.

So I remain, old hoss, yours all'ys,

JONATHAN GOLIAH EBENEZER JONES.

P.S. Why don't your young SPURGIN give a concert in his Tabernacle? If I were he I'd take a leaf from our bhoys BEECHER'S music-book, and hire a German band at times to strike up in his church. A polka now and then would jist wake up the congregation, and, after a long sermon send 'em cheerful to their hums. As an additional attraction, he might have a big drum behind him in his pulpit, and give a bang on it whenever he seed anybody dozin', jist by way of an eye-opener and a delicate reproof.

The Tory Black Horse.

WHEN ARCHBISHOP LAUD was on trial, he was told that if he had not committed one great act of treason, he had perpetrated so many small crimes as, taken together, made him a traitor. "I never knew," said the Archbishop, "that one hundred black rabbits made up a black horse." In the spirit of his Grace's remark, *Punch* wants to ask the Tories (who exult so frightfully over the gain of various isolated elections), how many dozen Andovers, Windsor, and Readings will make a Tory Government? Perhaps they will tell us after the writs for the General Election shall have set the people doing the same sum.

THE ORDER, OF COURSE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S pop-in-law has, we see, jist given him an elephant. So our darling Princess will always have her own ivory at hand, and there will never be another excuse for a Corporation job in the hairbrush line.



SCENE.—A ROADSIDE INN IN A MOORLAND DISTRICT, SCOTLAND.

(THE CAPTAIN AND GAMEKEEPER CALL IN TO HAVE SOME REFRESHMENT.)

LANDLADY (Enters in fear). "Eh, Sir, yer Gun's no loaded is't? for a never would bide in a hoose whaur the wur a Loaded Gun in a' m' life."

CAPTAIN (Composedly). "Oh, we'll soon put that all right—have you got a cork?"

[Exit Landlady and brings a cork, which the Captain carefully sticks in the muzzle of the Gun, and assures her it is all right now—

LANDLADY (Relieved). "Ou, Aye! it's a' right noo, but it was na safe afore, ye ken."

THE BULLS WON'T COME.

A Duet. Sung at Compiègne.

- She.* How vexatious 'tis, my dear, when we've asked all Europe here,
And have everything got ready for a grand set-out,
Now we find our labour lost, and we've thrown away the cost.
- He.* 'Tis excessively annoying, but, my love, don't pout.
- She.* We've sent cards of invitation to our neighbours of each nation,
And the favour of an answer we've received from some;
To accept it they are glad, but the party can't be had;
For, oh what a plaguy reason! that the BULLS won't come.
- Of the others none decline; all have dropped a civil line.
They would have the greatest pleasure to attend, they say,
But, or if, in case, unless; hesitation they express.
- He.* Only wording a refusal in a civil way.
- She.* They'd their compliments present with unanimous consent,
But for those uncourteous Islanders so gruff and glum.
- He.* Who their company deny; and they tell the reason why.
- She.* So our party is put off because the BULLS won't come.
- Who are they to overthrow our plans, I should like to know?
Are they people of such consequence as that comes to?
If they can't come let them stop; stay at home and mind their shop;
I would never make so much of them if I were you.
- He.* People think so much about 'em that we couldn't do without 'em,
And though surly they are sensible, and free from hum;
Grave excuses they advance, for not joining in the dance.
- She.* So our party is postponed because the BULLS won't come!

THE ROYAL "TOBACCO STOPPER."—QUEEN VIC.!

A GOOD WORK IN THE CITY.

In the performance of his duty as Reformer-General, *Punch* has often been compelled to pitch into the City; but *Punch* has nothing but applause for what is thus recorded in the *City Press*:—

"LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.—The Court of Common Council have unanimously agreed to appropriate ground in Victoria Street, and to erect dwellings thereon for the labouring poor, at an estimated cost of £20,000. We share in the hope expressed by Mr. DEPUTY FRY that the generous investment may not prove unprofitable."

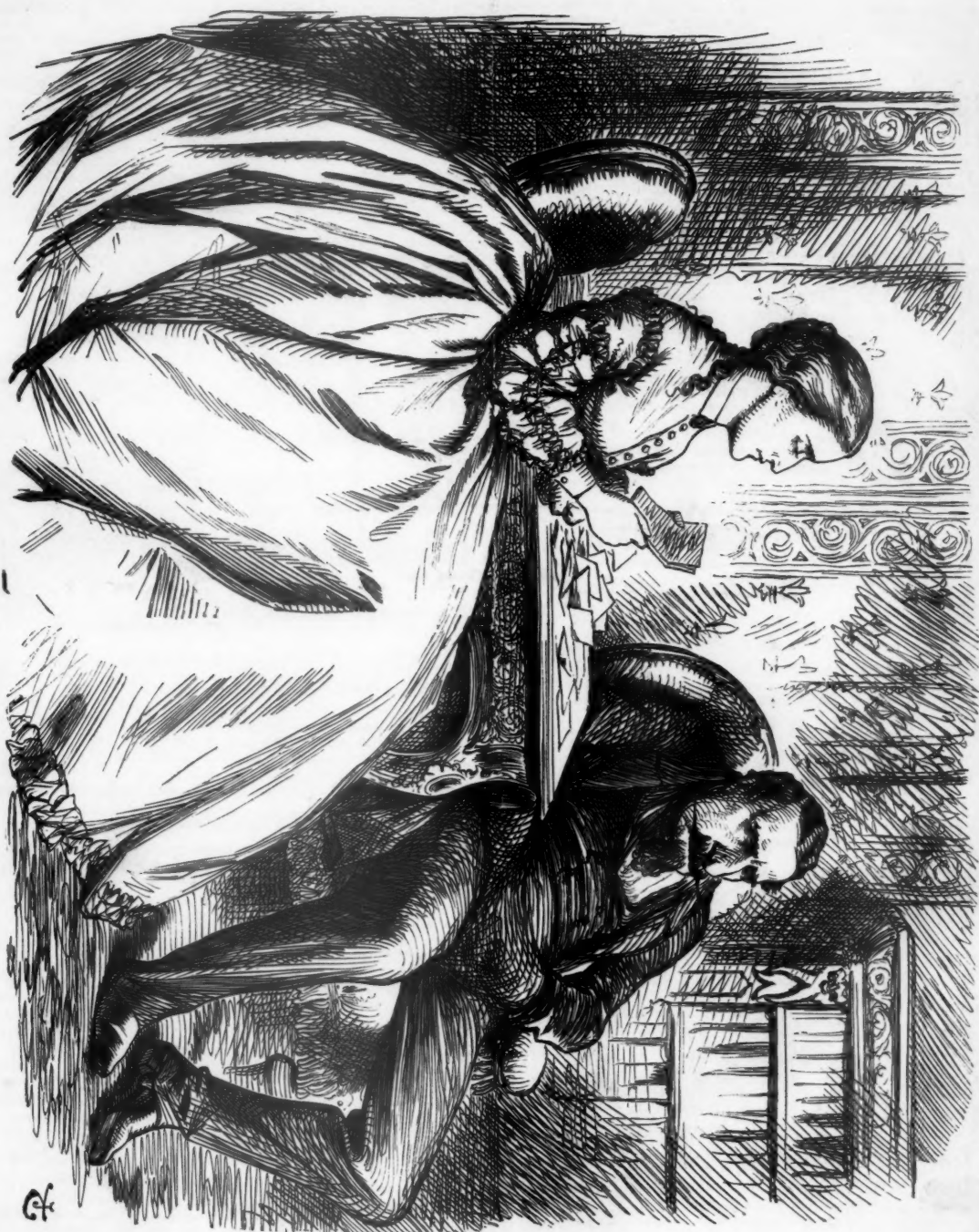
Punch sincerely hopes so too, but whether the investment be a paying one or no, there is very little room to doubt it will be profitable. It surely must turn out to the advantage of the poor, if it be not to the pecuniary profit of the City; and even should the City lose some money by the business, it would more than be repaid by the pat upon the back which *Punch* here gives it. *Punch* therefore wishes all success to the new buildings, and when the house-warming takes place, he will (for pure love of the cause, and for no "love of the turtle") be delighted to attend it.

Frugality in Fashion.

In its announcement of the "Fashions for December," *Le Follet* states that:—

"Small checks are generally preferred for plaid."

By all husbands and fathers we should think they were. If wives and daughters prefer small checks to large for plaid, it must be acknowledged that their taste is admirable. It is to be hoped that they will also prefer plaid to every other material for which larger checks would be required. Paterfamilias will be glad to hear what *Le Follet* also says; that plaid is, at present "extremely in vogue." Regarding milliners' bills in relation to small checks, he will anticipate a satisfactory state of the domestic exchequer.



UNAVOIDABLY POSTPONED.

EUROPE (READING THE ENGLISH NOTE), "THE BULLS DON'T COME, DEAR!"

LOUIS, "H'M!—THEN OF COURSE WE MUST GIVE UP THE PARTY."



1774-1800 POSTHUMOUS

[SPICY BREEZE FROM CEYLON.]

MR. PUNCH's Colonial connections are ramifying so enormously that he is thinking of appointing a Colonial editor. (To prevent disappointment, no GREY, ELLIOTT, or Irishman need apply.) From H.R. MAJESTY's Fifty Colonies he receives an amount of correspondence which he begs hereby to acknowledge, and friends at a distance will please accept this intimation. He is obliged to keep his geographical tap constantly turned on, he can tell you, especially when the Australian mails come in. However, he is equal to the occasion, and has made such proficiency that he is quite confident that Melbourne is not in Tasmania, a point on which he should be sorry to examine a good many Members of Parliament.

Well, talking of Colonies and examinations, a Cingalese friend—(won't he stamp when he reads *this*—we mean a friend in Ceylon) has sent him an extract from a report of the Central School Commission, for that interesting island, over which the spicy breezes blow soft, and where every prospect pleases and only man is vile, according to BISHOP HEBER. This extract purporteth to give some of the answers of the best candidate out of twenty-six who underwent examination in Ceylon. When Mr. Punch recollects the awful problem set for our unoffending Indian fellow-subjects by SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN, to which Mr. Punch adverted the other day, it comes to his mind that he should like to hear a Competition Wallah upon these responses.

"Longitude are lines which divides the earth into several spaces."

We consider this rather a good shot, and would respectfully offer Mr. Cox, of Finsbury five minutes (PINNOCK left alone) to write a better answer.

"Grammar teaches us the art of speaking and reading, and of the proper manner which they undergo."

"Undergo" is not a bad word, because it shows that these poor young fellows in Ceylon feel this persecution of being compelled to submit to the arch-tyrant, L. MURRAY. Their allegiance is decidedly imperfect.

"Peter the hermit" was a pilgrimage and he use to go to the holy city every year to worship since he thought there his prayers would be more certainly accepted."

Very near the mark again, and we request penny-a-liners, who criticise a singer by saying that they were "delighted to hear her eliminate fresh beauties from the favourite air of," &c., not to turn up their phonographic noses.

"Before Bacon the people of England were not so acquainted with the subject, because this was the first man who taught the people how to do it."

"(The above is tendered as a 'short sketch' of the history of Bacon, and is all that is said upon the matter.)"

And quite enough too. All that most English people know concerning BACON is that he lived about the time of ELIZABETH, is thought to have written SHAKESPEARE's plays, and said that knowledge is power, which he never did say. Yes, some folks think he invented a *New Organ*, for which they don't thank him.

"MILTON was a poet who lived in the present century, and who has been very much esteemed by a many people for being an excellent poet."

So he was. Will Mr. MASSON say that he was not an excellent poet? We consider him an uncommonly excellent poet. As for the "present century"—he lives in every century, he was not for an age, but for all centuries.

"In answer to the question 'What changes have recently taken place in the territorial extent of the Austrian Empire?'—one writes, 'The change of seasons and weather has recently taken place in the territorial extent of the Austrian Empire.'"

Quite right. "Monsoons" is only a slip of the pen for "Mossoons," and the writer was evidently aware of the complication of French relations with Austria. The last extract we shall offer is this:—

"A simple historical allusion in a well-known poem by TENNYSON,—where the 'oak' is spoken of—

"Wherein the younger CHARLES abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn."

Is thus explained by one of the very best of the candidates:—

"This allusion is referred to MILTON. He was honoured by England, and he was dear to England as an oak-tree was. He is said to have lived in the reign of young CHARLES in an age when literature had not flourished much. He is said to have sung hymns in the road Roundhead."

We consider this a brilliant and beautiful answer, and one which resembles the celebrated note on SHAKESPEARE, which another annotator, in an ecstasy of admiration, declared had placed his predecessor on a level with the author. We have no doubt that the Ceylon candidate is quite right, and that MR. TENNYSON did mean MILTON. He was notoriously fond of music, therefore might have hummed hymns, and his ill success in the matrimonial line makes it very probable that he could be surly on occasion. We firmly believe that he did live in the reign of Young CHARLES, though it was not Young CHARLES's fault that his living was not rather briefly put an end to. The "Road Roundhead"

gives us pause; but there is a Cromwell Road at Brompton, and we are not to reject an original surmise merely because it is new to us, or what would become of commentators generally?

On the whole we see no reason to be dissatisfied with the progress made by our young friends in Ceylon, and if the following remark, which our correspondent also sends, be applicable to the youth of that island, we know another island (not a thousand miles from any place which is only nine hundred and ninety-nine miles distant), to which the remark would also be applicable, and as the Christmas holidays are coming, parents and guardians will have an opportunity of testing the truth of the allegation.

"The youth of this country, as a rule, have excellent memories. They are able to retain for a short time any amount of multiplex and (to them) almost unintelligible sounds. These they are able to repeat more or less accurately, whenever a corresponding set of familiar sounds, in the form of a question, is employed to awaken the required train of associations."

BOCKUM DOLLES BONNETED.

Oh, BOCKUM DOLLES! all round thy hat,
Now weave a wreath of willow—
That hat which crack-brained Prussia flings
Into the Baltic billow!

Prussia, that round thy sacred tile
Had rallied to maintain
The rights her Ministers held vile,
Her Monarch scorned as vain,

Now flings her rights to the four winds,
Press, Parliament lets go;
To BISMARCK humbly proffers truce
And to the King kotow,

So they'll but hoist to Holstein's sent
Th' Augustenburg outsider.
Win Germany a Port in Kiel,
A Frontier on the Eider!

Alas, the Prussian Eagle proves
A Buzzard after all,
That from the swoop at real game,
Down to the lure doth fall.

A cur, that drops Right's solid beef,
For Teutonism's shadow—
So BISMARCK helps her to the show,
Of substance *lui fait cadeau*;

That hat which seemed the chimney-pot
Of Freedom's fires, to be
Henceforth but an extinguisher
Will ever seem to me!

That hat no more the tile recalls
Freedom's fair roof to crown,
But a loose tile, a tile that falls
On Freedom's head adown.

Insane, for all so slow of wit,
Lo, Prussia crusheth flat
The hopes that had their short-lived roots
In BOCKUM DOLLES his hat.

If head-gear were worth fighting for,
Crowns cracked a crown to get,
I'd back a BOCKUM DOLLES his hat,
Gainst Holstein's coronet.

Prussia that BISMARCK's camel bolts,
Yet strains at Holstein's gnat,
While wrongs which elsewhere come to Head,
With her stop short at Hat!

"By Authority."

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Landport, Nov. 25th, 1863.*

I WANT your authority to vary the orthography of a certain notorious Metropolitan parish. I hope you will allow me in future to call it "Deathknell Green."

I remain, dear Mr. Punch, one of your numerous "Fair" admirers,
JANE BURTON.

CON BY A GREEK BONDHOLDER.

SPELL in five letters, "Bully, Bulk, and Sneak,
Repudiator, Trickster,"—Read it, . . GREEK.

BEECHER AND GREASE.



UDGING between the gushings of unctuous eloquence which welcomed the REV. M. BEECHER home at the meeting of his disciples in Plymouth Church, we may consider the following effusion, from the mouth of the REV. THEODORE GUYLER, to partake somewhat of the character of oil of vitriol:—

"I thank you just as I thank the wives of such men as GRANT and BUTLER and GILMORE, and the whole list of heroic spirits that have left home to go out and do battle for us; for not more clearly has GILMORE done grand service to the Union and to liberty when he made Greek fire at Charleston than Mr. BEECHER had done glorious world-honoured service for the Union, the constitution, and liberty when he sent the Greek fire of truth right into the very heart of Secession across the sea. (*Cheers.*)"

The reverend speaker seems to represent the Greek fire of GENERAL GILMORE as the reduction of MR. BEECHER's preaching to practice. The comparison between BEECHER and GILMORE does not appear to have been deemed odious by the Yankee Methodists—who seem Fire-Worshippers rather. But the uttermost of out-and-out Yankeeisms is MR. GUYLER's paraphrase for England as "Secession across the sea." What a delightful coolness in the implied assertion that England seceded from her American colonies!

LETTER FROM MISS FRANCIS
LYTTLE HUMBBUG.

TO HER COUSIN MISS ELLEN LYTTLE HUMBBUG.

Rose Villa, Nov. 29, 1863.

MY DEAREST ELLEN,

I MUST just drop you a line, though it is rather late; but I have to tell you of the most delightful day I have ever spent in my life, I think. Last Saturday we got a card from the MISS FRICKLES at Toxstock, to say that they were going to show their fashions on Monday, the 9th of November. Fancy my delight and my surprise when Mamma told me, that I should go with her, this year—for the first time in my life! I could not sleep for three nights, I assure you, my dear, for I was actually overcome with hope and joy, and I don't know what. So off we went this morning, Mamma, JULIA, LYDIA, and poor little me.

We went by rail and early in the morning, as we all wanted new bonnets and LYDIA a new cloak. Thus we had the pleasure of seeing arrive all the ladies—nobility, clergy, and gentry. Many of our cousins, of course, but then the more dignified families in the neighbourhood: LADY IRONSTONE, the HON. MRS. FISHMONGER from Redcar, LADY BRASSFOUNTERY, the MISS PARROTT, MISS WILHELMINA JOHNSON, the HON. MRS. SMITH and Miss BROWN, the MISSSES GESE from Elton Hall, &c. I missed Miss PHILLIS SNOBS and her sister, but they have spent a few months abroad, in Paris, &c.: and they, of course, could not get anything from, or at, the MISS FRICKLES. Certainly not! They are very *distinguished* indeed, since they have come back.

You know (of course you know) that *everything* is plaid this year; bonnets, shawls, petticoats, dresses, muffs, cuffs, boots, garters, &c. Even gentlemen are wearing plaid trousers,

isn't it funny, dear. But the dresses for evening and dinner-parties were delightful. I saw a salmon-coloured dress trimmed with green peas, and another flesh-coloured evening or dinner-party dress, trimmed with onions, cauliflower, carrots, and little stalks of celery. Vegetables, grass, straw and hay, are much worn. Caps are still very high, but trimmed with radishes and onions for young married ladies, who sometimes wear caps, and with onions and turnips for dowagers.



Bulrushes are very fashionable for young ladies, and thistles and other weeds for widows.



Mamma bought such a sweet widow's cap for AUNT LIZZIE—poor thing, trimmed with a cypress wreath, two sprigs of weeping willow, thistles, hay, groundsel and other weeds.



All the dresses are worn looped up, a very

becoming fashion for old maids and for those who have a good pair of



Young ladies wear much grass for evening parties, with heath and groundsel, which has a very good effect.



Bonnets, of course, still very high, especially the *Church-bonnets*, which are very pretty this year, trimmed with much *wheat* and *barley*. Strings very wide, and, of course, nothing but "Rob Roy" or "Royal Charlie."



But before I conclude, I must tell you that I saw FLORA MACGREGOR at the FRICKLES. She was, as usual, very affectionate, and all dressed in-tartan.

"How do, my dear FAN," she said. "Oh, so glad to see you. How do you like my tartan cloak? *We*, of course, are almost *obliged* to wear tartan, such a fashion belonging to our family, and then JAMES is so fond of it. Do you know I am going to be married to JAMES MACINTOSH (here she pulled out her little tartan pocket-handkerchief) in Christmas week? Oh, I am so happy, dear!"

Now to tell you, dearest ELLEN, I was never fond of FLORA MACGREGOR, but from to-day I have got such a dislike to her, that I think of hating her! Yes, hate,

dearest, hate! I do not blush in writing this word. And that dry Mr. MACINTOSH—O, I pity him!



But I must tell you that FLORA got two bonnets and another tartan cloak—the MACINTOSH tartan, ugly: with too much green. And *outrous*—FLORA looks like a dairy-maid. But don't tell, dear!

And now, good-bye, my dearest, sweetest ELLEN, write soon to your most affectionate and most faithful cousin and friend,

FRANCES LITTLE HUMBURG.

P.S. I got a very nice book for BOB, whose eleventh birth-day is to-morrow: *The Art of Smoking*, with an appendix, *How to grow luxuriant Whiskers*.

PUT THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE.

A GREAT Western Engine-Driver, and Fireman, were fined last week at the Oxford City Court, for being found drunk and incapable on their engine.

It was an empty Luggage-train, so there were no lives risked. The Magistrates fined each of the men fifteen shillings. Moderate—certainly—considering what a tipsy Engine-Driver might bring a train to.

But listen to the story told by the delinquents.

They admitted the ale and rum. They admitted they were incapable, though they demurred to the word "drunk." They declared in the presence of the Company's officers, and without contradiction, that their day was fourteen hours, and that owing to extra pressure, they had only had seventeen hours sleep the whole of the last week. Now, suppose the empty luggage-train had been a full passenger-train. Suppose, instead of a four hours' detention at the Culham station, a smash or a collision. Suppose any of the horrors supposable, with a fireman lying helpless on the footplate of his engine and a driver little better.

On whom should fall the blame and the punishment? On the men, over-worked, and driven to stimulants as a substitute for sleep or a support under exhaustion, or on the managers of the Company, who thus over-work, or, in other words, under-pay their servants? for that is the English of it.

A good deal in the way of railway reform was expected by SIDNEY SMITH from burning a Bishop—marked, if minor good consequences have been anticipated by Mr. *Punch* himself, from occasionally smashing a Director. But useful, though perhaps still less brilliant results, might follow from fining a Traffic Manager, in such cases as this Oxford one, always taking care to fix the fine at an amount rather more than equivalent to fair wages for the over-work of the exhausted railway servants, who succumb whether to the sleep they have been robbed of, or the strong drink they take in lieu of it.

THE RELATIONS OF BLACK AND WHITE.

At the Anthropological Society's meeting recently a paper was read on the subject of the Negro's place in Nature; its argument, which seemed generally accepted by the philosophers present, tending to place him a little above the monkeys and very much below white men. In proof that too much importance is not to be attached to the structural analogies between SAMBO and JOCKO, the *Morning Post* observes that:—

"Our most eminent comparative anatomist, it is well known, once classed as an indubitable specimen of the negro type of skull, the cranium of a Scotch sergeant who was killed at Waterloo."

Yes; but may not that Scotch sergeant have been a Sergeant BLACKIE?

THE DOOM OF TOOTING COMMON.

CONSIDERING by whom it was said that "a grove of chimneys is better than a grove of trees," the demolition of Thrane House and the erection, on and about its site in Streatham Park, of a crowd of stuccoed villas, must be regarded by the unprejudiced and thinking mind as homage and not disrespect to the memory of DR. JOHNSON. The shade of the great moralist and lexicographer may be supposed to accept the smoke arising from those habitations as so much incense. Tooting adjoins Streatham, and the Philosopher of Fleet Street, seated with the other spirits of the wise in the clouds, will rejoice in the probability that their surrounding fumes will soon be thickened by contributions from Tooting Common, denser, and more sulphurous than those which at present ascend from the wood-fires of the gipsies encamped there. The most strenuous efforts are being made to accomplish the enclosure and appropriation of that unprofitable wild, which now pays no rent to anybody, and exhales but little smoke, and not much else at any time but the scent of furze-bloom and other flowers in spring.

Some idea of the uselessness of Tooting Common may be derived from the following description of it, for which we are indebted to our contemporary the *Express*:—

"At all seasons it is beautiful, when the grand old elms are budding in spring and the gorse is golden-blossomed, when the rich foliage of summer casts a cool shade upon the grass, and the eye is charmed by the brown tints of autumn. The gipsies lying before their tents, the bird-catchers laying their snares, the artists painting in the open air, and the fair school-girls learning to sketch from nature, give piquancy to the scene."

Thus Tooting Common is simply ornamental, and of no more use than Hampstead Heath, or Hyde Park, or Kensington Gardens, where seedy overworked people go to idle about for recreation and refreshment, which they ought to be able to afford to seek by going as often as they need some miles into the country by railway, or spending several months of the year at the sea-side.

All who have a proper contempt for the common people, for their pleasures and enjoyments, and for the privileges which they have possessed from time immemorial, but should, for the aggrandisement of individuals, have been deprived of long ago, will be gratified by the information that an "Enclosure Commissioner," has been holding an inquiry in the village of Tooting, and taking evidence in favour of the abolition of the Common. That evidence has been afforded in overwhelming abundance, by a few little shopkeepers at Tooting, whose interests happily coincide with those of the lord of the soil, bought subject to those rights of common of which he now confidently expects to be enabled to dispossess the local and general public by means of an Act of Parliament. The claims of this worthy to legislation for his particular benefit are thus set forth by the contemporary above-quoted, who seems to question them!—

"This is not a case in which patrimonial rights give any claim to enclosure. It is not disputed that the property was purchased a very few years ago, with full knowledge of the public claims upon it, as, indeed, the merely nominal price which was paid for it fully testifies. If Parliament should now give its sanction to the scheme for building on this beautiful common, Parliament will simply give the proprietor power to make a profit of 1,000 or 1,500 per cent. upon his investment, at the cost of depriving the public of a right which they have always had, but which they will never be able to recover if they once allow it to be wrested from them."

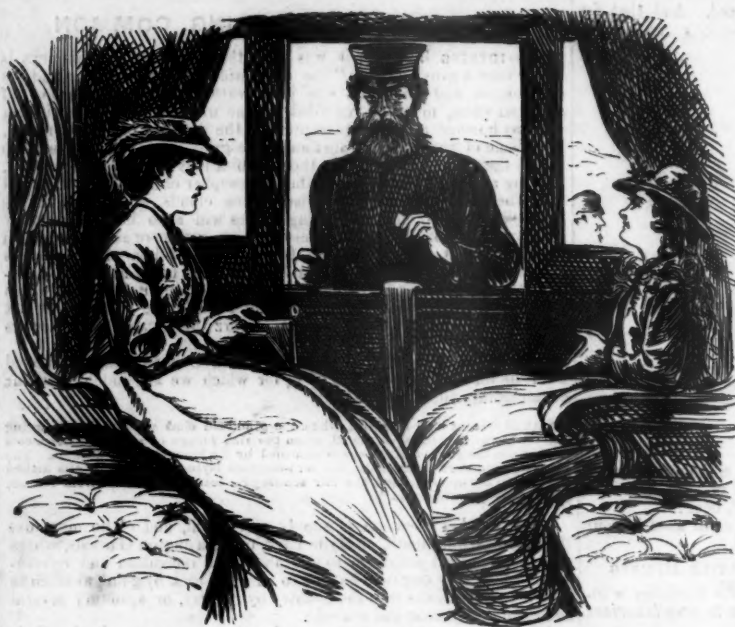
Parliament will doubtless rejoice in passing the beneficent Act that will transfer all the advantage, mostly sentimental, which Tooting Common affords the mere public, in the concentrated form of 1,500 per cent. profit, to one person. That Legislature which has sanctioned the enclosures that are substituting groves of chimneys for groves of trees in Epping and Hainault Forests, will surely be too happy to decree the enclosure of Tooting Common. For the sake of the individual who will be aggrandised thereby, it is to be hoped that nobody who may be interested in the preservation of the Common has sufficient influence in the House of Commons to secure the monopoly of that picturesque little waste to the contemptible public.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Who's the right King for Greece, when she refuses
To pay her debts, and when she's dunned, abuses?
Not GEORGE, (though in a *do* that Saint was Actor*
As a large Cappadocian Bacon-factor);
Not Turkish Pasha—OMAR, AHMET, ALI—
Nor Hellene patriot—CANARIS, XENOS, RALLI—
To the Greek throne, set free from bonds accurst,
Raise JEREMY DIDDLEBUSH THE FIRST!

* See "GIBSON."

ADVANTAGES OF SMOKING TOBACCO!—We have often heard it stated that a Pipe assists one much in arriving at a correct solution of a difficult problem. This arises no doubt from its giving one a Bird's-eye view of the whole question.



A FACT.

GUARD (Taking half-price ticket). "Surely, Miss, that Young Lady is over ten; are you not, Miss?"

DIGNIFIED LITTLE ONE. "Pray, are you not aware, Guard, that it is extremely rude to ask a Lady her age?"

HOOP-LA!

CRINOLINE.—The PATENT ONDINA, or Waved Jupon, does away with the unsightly results of the ordinary hoops, and so perfect are the wavelike bands, that a lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, throw herself into an arm-chair, pass to her stall at the Opera, or occupy a fourth seat in a carriage, without inconvenience to herself or others, or provoking the rude remarks of the observers, besides removing or modifying in an important degree all those peculiarities tending to destroy the modesty of English women; and, lastly, it allows the dress to fall into graceful folds. Price, &c. Illustrations free.

"Illustrations free!" they would also have been welcome. How would the "wavelike" (beautiful but mysterious epithet!) bands have been represented? Probably as accommodating themselves to the creases—the water-creases of a watered silk gown. She may go up a steep stair without "provoking the rude remarks" of the gentlemen who may be following; an abusive custom, which as we gather from the advertisement, any three occupants of a carriage adopt directly a lady takes the fourth seat, and which, it appears, is equally the fashion with those *habitués* of the Opera, before whom the unfortunate wearer of Crinoline is compelled to pass, on the way to her stall. If the *Jupon* will put a stop to such rudeness, *par Jupon* let our wives, and daughters and their sons' wives and daughters to a woman, patronise the Patent Ondina. On second thoughts, as the Patent Ondina is only a lesser nuisance than the nuisance it simply professes to diminish, let us get rid of this as well. Then will a lady be able to walk up the highest of stairs free from the lowest glances, and lean against a table, throw herself away if she pleases, or in fact do whatever she likes without inconveniencing herself or, what is more important, anybody else; and any lady, being herself in this matter free from fault, will not uncharitably attempt to punish our shins.

"A GENTLE ANSWER, JEW."

WE read in the Austrian leading journal:—

"A deputation from the Jews of Presburg was last week received by the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, to present to his Majesty a couple of geese, as usual at Martinmas from their innumerable."

So far the *Vienna Court Circular*. By a private note from a lady of the Court, we hear that the EMPEROR facetiously remarked that as birds, the presents were welcome, but as likenesses, superfluous, he having already got photographs of his tiresome friends, the Pretenders to Holstein and to Naples.

TO E. T. SMITH.

LISTEN, MR. E. T. SMITH,
Is this ASTLEY's tale a myth?
Do you mean the proper thing?
Will you give us back our Ring?
Sawdust, horses, ponies, Clown,
That one straw that throws him down,
And the Master whom he begs
Not to slash him on the legs,
For he's eager to declare
What he said about the Bear:
Garters, garlands, and balloons,
Fiddlers playing rapid tunes,
Pretty girls with wreaths and whips,
On the coursers doing Trips,
Reckless Riders from the Prairies,
Little pet equestrian fairies:
Elephants, upon their heads,
Monkeys trained to make the beds,
And that wealth of riddle wit
Every joke a certain hit;
(All that DION took away:
Giving us the weakest play)
Will you, MR. SMITH, restore
What we loved in days of yore?
Then Great PUNCH will condescend
To come forth your staunchest friend,
And your rival, by such means,
SMITH, you, 'll knock to Smithereens.

A Cheap Material for Public Buildings.

THE people of Plymouth are desirous of building a new Guildhall, the present one being much too small—a site can be had near St. Andrew's Church, but the difficulty is the want of Funds; this, however, might be overcome, we think, if the advice of one of the Town-Councillors were taken, viz., to build it out of the sound of the Church Bells.

GAME OF FOOTBALL.

DEAR PUNCH,

West Shynnington, Dec. 5, 1863.

OUR Football Committee has just met, and hastily thrown together the following rules, which we feel require but to be known to be at once adopted. We shall be happy to coalesce with any one on the subject. Subscriptions will be received at Mr. Punch's Office, or by

Yours as ever, T. O. KICKENNY,
S. QUASHER,
E. O'MAWLEY.

RULES.

1. The ball may never be kicked when more than six feet from the ground, any player repeating the offence must leave the game.
2. If any player make a dent in another's leg by hacking, it may be considered a h'accident.
3. No plain kick may be made except by a dab, who must look well to his soles and heels.
4. If a player is at sea he may take a punt kick; drop kicks are best suited to members of a hydropathic establishment on a wet day.
5. To toe the ball a rope is not generally necessary.
6. A Police Magistrate should be in attendance to dispose of all charges made by the players.
7. Free kicks are distributed gratis.

Hints to Young Players.

If you lose your wind, remember that the ball is blown as well as yourself.

To run up the ball, we recommend climbing irons.

Be careful not to tear your shirt, for it will not avail you that you are sewn up yourself, and have a stitch in your side.

Singular Phenomenon.

A BANK Director has favoured us with the curious information, that on that very Thursday, when the gale was putting such an awful pressure on the Royal Exchange Anemometer, people were running about the adjacent Bank of England, furiously declaring that there was a raising the wind. He says things were at sixes and sevens, but our own bill-broker says sevens and eights. Whichever statement is correct, the fact is full of interest.



A FACT.

"Only a A-pen-y, Marm, just towards a new set o' Night Shirts, Marm."

SOLOMONS IN SAWNIELAND.

THE *Saturday Review*, the other day, endeavoured to extend its Scottish circulation by inserting an abusive article on Scotland, declaring that, in Scotland, there is no such thing as Mind; that the intellect of Scotchmen is utterly extinct; that in Parliament the Scotch are the feeblest of debaters, and in like degree are imbecile in their efforts at the desk, and that neither in the Courts, the Schools of Medicine, nor the Pulpit, has anything like talent by the Scotch been lately shown.

Now everybody knows that if you pitch into a man in print, his friends are sure to buy the paper; and so we have no doubt this savage article on Scotland has obtained from friends of Scotland a large increase of buyers for the *Saturday Review*. Of course we would not, for one moment, desire to be thought capable of echoing the sentiments which are above recorded; but that there are great Phools among the Scotch, as well as great philosophers, we think a story which has reached us through the *Scotsman* newspaper will amply serve to show. From this statement it appears that the churchgoers of Duthul have made some rather curious objections to a clergyman, who had recently the honour of preferment to their pulpit, and was objected to before the presbytery of Abernethy, who lunched, we may suppose, upon the biscuits of that name. According to the *Scotsman*, his unfitness for the office was thus logically proved:—

"One objector saw him enter the Church, and thought his walk was too slow, while his conversation after entering was such as bore ample evidence to his weakness. Another said his eyes were sunk in his head. Medical evidence was adduced as to the appearance of his nails, his teeth, his gums, and the length of his fingers; and the agent for the objectors stated in his concluding address that the presbytery was upwards of six feet high, and the proportion of weight to height was only a stone per foot."

Were the kirk at Duthul, what is called a "Ladies' Church," where piety in petticoats chiefly pays the pew-rents, there might be some good reason in making

these objections. Personal appearance is of value in parsons, for ladies like a handsome man to look at in the pulpit, and a couple of fine eyes, or a pair of handsome whiskers, may often help a clergyman in bringing people to his church. But the Scotch, we should have thought, were far too practical and pious to pay heed to such mere vanities as personal good-looks; and, in their judgment of a preacher, we should have fancied they would look more to the powers of his mind than the proportions of his body. Loftiness of intellect they fairly might demand in him, but we can see no fair objection to mere loftiness of person. Nor, though his preaching might be justly required to carry weight, can we allow them to be justified in sending him to Scule, merely for the purpose of objecting to his levity; and while the shortness of his sermons might—with Scotch hearers, at least—be a fair ground for complaint, there can surely be small justice in finding any fault with the mere length of his fingers. To a pet parson white teeth and filbert-nails might be of service, in aiding him to make a good impression on his hearers; but when we find a parcel of Scotchmen bringing evidence about their pastor's teeth and nails, we must presume they do so from the thought that as they want him to battle tooth and nail against the "muckle black deil," the condition of his nails and teeth is somewhat of importance to them.

STARTLING THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE had always considered MR. CHARLES MATHEWS the Timid Englishman as an "Eccentric" Actor. But we were scarcely prepared for the following announcement in the *Times*:—

"THE CLAYDON ECCENTRICITIES.—MR. C. MATHEWS, one of the monks of the 'Order of St. Benedict,' set on foot by 'Brother IGNATIUS,' has been received into the Roman Catholic Church at the Broughton Oratory. MR. MATHEWS was known in the Order of St. Benedict as 'Brother Patrick.'"

Ah! how little do we know of the workings of the human mind, judging externally! Who would have thought while splitting their sides at the Haymarket within the last few weeks, that the light touch-and-go Comedian was wearing a hair-shirt during the performance and flogging himself with a heavy discipline between the Acts and the shoulders. Superficial folks would have thought that he belonged rather to the order of the Theatre than that of St. Benedict.

Brother IGNATIUS will, we suppose, give a Mourning Performance in testimony of the worth of his separated and eccentric confrère. Mark, however, the cunning of humility with which MR. C. MATHEWS has hitherto hid his austerities from the world. Few, personally unacquainted with this versatile gentleman, could recognise the man under the temporary mask of *Plumper*, *Sir Charles Coldstream*, or *The Greek Chorus*; who therefore would ever arrive at the astounding fact of MR. C. MATHEWS and Brother Patrick being one and the same person. The little game has been managed very neatly, and perhaps it is on account of this dexterity, that the distinguished convert allowed himself to be called in the first instance Brother Pat-trick.

SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.

SOME interest will have been created by the paragraph subjoined, from the *Inverness Advertiser*:—

"GOOD SPORT.—In Athol Forest, the other day, SIR ALEXANDER P. G. CUMMING BART., of Altyre, killed two stags with a double-barrelled breech-loading fowling-piece, right and left. He loaded again, and brought down in a similar way two more. He again loaded, and killed a fifth."

"See, see!" as his Gloucestershire Worship says, "he shot a fine shoot," did SIR ALEXANDER P. G. CUMMING BART., of Altyre, if it cannot also be said, with the immortal Justice, that "he drew a good bow." But may not that, too, be likewise affirmed, in a sense? To be sure, it was with a gun that the Scottish Baronet felled the stags right and left, two after two, and those four down another came on. But how about certain toads in the conglomerate of which we heard some time ago from somebody of Altyre? Does SIR A. P. G. CUMMING know who that was, and whether any of those toads have been preserved? If they have not, the archery of the gentleman who described them will be probably considered as wonderful as the marksmanship of SIR A. P. G. CUMMING.

THE FETTERS AND THE FLEECE.



S a rule, an exhibition of specimens of the inferior creation is regarded as instructive. The monkeys at the Zoological are not models, in any respect, but we all go to see them, Sundays and workdays and all. And it may not be amiss that we should occasionally see Pictures of the French Drawn by Themselves. M. SCRIBE drew one of these pictures in a comedy called *A Chain*, which MR. LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM has "adapted" for the Haymarket Theatre, and called *Silken Fetters*. Mr. Punch perceived that it was harmless, for reasons stated hereafter, and therefore has not interfered with a run now over for the present. Subject to what we are going to say, MR. BUCKINGHAM has done his

work very cleverly. He has condensed the French talk into extremely neat English, preserved the striking situations and contrivances of the author, and shown his own ingenuity by a bold device for getting rid of the immorality, in which he has entirely failed, as was inevitable. You might as well hope to remove the flavour of garlic from a Spanish dish. We have, however, one crow to pluck with him; and it is a crow as big as an ostrich. If he had a cage of gorillas to exhibit, we are sure that he would be too conscientious a naturalist not to label them as gorillas. He would not put them into trousers and crinoline, and say they were Irish people. Then why has he called M. SCRIBE's monkeys by English names, and transferred the scene of their antics to this country. Such creatures and such feats would simply be impossible here. M. SCRIBE keeps them in the right place.

For, see here. A great English lady, wife of an English Earl, who is a gallant and distinguished sailor, and also a politician of note, hears that her husband has been drowned. She falls in love with a young concert-singer, and marries him clandestinely. On their return from church they hear that the Earl has not been drowned, and is coming home. They separate on the instant. But they meet in society, and the Earl, who is a splendid fellow, takes a strong liking to the concert-singer, whom the lady's influence has raised into a great literary position (mind that, young singers, and please the ladies, and you may come to write in *Punch* some day), and insists on his being invited to the house, plans a capital marriage for him, and is his generous benefactor. The young man appreciates this kindness, and, having discovered that he never really loved the lady, and that he very much loves a pretty little cousin—the girl the Earl destined for him—is most anxious to break off with the Countess. Break off what? asks an astonished reader. Why, the secret of the futile marriage is well kept, but the Countess goes on loving the artist with intrusive intensity, hates her brave husband, and speculates on the chances of his death, talks love to the young man whenever she can get a hearing (though the Earl is walking about the house at the time) tries to break the match with the cousin, and finally wants the artist to elope with her. She is beaten out of the field only by the most convincing proof that the young man detests his Silken Fetters. So she goes to sea with the deluded Earl, and we hope she will be awfully sea-sick, and have serious talk with the chaplain on board.

That is the French lady whom MR. BUCKINGHAM has called by an English name. The purpose of the stage being, according to WILLIAM D. STRATFORD, "to show Vice her own image," the drama is purposeless, because in England we have no such types of Vice who can come to the Haymarket and be improved. French Vice, however, if M. SCRIBE be trustworthy, is abundantly exemplified in this comedy. On the above-stated zoological precedent, there is no objection to such an exhibition, and as the good taste as well as the morals of everybody in the house set the audience from the beginning to the end dead against the obtrusively immoral woman, and make them hope she will be blown overboard, that the brave Earl may be free to marry an honest lady, the piece can do no harm. We are glad to say that MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS, though she takes immense pains with the part, cannot enlist our sympathies for LADY WINDERMERE, and our admiration is strictly limited to her careful efforts and her faultless costume. The most difficult and unthankful part we have, perhaps, ever seen, is allotted to MR. WILLIAM FARREN, who, as the artist, is in a false position through the whole play. The audience can never be with him, and MR. FARREN shows no little artistic talent in working up such

material. He shows all the manliness and self-respect which his authors will allow him, and fights determinately with the continuous difficulty of maintaining a gentleman's bearing amid the most compromising situations. Ungrateful as the part is, it has demonstrated the actor's great ability. MR. MATHEWS, as an impossible attorney, has a part which seems to be good, but of which neither he nor anybody else can make much. MR. WRIGHT, at the Adelphi, turned it into broad farce, but even so we remember it as a failure. MISS MARIA HARRIS will be a charming little actress, one of these days, if people will only let her alone, and not teach her conventionalities.

Mr. Punch's best thanks to MR. BUCKSTONE, MR. MATHEWS, and everybody who had a hand in reviving MR. PLANCHÉ's admirable burlesque, the *Golden Fleece*. It acts as freshly as ever, because its fun does not depend upon allusions to topics of the day, and because its wit is unforced, and its humour true. The jokes, good ones, ring out as of old, and there are epigrammatic lines which are better than jokes. And we never saw MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS to so much advantage. She laid hold of the character of *Medea*—no, she has clutched it in a vice, and holds it as a discounting attorney holds an overdue bill. She is something more than tremendous in it—a tigress in a fever were a purring kitten compared to *Medea* when she has worked herself up to a complete sense of her wrongs.

It is worth while going to the theatre to hear the "No" which answers MR. CHARLES MATHEWS's hope that she won't stand *Jason's* conduct; and the two furious songs, especially the second—that capital exit with the white arms waving, must be something like the sounds and sight which greeted *Orpheus*, when the Bacchantes were coming down to return him to *Hades* by instalments. Let us add that her Grecian garments are charming, and ought to make women in crinoline think what they might benefit if they would. MR. MATHEWS's chorus is a Greek-Anglican institution; and MR. COMPTON, as the two Greek Kings, makes us glad that we kept him, instead of sending him to Athens as HENRY THE FIRST. MISS LOUISA KEENE is a very dainty *Jason*, and it is a comfort to hear her fresh young voice in the music she gives so spiritedly. The two show scenes are excellently mounted, but the *Fleece*, though Golden, does not depend on glitter.

MR. MATHEWS is like *Cerberus*, three gentlemen at once, or at least in one evening. He finishes with the inimitable effrontery of *Plumper*, in MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD's farce of *Cool as a Cucumber*.

LIMITED LIABILITY.

The following paragraph, from an ecclesiastical paper, calls for a little explanation:—

"At the monthly Meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge on Tuesday, the Rev. C. LANE in the Chair, the motion, 'That it is desirable that a version in Latin of the Book of Common Prayer be put forth by the Society, and that the Standing Committee be requested to take steps for that purpose,' was carried."

Firstly, why is Christian knowledge to be promoted on Tuesdays only?

Secondly, What is the difference between a Latin Prayer-book and a Missal?

Thirdly, As the Committee is standing, it can easily take steps, but what is the "first position" for the purpose required?

That is Mr. Punch's fun. Now that he may not be supposed to be unaware of the good sense of the arrangement recorded in such queer English (may the Latin be better), he begs to say that he knows the object of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge on Tuesday. It is that all Roman Catholics, and especially Roman Catholic priests, may be able to read our prayer-book, and so discover that we are not exactly the atheistic wretches we are supposed to be. The move is a sensible one, and worthy of educated gentlemen like the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge on Tuesdays, and we wish them success, "Fridays, Saturdays, and all," as a Divine of the name of WILLIAMS has remarked.



CLEVER CRITICISM.



our brains refuse to realise, and we should as soon expect to hear of a lady who was thought to be short-sighted in her nose, or was said to have a deafened brilliance in her eyes.

ONE of the critics, speaking of Miss BATEMAN, the Miss O'NEIL that is to be, says—

"Her voice is a simple, natural, unsophisticated voice, with just so much of veiled asperity about it as indicates to the experienced ear that it is of that robust nature that will bear the strain of expressing the true tones of deep or violent emotion, and will never need to disguise its essential weakness and poverty of resource in conventional ranting or whining."

"The epithet 'unsophisticated' is quite sufficiently perplexing when applied to a voice, for according to Dr. JOHNSON, it means rightly 'not adulterated,' and although adulteration is common enough nowadays, one is puzzled to conjecture in what manner it could be adapted to the voice. Still more puzzling, however, is the statement that Miss BATEMAN has some 'veiled asperity' about her voice, and we have chewed off quite two inches of our porcupine quill penholder in our attempt to form a guess as to what this phrase can mean. The bare notion of veiling as applied to the voice appears to us a something that

SMART THINGS IN THE *ATHENÆUM*.

THE *Athenæum* has lately been making some attempts at criticism in the style of the *Saturday Review*, with the meritorious industry of a provincial actor trying to play *Dundreary*.

About an engraving of the late FRANK STONE's picture, *Bon Jour, Messieurs!* the *Athenæum* is kind enough to make the remark that:

"This is infinitely the best of the artist's works,—some will say the only genuine picture he has produced—certainly it is the only one that is likely to be accepted by posterity."

Has anybody been unduly extolling the works of FRANK STONE? A gratuitous sneer at a deceased artist cannot be imputed to the *Athenæum*. The design to vex a ghost would argue a belief in spiritualism. To this, however, the *Athenæum* may be coming round. Besides the foregoing prediction relative to posterity, its last Number but one contains an account of Mr. J. MANNING's optical ghosts; thus concluding:—

"The experiment is very strange and startling, but reasonable after all must beat the conjurers. We undertake that Mr. MANNING and his fellow opticians will drive the Hoxes and Foxes quite out of the field."

Does the *Athenæum*, then, believe that any wonderful appearances at all are really visible at the séances of Home and other Mediums? Does it believe that Mr. HOME, who says that he floated in the air, ever actually appeared to do so to anybody in his senses? The admission of the apparent facts of Spiritualism, even as conjuring tricks, is a slight deviation from that philosophical incredulity which has ever distinguished the *Athenæum*.

Q. WHY is the PRINCE OF WALES essentially a protector of the ladies?

A. Because he is *Le Prince de Galles*. (Gals!)

THE YANKEE HERCULES.

A POPULAR American paper, bragging with the most ludicrous extravagance, of the irresistible ordnance and impregnable ship-armour of the Yankees, boasts that:—

"Pulaski and Sumter are battered down off land, and our Monitors shed shot as a duck sheds rain."

A goose sheds rain no less than a duck, as the author of the foregoing comparison might have remembered. He cackles on thus:—

"To take Gibraltar would be child's play to the army and Navy which have taken Vicksburg. Our first move is a war with England would be to anchor a Dunderberg opposite to London, and proclaim our ultimatum of Greek fire or unconditional surrender."

The first move which the countrymen of this braggart, whether Irish of the baser sort, or Yankees, made in the war with the Southern Confederacy, was a retrograde stampede. In that war which the malignant snobs who write the most of their newspapers are ever anticipating with JOHN BULL, their first move would probably resemble the movement which they executed at Bull Run. They would be more likely to skedaddle on the first opportunity than to anchor a Dunderberg opposite to London at any but a safe distance for London and for the Dunderberg.

There is, however, some truth in what follows:—

"We have won for ourselves the title of the Hercules of nations. We are cleaning our own Augean stables at present, but we shall be ready for those of the other Continent when our services are required."

Those who are above referred to in the first person plural, are doubtless ready for any dirty work. But of all the feats of Hercules there is only one which they can be said to emulate in any manner. Amongst all the Yankee snake-stories there is not even a myth, to pretend that the American Hercules strangled any Copperheads or other serpents in his cradle. He has not yet destroyed anything like the Nemæan Lion, much and often as he has menaced the British; neither has he hitherto performed any such exploit as the capture of the Cretan Bull, or any other bull, for all his tall talk about punishing a certain other "Bull at his door." But it is too true that those who call themselves the Hercules of nations are doing something that has some analogy to cleaning the Augean stables, and also that they diverted the course of a

river; though not for the purpose of drainage, but that of devastation. Yes; they are making a stir which has at all events the effect of an attempt to clean out their own Augean stables.

Phew!

A NEW ORDER OF VALOUR WANTED.

At what is known to lawyers as a "Sitting in Error" which took place the other morning in the Exchequer Chamber, the following conversation is said (we quote the *Times* report) to have occurred:—

"MR. MELLISH said bankruptcy was not now a crime."

"THE CHIEF BARON. That is gone; it is no longer a crime."

"MR. BARON BRAMWELL. It is rather a merit."

If it is really be the case (and we have a Judge's word for it) we think that some new mark of merit should forthwith be established to reward the men who nobly have been whitewashed in our Courts. An Order of Trade Valour, for example, might be instituted, and heroes who had proved their merit by a bankruptcy, might be decorated fitly with a Basinghall Street Cross. In cases where a man had braved, we will not say the terrors—for there are none—of the law, by fraudulently hiding a large portion of his goods, an extra medal might be given to reward his splendid courage, and his name might be enrolled among the very bravest of the bankrupt brave. A Ribbon of Insolvency might also be provided, for traders less unscrupulous than bankrupts in their failures, or less lucky in achieving a safe passage through the Court.

Of course we are aware that all men have their failings; but the failings of our tradesmen have thanks to our "amended" laws, of late become so numerous, that we really think some public notice should be taken of them, and we are glad of any chance that helps to drag them into print. If the Order of Trade Valour which we speak of be established, we would suggest that every bankrupt should be forced to wear his order conspicuously upon him, and have the date when he obtained it placarded largely in his shop. This would be doing something for the credit of the country, which assuredly must suffer if something be not done.

THE BEST AND JOLLIEST "JUVENILE PARTY."—LORD PAM.



"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS."

CABMAN (To Heavy Party). "Umblly beg yer pardon, Sir; but will you Trim the Cab a bit, Sir. You're a little too 'eavy for one spring, Sir."

EUROPA AND THE BULL.

OLD KING AGENOR's flocks and herds were large, in sooth, and fair,
No end of fleecy multitude, the gentle shepherd's care,
And cattle, long-horned, short-horned, runts, sire bull and mother cow,
And ox about to furnish beef; meanwhile to tug the plough.

Well off no less was he for bristly tenants of the styte,
That craved their wash and barley-meal with never ceasing cry,
With grunts and squeaks importunate, innumerable swine
Contended with the blatant calves, baa-lambs, and lowing kine.

One bull there was, the nonpareil of all AGENOR's stock,
The marvel of Phœnician swains who wore the rural frock,
A snowy bull, a prize bull, such a sweetly pretty thing,
It charmed the maid EUROPA, the fair daughter of the King.

She patted and made much of it; she fed it every day
Herself, with oilcake, cabbage, mangold wurzel, clover, hay,
Its horns with garlands did entwine, its tail with roses deck,
And pink and light blue ribbons tie around its burly neck.

Stretched, many a sunny summer's day beneath the linden's shade,
Its sides a couch afforded the reclining royal maid,
And when her arm its shoulder pressed, the Bull its head would put
About with eyes upturned, and kiss her tiny little foot.

A sudden thought EUROPA struck; 'twas strange and fanciful
That she should so much like to try a canter on the Bull.
She bounded on the creature's back without a guiding rein,
And suffered this unbridled Bull to bear her o'er the plain.

The Bull first gently jogged along; beginning to pursue
A faster course it galloped soon, and then like winking flew,
O'er hill and valley, wood and stream; no steed was e'er so fleet;
Swam slap across the Mid-world Sea, and landed her in Crete.

A ZOICAL ZOOPERVLOOITY.

FROM the York Hotel, Margate, under the neam o' G. B., a feller writes a letter to the *Times* on "Poor Parsons," wherein you will find these here words:—

"I shall, perhaps, be told that the Protestant clergyman is a married man, and that he cannot keep a wife and family on £150, nor, perhaps on £300 a-year.

"To this I answer that no man ought to marry unless he can support a wife and family, and that if he does so he must take the consequences. A man with £150 a-year has no more right to have a wife and family than he has to keep a carriage and four, or a pack of hounds. If he violates the rules of prudence and arithmetic, he does not deserve much compassion."

I say, Mr. Punch, what d'ye think o' zum o' my neabours in zmock vrooms and cardroy britches as manidges to bring up wives an vamiles upon zome twelve shilluns a week? If that's to be done anyhow, how much moor wi a hundred and vifty pound a-year? I 'grees wi G. B. that if a chap chooses to marry on that are inkum a must take the consequences. Which be they? Plain lodgun, plain livan, and plain cloze, I take it. There's no rason as I zee why a feller shouldn't take these here consequences 'cept pride and vanaty. They, to be sure, 'oodn't let un wear cardroy britches.

I grant a needs dree or vour thousand a-year or moor vor un to marry and live up to the times in these here days o' Crinoline. No doubt a med as well think o' keepun a carridge and vour, or a pack o' hounds as o' marryun are a one o' them charmun creeturs whose whole soul's obsarbed in holdun up their pettiqonats to show their heels, like they do in that are geam o' croaky. In pint o' vact if a wus to marry one o' they, I reckon he'd best be yeable to keep a carridge too; 'oodn't ha' much pace else I vancy.

Meantime here's success to them as endeavours to 'bate the Zoshal Avul, which they be preshus like to do whilst it goes for a rule amongst the better orders that a man han't got no more right to marry on 150*l.* a-year than a got to keep a pack o' voxounds or a quoach. I be a small varmer, Zur, and

Yur 'bagiunt zarvunt,

Oldbury, Dec. 1863.

SIMON HOMEGREEN.

GILDING THE IRON WAYS.—The Charing-Cross Railway is computed to have cost £1000 a yard. If London streets are not paved with gold, London railways are.

The mighty JUPITER was hid within this one Bull's hide;
EUROPA on another Bull now takes another ride;
A quiet and a steady Bull behold her seated on;
No JUPITER, no heathen Bull; his Christian name is JOHN.

EUROPA heard a summons, which before she would obey,
She looked which way the Bull went and resolved to go that way.
Her presence though a strong will thought in Congress to compel,
She cast herself upon the Bull, that bears away the Belle.

SINGULAR SENTENCES.

WE have no sentimental tenderness for a miscreant, British or foreign; but we think that after a man is hanged he might be let alone. Not so, however, think the colonial authorities, according to the *Taranaki Herald*, which says,—

"The trial of the half-caste prisoner, HONT, on the two charges of having taken part in the murders at Wairau, and on the attack on LIEUT. WALLER, was concluded on Monday. He was found guilty of both charges, and was sentenced to be hanged for the first offence, and imprisoned for life for the second."

We are curious to know how these sentences have been carried out, and which was executed first. But as people's heels are above their heads at the antipodes, we conclude that they have other extraordinary arrangements of truly Rabelaisian character.

Maxima Reverentia Puero.

THE Irish are quite right in saying that we do not understand them. In that conviction, and without note or comment, we copy the following advertisement from the *Dublin Daily Express*:—

PANTRY BOY—Wanted, a situation as Pantry Boy by a very respectable Protestant Lady. Application to be made to * * * * * Dungannon, Co. Tyrone.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 19, 1863.



EUROPA CARRIED OFF BY THE (JOHN) BULL.

THE GREAT GIBBERING GIBBON



THE GREAT GIBBERING GIBBON

THE DEFECTIVE POLICE.

SCENE—A Police Station. Detectives in plain clothes are sitting reading a newspaper. To him enter another Detective.

1st Detective (pointing to a paragraph in the newspaper). Seen this here? "Mysterious murder." (Reads particulars.) S'pose we shall be engaged in this.

2nd Detective. S'pose we shall.

1st Detective. This ain't bad is it? (Points to concluding lines of paragraph.) "The police are actively engaged in investigating, &c., &c." Both (enjoying the joke). Ha! Ha! Ha! [Exeunt separately.]

SCENE—Same. Time, next day. The two Detectives are now officially employed in the above-mentioned case.

1st Detective (carelessly). Heard anything?

2nd Detective (with indifference). No.

1st Detective. S'pose something 'll turn up.

2nd Detective. S'pose it will.

1st Detective (pointing to concluding lines in a fresh paragraph headed "The Mysterious Murder"). "We hear that the Police are already in possession of a clue which will doubtless lead to the discovery of the murderer."

[They dig one another in the ribs, wink, and exeunt separately.]

SCENE—Same. Time, next day.

1st Detective (actively engaged). Heard anything from anybody?

2nd Detective (ditto). No, nothing from nobody.

1st Detective. Odd. (Lights a pipe.)

2nd Detective. Very. (Lights a pipe.)

They stop in-doors to receive information. Pot-boy brings the Evening paper.

1st Detective (reads). The "Mysterious Murder. This dreadful affair is still shrouded in mystery. The suspicions of the Police, it is said, point to the individual in the long black cloak who was last seen, &c., &c."

2nd Detective. You don't suspect anybody of course, Podgey, do you?

Mr. Podgey. No, Duffer.

Duffer. No more do I. Let's have another pint?

[An interval of four days elapses, during which MESSRS. PODGEY and DUFFER "visit the premises" ten times, call in at six public-houses in the neighbourhood officially, shake their heads, frown, and say nothing; this last for a very obvious reason.]

SCENE as before. Fifth day.

Duffer. Here's some one to see you, Podgey. (Enter respectable Chemist.)

Podgey (officially). Well, Sir?

Respectable Chemist. In regard to the Mysterious Murder.

Podgey. What Mysterious—eh—ah—ah—(recollects himself). Well, Sir?

[Respectable Chemist gives an account of his suspicions, and how he acted upon them, and how he has managed to find the real criminal.]

Podgey (severely to DUFFER). Just what we knew, eh Duffer?

Duffer (shaking his head with an air of pity for the Chemist). Oh, yes, from the very first. (To Respectable Chemist.) You'd better leave this sort o' thing to old hands like us, you know.

[Respectable Chemist begins to wish he hadn't troubled himself, and retires.]

Podgey. I said something would turn up.

Duffer. O' course. Nothing like keeping quiet, the Public does the work.

[They drink the Public's health, and then, assisted by six policemen, proceed at once to the spot indicated by the Chemist, and arrest the suspected individual.]

Next morning PODGEY and DUFFER meet.

Podgey (pointing to paragraph headed "The Mysterious Murder!! Apprehension of the Supposed Murderer!!" Reads.) "The activity of Sergeants PODGEY and DUFFER, the able Detective officers who have been employed in unravelling this complicated case, cannot be too highly commended: from the moment of the discovery of the fatal deed, up to the present time, the exertions of these two intelligent members of the Civil Force have been carried on with a sleepless indefatigable zeal, which speaks well for the organisation of the Police System of this country. These men, as men, may have done no more than their duty, it is true, but who can fully estimate the advantages of that perfect security guaranteed to the Public by the existence of such prompt and vigorous officers as Sergeants PODGEY and DUFFER."

[PODGEY and DUFFER shake hands with each other, wink, and exeunt.]

A VERY CLEVER DISTINCTION.—A Lover is a Suer—a heiress—hunter a purse-suer.

THE STAR-FISH AND THE RING.

(From the London New York Herald.)

We regret to state that the cause of America has for the moment suffered a severe blow. The brave and enlightened CARMEL HEENAN has succumbed to the stroke of an Englishman. We could well have wished it otherwise, for at a time like this, when England is threatened with the vengeance of the noble Republic which she has insulted, any additional irritation to its gallant citizens is to be deplored. Even in the name of the victor in the fight is a fresh aggravation, but we rejoice to believe that it is only in mimic war that a Republican can lie prostrate before a King. The offensive and aristocratic arrangements by which the humbler class, or as they are coarsely called the "roughs," were excluded from the fight, as they are excluded from the polling booth, were most unconstitutional; and we should like to know by whose authority the brutal police bludgeoned away intelligent men whose only crime was that they had not wrung three sovereigns from taxes on the people, to spend them on selfish amusement. That the aristocracy affected to patronise HEENAN instead of KING was simply a piece of vulgar hypocrisy, though some titled idiots may have done it under the notion that he was a Confederate, an idea worthy of the wretched fools of Belgravia. However, the Americans may be assured that all Christian men in England hoped that he would have smashed his adversary, and that the triumph of this KING, like the triumphs of all other Kings, will soon pale before the advancing banners of the glorious and re-United States of America.

BRAVERY IN BROADWAY.

Do the Americans ever go into mourning?

One would almost fancy not, at least if one may form a judgment from the following description.

Of the colours of the ladies' dresses worn now in New York—

"We must say the pretty peripatetics of Broadway present a dazzling spectacle. Bright yellow cloaks with scarlet hoods, scarlet cloaks with yellow hoods, blue cloaks with white hoods, purple cloaks with orange hoods, and striped and chequered cloaks with crimson hoods, moving continually in prismatic procession through that great exhibition thoroughfare, threaten with 'colour blindness' the man of weak vision who ventures into the lane. The saffron, bright green, green, azure, and white and cream-coloured feathers wherewith the ladies in conflagration decorate their vivandière hats, planting the flaming tufts like torches in the firefronts of the same, add much to their incendiary and auto da fé-like aspect, and deepen the unpleasant impression produced upon feeble retinas by the blaze of their garments. It really seems as if New York beauty and fashion had determined to substitute for the fancy balls that were so much in vogue last winter a general street masquerade. One would never surmise that a tremendous war was sweeping off by thousands and tens of thousands the very flower of our population."—New York Times.

When the Chinese are in mourning, we believe they dress in white, and the Americans may possibly select the gayest colours to signify their grief. If this be not the case, and supposing that their mourning, like our own, consists of black, we are driven to presume that the "pretty peripatetics" who go tramping along Broadway in their rainbow-coloured raiment, have not lately lost a relative or a friend upon the battlefield, or they would hardly dare to dress themselves in such a dazzling way. Yet when one hears it stated that the war is sweeping off the "flower" of the nation, one cannot avoid thinking that certain of the relatives of the flower that has thus perished should by rights be seen in weeds.

A CASE OF SIM-MONEY.

Ye Gentlemen and Ladies of England who live at home at ease, observe the following notice:—

"MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN."

MY Wife's Extravagance compels me reluctantly to caution the Public against giving her Credit, as I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted by her after this date.—WILLIAM SIM.

New Aberdour, 22nd Nov. 1863.

Did MR. SIM ever learn the first verb in the Latin Grammar? If not, he never will, as 'tis evident that SIM objects to the SAM.

Something Out of the Common.

"I SUPPOSE," said a gentleman—pointing to one of those huge perambulating photographic vans that go rolling about the country, and which was then stationary on the common—"that thing is the fellow's parlour, kitchen, bed-room,—in short his everything?"

"Yea, his drawing-room included," replied his witty companion.

How would you translate into Latin, "The Staff of Life?" Why any little boy could tell you, "Lignum Vitæ," to be sure.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



HE travelling DIOGENES commences his search for a tub, let us say at the Great and Grand Hotel, Paris. This hostelry is furnished with all sorts of luxurious contrivances. For instance, the room that falls to your lot is number one-hundred and sixty-five, at the top of the house, ten storeys high: an objection is upon the tip of your tongue concerning the number of stairs which you'll have to encounter, when, hey presto! up goes the room in which you are sitting, and before you can say Jack Robinson (we contend, by the way,

that this is far from being a natural exclamation for anyone when startled or surprised), you are landed at the door of your lofty chamber. Thus is it that the visitor is conveyed to his apartment by means of Hydraulic pressure, and, whenever he wants to descend, he is taken down again by a Pneumatic Dispatch Pipe. MR. HOMER, the Medium,



might be utilised here, if he could only carry weight, and go up in the air with the Tourists' luggage, whenever required. Your boxes are unpacked by steam, and everything laid neatly in the chest of drawers by a similar agency: in short, as far as our memory serves us, you are washed, combed, brushed, dressed, put to bed and called in the morning, all by machinery. Those who hear that there is a small Nob in every room will set this place down for a very aristocratic establishment.

The knob, however, is of brass, and, in lieu of a bell, communicates with a battery that sends an electric spark into the waiter who is calmly sitting, it may be, perchance, dozing, at the end of the passage. Another wire jerks the number of your room out of its place on the wall and suddenly obtrudes itself upon his notice. The poor creature's attention being drawn to your requirements by this really shocking process, he steps upon a sliding board and glides into your apartment like an amiable Corsican brother's ghost with his coat on. Give your order while the waiter's in the room; with all these electric-forces about, there's no knowing where he will be in another minute. The menial does not go down-stairs to execute your commands: he knows a trick worth two of that; he sends a telegram to the cook, house-keeper, boots, or whomsoever it may concern. Such are a few of the improvements with which you will meet in the Great and Grand Hotel, Paris. Surely here DIOGENES will obtain his matutinal Tub? Let him try. We did, and this is what they sent us. Nothing earthly did it resemble, save a tin perambulator without its wheels. This curiosity

was a tight fit for one, and held, if you could have wedged yourself into it, about three tea-spoonfuls of water, and being of Nautilus' shell shape, it laboured under the disadvantage of not possessing, of itself, any power of remaining in an upright position. We explained (by the Hotel Telegraph) that what we required was a hip-bath, and the master of the hotel returned us the polite answer, also by telegraph, that he had sent us the only hip-bath in the house.

We changed our quarters, and experimentalised at a smaller hotel. An intelligent waiter listened to what we had to say, inquired the amount of water which we wished the machine to hold, and the time when we should want it, as it was so often in use. This sounded well, so we told him our usual hour, and went to bed looking forward to the joys of the morning. Punctually came the *Garçon* and brought us a nondescript copper vessel; it might have been a saucepan, and it might have served for a frying-pan; for our part, judging from its grimy state, we believe that it had been used in both capacities; but whatever it might have been, there was one thing which it most certainly was not, and that was a bath. The waiter informed us that it was what they called a bath, and would we make haste, as there was another gentleman, an Englishman, waiting for it. We generously gave up our claim, in order to send it on to him forthwith, and we hope he liked it.



Our next inquiry was made at Lyons. Here they gave us a large flower-pot. This might have served for one foot at a time, had the aperture common to these articles been stuffed up with some more durable substance than mud.

At Marseilles we were introduced to a very remarkable specimen of the antique. At first sight we set it down for a petrified mitre; but the bowl and three legs rendered this position untenable. Being brazen, it occurred to us that it was not very far removed from an inverted helmet: but here again the legs came in our way and floored us. As to using it for the ablutionary purposes of a sponging bath, that was simply impossible. There was no sitting or standing room in it. We passed about half-an-hour in trying to invent some method of adapting this vessel to our needs. We failed to devise a plan, and ended as usual by either going to the bath-room or taking a dip in the river.



At Nice all trouble of exercising our ingenuity was saved us by the production of an article which the waiter evidently regarded as an unequalled work of art. He showed it to us with some pride. "M'sieu wants a bath for his apartment; here it is, see!" We did see: the thing would have been nothing more or less than a fishing can, had it not borne an equal resemblance to a slop-pail, and was like neither one nor the other, inasmuch as it possessed four upright handles, which as far as we could make out, rendered it useless for any object save that of ornament, for which, seeing that it was a dirty old green tin, it was perhaps scarcely qualified.

At Genoa they brought us a tea-urn with the heater in it complete.

At Montone, after a very great deal of trouble, the politest of landlords with much delight, assisted by three very civil and obliging waiters, flattered himself that he at all events had succeeded in suiting the English taste, in the way of tubs, to a nicety, and assisted by three civil and obliging waiters, entered our room in great triumph lugging in a gigantic Oil Jar. Had he wished to put us quietly out of the way, by the landlady playing *Morgiana* to our *Forty Thieves*, this would not have been a bad method of accomplishing his design. So far, the Tub was not yet discovered.



SOMETHING LIKE A WAR-CRY.

THE Enemy is upon us! The Railway League is in arms, and London is to be given over as a prey to the destroyer. Well, if it must be so, it must, as LORD RUSSELL'S motto so justly observes, and we must rest and be thankful that it is no worse, as that nobleman himself so justly observes. But all is not yet lost. Let us see how far the foe has already advanced, and whether we cannot cut his lines of communication, and try to overwhelm him in detail.

MR. STANFORD, of Charing Cross, is a true patriot, and has thrown himself, morally, or we should say, cartographically, in the way of the advancing trains. He has just sent us a map, which is, we observe, published at the small price of a bob, from which we learn what we never knew before. He has supplied a real want, and in this hour of a metropolis's peril we render him our thanks. He shows us what railways have already seized on London, and where we can get to if we like. The whole sum of our folly in permitting the fiends to lay our capital waste while laying out their own at interest is now revealed. What fools we have been!

We have allowed one line to be laid out from King's Cross, and away through once pleasant Kentish Town and mangled Hampstead, and for what? That people may go to Gutteridge! Who wants to go to Gutteridge? Where's Gutteridge? It is a vulgarly named place, the title evidently corrupted from gutter edge, or edge of a gutter. That's an inviting journey. We have permitted another line to be slashed through patriotic Finsbury, and dissenting Homerton, that people may get to SIR G. DUCKETT'S Canal. Who wants to go to his Canal, and who is he, and what does he duck, and why should Finsbury and Homerton be cut up for that? Then there's another ridiculous line to disturb the heads of the Nuns in the cemetery of that name, and to cut through the old Oak of Honour Hill, and through all that delightful country, in order to reach the Crystal Palace, to which there are already two excellent railways, one for the city, the other for the swells. Then we perceive that there is a new line to Greenwich, when it is notorious that during the white-bait season, which is the only time anybody but Bedlamites go to Greenwich, the traffic is already so great that you can't get a room at MRS. QUART'S or MR. HARTERMAN'S unless you write a week ahead. Then there's the Underground line to be extended, for which there might be an excuse, as at present it seems that the promoters merely grubbed and bored away like moles without minding where, and therefore began where nobody comes and stopped where nobody wants to go. But the necessity of mending a blunder does not justify cutting up Finsbury Circus, about the only place where the people of that vicinage can get a little air. Lastly, we see that a new line is to be begun at London Bridge, and run round in a great circle by Peckham and Brixton till it comes to—where? You won't guess. Chelsea Hospital! We are not joking, look at MR. STANFORD'S map. These are some half a dozen of the lines which are facts, or are going to be, and therefore we can do nothing.

But something may be done against new aggressors, and we call on the Senators of the moribund Parliament to deserve re-election by making a vigorous fight against nearly all the schemes that have been lodged. We protest against the Nelson Column and Obelisk line, which is to go through Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. We protest against the Marble Arch and Mansion House line, which is to be carried under St. Paul's. We protest against the Jack Straw's Castle and London Bridge Shades line, which is to run through the Reading Room of the British Museum. We protest against the Palace Yard and Cremorne Gardens line, which is to have Westminster Hall for a terminus, and go through the Victoria Tower. We protest against the Bride Court and Bricklayer's Arms line, which is to remove Mr. Punch's own church, with the handsomest spire in London, bar one. And we protest with all our might and main, and the big lion's mane into the bargain, against the Primrose Hill and Thames Tunnel line, which is to cut through the Zoological Gardens. The railway people may say that they do not mean all this wickedness, but we know better. They have done us before. Look at the horrible tank for which at this moment the houses are going down on Ludgate Hill, the tank that is to shut out St. Paul's. O, nothing of the kind was to be done—until the Act was obtained. Look at that other appallingly hideous and gigantic iron tunnel—no, don't look at it until you have got from under, for it has a pleasant way of raining red-hot nuts and screws upon your hat—but when you are safe at the BENNETT Clock-tower, look at the atrocity. Did they show us any picture of that, while they were getting their bills? Echo answers that it will be hanged if they did. We firmly believe that in the mess of conspiracies "lodged" on the 30th ultimo (it is a comfort, though a small one, to think that the plan-makers were worked nearly to death to be ready in time), are hidden schemes for effecting every one of the objects we have protested against. Let Parliament look to it.

Again we thank the patriot STANFORD. His magnificent and luxurious maps of other parts of the world are wonders in their way, and his great London is a beautiful picture as well as a superb chart; but this War-Map, which has roused us to a sense of our danger, is the thing for which we thank him. Up, Londoners, up, awake, arise, or be for

ever run over. Lodge protests against the lines, and lodge barrels of gunpowder under them; wake the Seven Sleepers with your thunder against the Railway Sleepers, swear that the line shall be drawn somewhere, and somewhere else than through your mansions and gardens; when you quaff your porter, drink confusion to railway porters, and tell the companies that they shall not have your room, and you will not have their company. The railway-man shall not be monarch of all he surveys. Let us rather treat him as a highwayman of old, and hang him in his own surveying chains. Shall we be slaves to the Railway League? Is an Englishman's house his castle? "Shall they Rail on and we be tamely silent?" We pause for a reply? *Verbum personale concordat cum nominativo.* Britons, to arms, and remember that England expects every man to upset a train.

CONGRESS AND CONCORD.

THE idea of the Congress proposed by NAPOLEON THE THIRD would be a finer one than it is if all the Sovereigns invited to attend it truly represented the various peoples under their thumbs. As it is, the despots whose enormities and pretensions are the only reasons why a Congress is wanted, merely speak for themselves. Hear his Holiness the POPE:

"We co-operate, therefore in so laudable a project in a perfectly cordial spirit, and can now earnestly assure your Majesty that all our moral support will be afforded to the Congress, in order that the principles of justice, in these days so much misunderstood and trodden under foot, may be re-established to the advantage of society in its present agitated state, that violated rights may be admitted in order to be asserted in favour of those who have had to suffer by their violation; and especially in order that the real pre-eminence which belongs naturally to the Catholic religion, as being the only true one, may be re-established, especially in Catholic countries."

So then the objects which the POPE contemplates as the result of the Congress, for his own part, are the restitution of the provinces which have rejected his rule, and the predominance of Popery over every other creed even in Protestant states in some degree, but in Catholic countries in a degree still higher than that in which it predominates now. What does he mean, if not the exaltation of CARDINAL WISEMAN over the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY in England, and the revival of the Inquisition in Spain and elsewhere? For a similar purpose he may hope to have in time, organised, even here, a new Smithfield Club, to which he will be able to send a Bull.

How would LOUIS NAPOLEON like the idea of a European Congress setting to work to the intent "that violated rights may be admitted in order to be asserted in favour of those who have had to suffer by their violation?" That idea, according to the POPE's definition of rights, should be less pleasing to the Elect than to the Rejected of the People, and appear not so admirable to NAPOLEON THE THIRD as to the gentleman who calls himself HENRI CIRQ.

The POPE offers to give all his moral support to Congress with a view to its re-establishment of what his Holiness understands by the principles of justice. He has no physical support to give that NAPOLEON can fear.

What with the POPE going into Congress for Legitimacy and Persecution, the EMPERORS of RUSSIA and AUSTRIA for the confirmation of their sovereignty over Venetia and Poland, and all the other Potentates each for his peculiar "leather," which he thinks there is "nothing like," the Congress, if it could take place, would constitute a pretty happy family.

COMPLAINT BY A POLICEMAN.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

FROM information wick I rerssiv i Believe as you like to do justice by hail men wick is the rite Thing to do and do has you would Be dun buy, wick is my motter weather it Be the duke's or no Sir, wen in the Discharg of duty on thursday morning at London bridge Station little i Thort wot i were About and if you will Believe me Sir wick you have No caul to Do being unbeknown but state a Fact i new No more as a Fight were coming holf than babes unborn but that it were a Sereous meeting like and INSPECTOR DEEDLES wick be mite be called DIDDLES said to me Distink that the Big man wick i have since learn were HERMAN were a Americau mis-ionary cam to address Folk like REVEREND MR. BEECHER done or i wold have Had a surlicifrom from Surgeon that i cold not go on Duty being serious like and not holding by such things as fights Sir i hope you will Print this for though a Constable have feelings Like my superiors and am

Yours, respectfully,

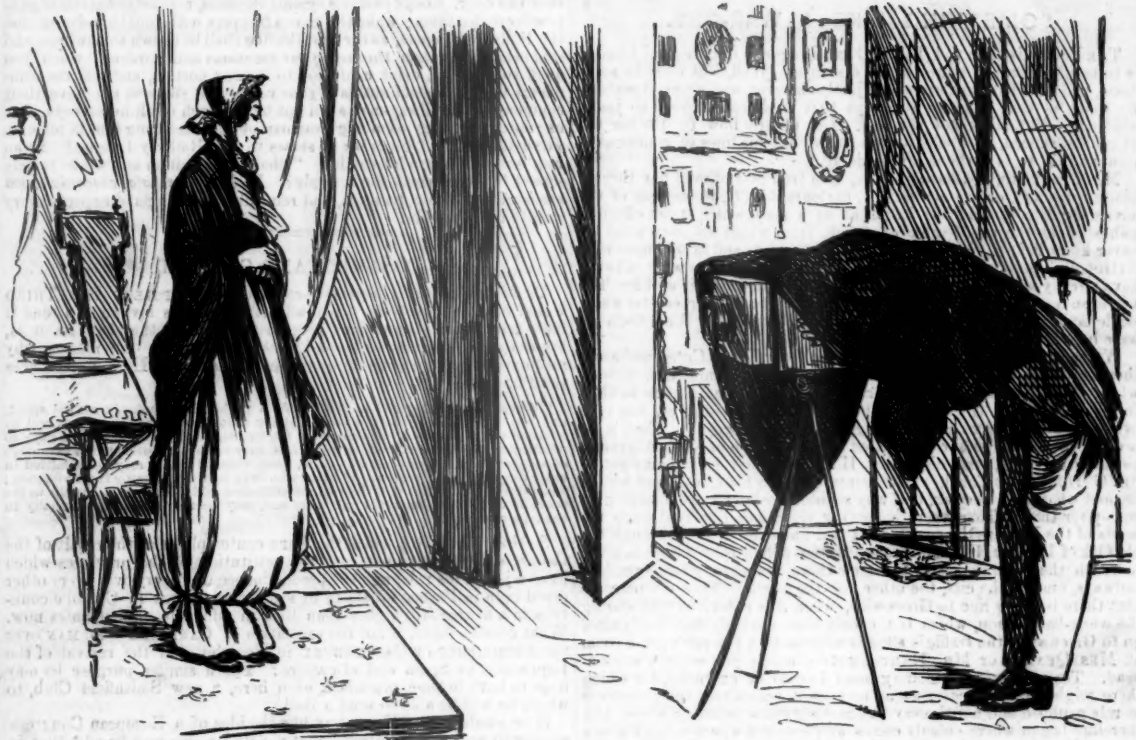
Scotland Yard.

A POLICEMAN.

(Letter and number sent in Confidential.)

A Great Deal Sometimes in a Name.

WE are credibly informed that MR. LORD'S entertainment of "At Home and Abroad," at the Egyptian Hall, is nightly attended by crowded audiences. This is only another corroboration of the old accusation that JOHN BULL clearly loves a LORD.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC INCIDENT.

Those who are familiar with the phenomena of the Camera Obscura will readily understand the precaution taken by Miss Tabitha Prue, on being focussed for her Carte de Visite.

SURE SIGNS OF COMING CHRISTMAS.

WHEN JOHN answers the bell the first time, and brings up the news-paper the moment it arrives; when MARY is absent not more than ten minutes on an errand that can reasonably be executed in five, and abstains from holding nocturnal assignations over the railings at the area-gate; when COOKEY serves up the dinner precisely to a minute, and keeps the dish-covers in a state of brighter effulgence than usual; when young BUTTONS does not play at peg-top in the hall passage, or go about the house whistling, or humming fragments from *The Little Warbler*, or shake the house from head to foot by giving energetic imitations of the *Perfect Cure* for the amusement of the servants in the kitchen; when everything is nicely dusted, and every one rises in the morning at the ringing of the very first bell; when master's slippers are to be found always in the right place, and he hasn't to hunt half an hour for them with poor cold feet under the bed, inside the wardrobes, up the chimney, and everywhere, until he finds them; when a long letter comes from MASTER JACKY at school, trumpeting forth the most wonderful accounts of scholastic improvement; when the young ladies are most exemplary in their attendance at the breakfast table; when the youngest daughter is detected furtively embroidering a floricultural pair of slippers, or a highly illuminated pair of slippers; when MAMMA keeps the housekeeping-book down to a degree of unexampled lowness; when the dustmen clear away the rubbish, and make no demand for "beer"; when the postman touches his hat as he meets you coming out of the door, and the pew-opener curtsies so low you are afraid she is going to fall down upon the floor; when the beadle does not look so black, or the hulking big chimney-sweep (we beg his pardon, we mean *ramoneur*) either; when poor relations timidly leave their cards, and clerks perform unparalleled prodigies of penmanship; when the abominable waits drive every wink of sleep from your virtuous pillow: but when in all other respects nothing but peace, and cheerfulness, and cleanliness reign paramount in the house, to say nothing of your nightcap being aired regularly every night—then it is high time that PATERFAMILIAS should take warning, and, considering his cheque-book carefully, look out accordingly!

"HERE BE TRUTHS."

MR. PUNCH always thought that in his own supernatural Almanack he was about as bold, in dealing with great people, as a superior intelligence ought to be. But he owns himself beaten out of the field by the *Farmer's Almanack*, as described by the *Salisbury and Winchester Journal*. After enumerating the ordinary contents of that periodical, the reviewer says that it contains—

"A list of Cabinet Council and Chief Officers of State, manures, and the members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, their price, and a large amount of general useful matter. This Almanack deserves to be in the possession of every farmer in the British isles."

We should think it did, and of every politician, too. We shall get it, being particularly anxious to know the price of guano, and of several Members of Parliament who we know set a good price on themselves. The editor might send us a copy.

COLLEGES OF COLOUR.

THE *Times* correspondent at New York mentions that the "President of Brown University in Providence," on the occasion of the departure of a Negro regiment from Rhode Island, declared of the fratricide in progress between the Federals and Confederates, that "This war, whatever its mission was at the outset, has now no other object than the abolition of slavery." It may be inferred from this declaration that the President of Brown University is favourable to Emancipation, which is natural enough, because the Mulattoes in the South are just as much slaves as the negroes themselves, and such a seat of learning as a Brown University would enjoy no more liberty there than a Black one.

A LAST ATTEMPT.

WHY is MR. COXWELL like a man disinherited? Because he is an heir-o'-nought.

MARRIAGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.



Y DEAR PUNCH,
I AM a handsome man, and I have a handsome income, and I lately have been looking for a handsome wife to match. But I declare to you I do so with no little fear and trembling, now that I have chanced to see the following advertisement, which appeared the other morning in a Nottinghamshire newspaper:—

I, MARY W., of _____, do hereby caution the Public against trusting my husband, JOHN W.—; for he will never pay them.

Good gracious, Mr. Punch! did you ever hear of such a dreadful piece of tyranny? I could not have believed a wife would have behaved so brutally? Why, by Jove!

the woman actually would prevent her husband's being a credit to his tailor! Is not this bare fact sufficient to frighten any handsome bachelor from committing matrimony? Very certainly I feel much more nervous than I did about it. But after all, you know, perhaps the notice was inserted only as a joke, and so the best we can do—especially in *Punch*—is just to have a laugh at it.

Yours in single blessedness (at present),

NARCISSUS CRESUS COLEBS.

P.S. I think allusions to the "grey mare" are exceedingly indelicate; still, if this notice be no joke, but written in grim earnest, I certainly might feel inclined to wonder if the writer ever uses a side-saddle: nor would it much astonish me to hear she clothed the crural portion of her figure with a garment much too manly to be fashioned by a milliner.

ALDERLEY EDGE TAKEN OFF.

Of course, when *Mr. Punch* takes a British nobleman in hand, that British nobleman is either brought upon his knees, or he is consigned to the Asylum for Idiots. But *Mr. Punch* is always very happy when a slight and gentlemanly hint—*savaler in modo*—spares him the trouble of extreme measures of any kind. He is delighted to find that in the case of LORD STANLEY of Alderley-Edge, or rather of LORD STANLEY of Alderley-opposite-Edge, the mere intimation that *Mr. Punch* wished to see his Lordship on a post office matter has produced the most beneficial results. The grievance, touching which *Mr. Punch* was inundated with letters from enraged Edgers, is understood to exist no longer, and the POST MASTER GENERAL is hereby informed that he may remain in office *quandiu se bene gesserit*. The Testimonial from Alderley Edge may be sent up as soon as the Edgers please.

The Rochdale News Reader.

He never reads his *Times*,
But lets contentment, like a mope i' th' gorse,
Browse on the Penny Press.

"IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE BELL."

PEOPLE who profess to know something about music (but must not for that reason be thought musical professors), have been complaining that *Ben* is not quite "true" in tone since he was cracked. Well, so long as *Ben* keeps true to time, we will not quarrel with his tone: and for his want of truth in that respect we shall console ourselves by thinking that "*Ben non è vero, è Ben trovato*."

AMENITIES FROM MIDHURST.

R—CH—D C—HD—N TO J. T. D—L—E.

You're a bully, you're a toady, you're a stabber in a mask,
You cold-shoulder RICHARD CORBEN, in West-end smiles to bask:
You're a Janus with two faces: one tongue to lick swells' shoes,
And one to stick in your cheek at me, and my friend BRIGHT to abuse.
Tow, Row, Row! Hide your brassy brow!
Own if e'er there was a slunkiey you're one now!

Your paper 's a tissue of falsehoods and imputes the worst of crimes—
Not that ever I'd bemean myself to read your nasty *Times*.
No—I blush for self and species, whene'er your broad-sheet I see,
Which I can't help doing sometimes, but it's quite promiscuouslie!
Tow, Row, Row! Don't think me to cow.
I'm not nice when out of humour, and that's now!

I once declared a sheet of the *Times*,—though it only cost a groat—
Was worth all the crabbed Greek that ever THUCYDIDES wrote:
But that was a rash comparison, which I solemnly disavow:
I couldn't read THUCYDIDES then, and I can't read the *Times* now.
Tow, Row, Row! Grovel and kotow:
But don't think to your dictation I will bow!

You're a vile anonymous scribbler, you wear a mask on your face,
With "Editor of the *Times*" pinned on to your coat, in a prominent place.
And nobody knows who the *Times* is, and everybody knows you,
And I'm not quite clear which I'm savage at, but I do feel savage I do.
Tow, Row, Row! Curl your cynic brow!
I'm as cool as a cucumber, Sir, I vow!

How you can call folks such names, and throw out such insinuations,
And use such horrid language, and cast such imputations,
I can't imagine, being myself a party not given to scold,
But one, who, like BRIGHT, when his right cheek's slapped, his left for a slap will hold!

Tow, Row, Row! Have you had enow!
Print this, or I mean to kick up such a row!



New Law for Bruisers.

A PRIZE-FIGHT has no right to be turned into a wrestling-match.
In the Ring, as at the Bar, the understanding should be, "No huggery allowed."

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

OR, THE MODERN TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT.



his little village of Zermatt is now a place of popular resort for Tourists, of whom no small proportion are pedestrians. Each of these gentlemen who foot it merrily is himself a DIOGENES in search of a Tub; and therefore we sincerely trust that in the course of the next century the supply of sponging baths may equal the demand. The waiter placed no difficulty in the way of furnishing us with our tub, and, after a delay of some twenty minutes, passed by us in the dreamy anticipation of coming pleasure, the good-natured server entered our apartment carrying a Zermatt sponging bath. It was a jelly mould! Considered as a jelly mould it was undoubtedly a fine specimen of its kind, and would turn out a grand angularly-peaked shape, enough to

satisfy the requirements of sixteen sweet-toothed people; but regarding it, as we did, in the light of a substitute for a hip-bath or tub, we couldn't honestly say very much in its favour. We explained our wants to the landlord, who forthwith upbraided the waiter pretty freely for his stupidity, and finished by bringing us a gold-fish bowl, with the live stock swimming about in it.

At St. Nicholas they gave us a vase, of the same shape as that one, which every one knows, with the two birds perched *vis-à-vis* on the two handles, and evidently bent upon taking the first opportunity of drinking whatever may be poured into it. Well, this was just the same as the one above-mentioned, only without the birds.

At Florence, we still as DIOGENES, were introduced to a most startling pantomime trick in the shape of a castellated washing tub. It was shallow, but its width compensated for want of depth, and though a sitting position in consequence of the pointed corners was impracticable, yet we really hoped that here at last we should be able to obtain a good sponging bath in our own room. Alas! the tub was made up of ever so many separate bits of wood, like a puzzle, held together with a belt of the thinnest wood, which, just as we had peered in the contents of our can, even to the very last drop, suddenly snapped asunder, and in another second, boots, stockings, slippers, and hastily thrown down clothes were a prey to the wild unbounded waters.

Bologna became memorable in our annals by reason of their having been very indignant at our denying the properties of a sponging bath to a gigantic bread-basket, with a stiff wooden handle.

T. stands for Turin and tea-pot. 'Twas a curious old specimen and an interesting object to us at any other time. But when you want a good substantial cut from the roast of old England, the sight of a Pompeian dish-cover will scarcely afford you an equal amount of satisfaction.

No, we could bear it no longer, fairly broken down by so many trials and disappointments we sat down and wept. At that sad moment the strains of music—soft, soothing music—fell upon our ears; and, upon the evening draught, which came up through the long hotel passage, in at the chinks of our door, daintily flavoured from the kitchen, there was wafted to us a melody divinely soporific. We have got some ear for music, and this air reminded us strongly of "Home, Sweet Home," though for the matter of that, it wasn't a bit like it.

Dover! Hurrah! We would stop nowhere until in the comforts of our own old home, our own dear warm bed-room, we indulged in OUR TUB.

Arrived! Ring the bell! down with the luggage! How much, Cabman? Six shillings. Too much, but the rascal thinks I'm a foreigner. Ha! ha! good that. Here you are; off he goes, without a sign of gratitude. Ha! MARY—all well at home? That's good. Didn't expect us so soon? Oh! no fire in our bed-room? Then light one—quick. No dinner? Then get a steak, bachelor's resource; or chops; or—anything. Here we are in our own bed-room: neat and cosy; fire blazing up. Travelling does make one so dirty and mucky. Large tin hip-bath in the corner—out with it. We are all alone; and drag it from its recess; then proceed to unpack our sponges. MARY, the towels! Here they are; and the hair-gloves. Now for a rubber before dinner. Bring two cans of water, MARY—quick. What's that she says? Eh! Can't have a bath? What does the girl mean?

Why here it is. Eh! what's that? Something the matter with the cistern; no water come in to-day. No water! Do we pay rates, taxes—pooh! What do you say? Man *has* been here; says there's something wrong with the ball-cock, does he? Hang the ball-cock! Oh! you have got some water from next door? Enough for my hands—ha! ha! But not enough for a bath! Doesn't BRITANNIA rule the waves? And this, this is England! This, this is Home!!

CONCLUSION OF "THE TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT."



SONG AFTER SUPPER.

CHRISTMAS comes burwunce a year;
Tha'sh goorol' ahong;
Drinkalilyoucan tryandrown shorra:
Sherra shout champagne sma' beer,
Oidale an' shtrong,
Poar' clarra punchtoddy bremwarra.

Hark shemerry Christmaschimes!
Billsh comin' due,
Jollynow time bimeby beg or borra.
'Spouse shere neverwash suastimes!
Wha's one todo?
Shay olchap, you-an'-I drink bremwarra.

How to pass your Christmasnight
Tha'sh sh' only way;
Wha'sh good bother an' trouble 'bout morra?
Goorol' fellah you're allright,
Don' goaway!
See allblue, havecigar, more bremwarra.

Useful Family Recipe.

(To tell the Time of H-eye Water at the Adelphi.)

TAKE a private box there while MRS. BATEMAN is performing. Have your watch out ready to observe the exact minute when the audience begins to cry, and you will afterwards be able to tell your friends precisely the time of the h-eye-water.

New Judge.

1st Bar. Well, I'm glad he's got the appointment.
2nd Bar. Who?
1st Bar. Why, SHEER.
2nd Bar. Oh, then, why did you say He?

THE AMERICAN LEADING JOURNAL.

THE *Bristol Mirror* says that the *New York Herald* is "the paper most largely read by MR. CORDER's favourite people." Let us hope this is a mistake. If it were the case, and if a popular newspaper represents a people, what a set of blackguards our American brethren would be!

EQUALITY BEFORE THE TAX-GATHERER.



DOOKEY WALKER, or somebody else, has written an article in the *Saturday Review*, extolling the financial measures of Mr. GLADSTONE, eulogising the blessed Income-Tax, and containing the subjoined passage relative to that popular impost:—

"If the ignorant agitation against equal taxation had not been silenced or suspended in 1853, it would have been impossible to raise the vast sums which were afterwards levied by direct taxation for the purposes of the Russian War."

The Income-Tax amounts nearly to the completeness of what the *Saturday Reviewer* means by equal taxation, but not quite. If that gentleman had a marriageable daughter to dispose of, he would, of course, out of two men equally worthy of her in all

other respects, and in receipt of equal incomes, but one of them deriving his income from fixed property, and the other from personal exertions, very much rather assign her to the former. Considering the ability of a man entitled to a stated income to bear the expense of matrimony vastly greater than that of a man merely earning so much a-year, he would nevertheless have their respective incomes taxed precisely alike. Regarding one as a far richer man than the other, he is for imposing exactly the same weight of taxation on both.

This is undeniably a sort of equal taxation as far as it goes, for it exacts from one person a sum numerically equal to that which it levies on another who is indefinitely better off. It thus certainly makes a tolerable approach to the arithmetical equality of taxation against which people are so ignorant and unreasonable as to clamour. But the perfection of that equality would be absolute equality: sameness not relative to circumstances at all; so much a-head. In short, the height of that equal taxation which the *Saturday Reviewer* applauds, would be one uniform Poll-Tax. When the income ceases the Income-Tax ceases—can anything be more just? One thing. If the Poll-Tax exceeded the whole amount of a man's property, the excess could not be seized, and his taxation would stop altogether. That would be juster.

THE CRUISE OF A PIRATE.

WELL! We have beheld the prize pigs at the Mangel Worzels' Exhibition at Islington, but the cheek of some people beats anything we have seen there. There is a Pirate vessel called the *Alabama*—you may call her a Floating Blockade, if you are on the Confederate side—and she goes about the waters picking up all the merchant vessels that are undefended, and modestly keeping out of the way of anything that is a match for her. She is a Pirate, however, for she does not take her helpless "prizes" into a Court, but plunders them and burns them. We therefore hope that one of UNCLE SAM's vessels will get within range of her, and we are the more spiteful against her, because her captain, one SEMMES, is not a splendid Corsair, like *Conrad*, or a Demon with good intentions, like the *Red Rover*; but an ugly man, who is very uncouth in his manners, and very churlish towards ladies who may happen to be his prisoners. Now this is behaviour uncommonly unworthy of a pirate "half savage, half soft," in whom a young lady of well regulated mind can take an interest. However, his officers do not seem ashamed of themselves, and one of them has written an account of the *Alabama's* cruise, from her escape from Liverpool to her arrival at the Cape, and if anybody would like to read a dashing account of her doings, and how she went about sweeping the sea of Federal vessels, he may get the story from MESSRS. LEE & NIGHTINGALE, of Liverpool, who have sent it to *Mr. Punch*, who begs in return to say, in every sense of the phrase, "CAPTAIN SEMMES be hanged."

WHY is NADAR the greatest man of the present day? Because he is the only one who has taken the rise out of a "Giant."

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSES.

Ha! 'tis merry Christmas Day,
O! be joyful once a-year,
When, attired in workhouse grey,
We shall taste of beef and beer,
Justice now suspends her rod,
Mercy, from her ample store,
Shall regale the rogues in quod,
Give us, even, something more.

Pauper, banish from thy breast
Envy, with despair and grief,
Thou shalt be well nigh as blest
In thy diet as the thief.
Slice of meat from off the round,
Wedge of fat plum-pudding—there,
With a pint of porter crowned,
Lo thy good old English fare!

'Tis as if a day of grace
Shone upon the realms of woe
And the wretched, for a space,
Rested in the depths below,
Comfort, for a while at least,
Gleams behind the workhouse door;
Christian England makes one feast,
Just at Christmas, for the Poor.

FARMER BRIGHT AND LUKE THE LABOURER.

How widely our opinions range
When int'rest crafty calls for change,
How charity some kindly nurse
By levies on a neighbour's purse,
While tribulation's touching tone
Can't squeeze a shiver from their own,
Rebears, O moralising Muse,
That lectures on dissolving views.

As FARMER BRIGHT one summer day
With cob unkempt drove on his way,
Pleased to behold those golden acres
By grain enriched, like Mark Lane Quakers.
A crooked Boor in rustic guise
Whose snow-white frock was virtue's prize,
(Thus modest worth on rustic sward
Doth ever meet its due reward.)
Uncovered his Beotian brow
And made a reverential bow,
As with a peasant's grin he said,
"Farewell! will he give un a bed?
This week oi hav'n't arn'd two groats
So want to snooze among them Woats."
"Been drinking beer?" cried FARMER B.,
"Those oats, thou dolt, belong to me!"

"A coorse oi knows it," LUKE replied,
"So doan't expect to be denied,
For thee's been telling simple folk
That we as bears the hardest yoke
Should aril have Woats to give un ease,
So my pitch shall be here, Zur, please."

"Friend LUKE," was FARMER BRIGHT's response,
"What brains thou 'st gotten in thy scone!
To practise and to preach are things
Distinct, as Presidents from Kings.
At my poor oats, why envious stop,
LORD LUMP there has a finer crop,
Let not a step or two distress thee,
Lie down on LUMP's, and Morpheus bless thee."

Gobden's Penny Luminary.

CONSIDERING the sort of journalism to which MR. GORDEN confines his studies, we cannot wonder that he occasionally makes a false step. What else is to be expected of a man who goes by *Star-light*, which is worse than moonshine?

NOTE ON A NEW BOOK.—*What to do with the Cold utton?*—Eat it.



TIREsome CHILD. "I say, Aunt Gerty, when I'm as tall as Captain White, do you think I shall grow through my Hair, as he has?"

ERMINE EMANCIPATED.

O, PRESBYTERIAN Record, in margined black be seen!
Dames de la Halle—of Exeter, tear all your crinoline!
 Down from thy horse, bold NEWDEGATE! To Smithfield's fires appeal,
 Glib WHALLEY, Phoenix from the ash of SPOONER's burnt-out zeal!
 For see, upon the ermine comes a fearful scarlet smudge,
 And on the British Bench there sits a downright Papist Judge.

What WILLIAM PITT desired to do, but never could perform,
 What WELLINGTON did not desire, but did, and hushed a storm;
 Emancipation's righteous work, o'er which we had the row,
 Was never in its fulness fairly carried out till now;
 And *Punch*, the anti-Papal, marks the epoch with applause,
 When any rag is torn away that tells of penal laws.

What harm a Papist Judge could do we found it hard to say:
 A man who crossed himself might know who a crossed cheque should pay;

A man, although confessed, might mulct a *confitentem reum*,
 And, though he prayed in Latin, judge what's *tunn* and what's *meum*;
 Though sprinkled with the holy *can*, might give a wretch a drop,
 And, even on fast-days, interfere loose evidence to stop.

But no, we wouldn't have him, though he'd all the legal lore
 Of COKE, and LITTLETON, and HALE, and BLACKSTONE, and TOM MORE.

Should a dark Papist sit aloft with ELDONS, BAYLEYS, GURNEYS,
 Who knew but he might shake the faith of Protestant attorneys?
 Make clerks in articles turn priests, and copying clerks turn monks,
 Nay, change the very bailiffs into Ultramontane skunks?

We're wiser, as the weeping Hall of Exeter may see:
 LORD WESTBURY has made a Judge of learned SERJEANT SHEE,
 An Irish Catholic; and yet St. Paul's is standing, yes,
 (Up to the time, at least, that these eight verses went to press).
 On the Queen's Bench he sits aloft, bewigged, nor can we find
 That COCKBURN, CROMPTON, BLACKBURN, or JOHN MELLOR has
 resigned.

Yet wipe short-sighted eyes, O friends, and do not be afraid:
 'Tis not to Rome, but Justice, that a legal debt is paid.
 England permits no honest creed a character to flaw,
 Nor prejudice to injure rights accorded by the law:
 An upright man, a lawyer skilled, shall have his due, were he
 Five hundred times more Catholic than MR. JUSTICE SHEE.

Punch is the best of Protestants, and lives in daily hope
 To see a Priest, and nothing more, in him who's now KING POPE.
 And for such English priests as dare their Popish tricks to try,
 He keeps a rod that oft hath made the raw material fly:
 But when a lawful prize is set, and hath been fairly won,
 His Writ is like his gracious, QUEEN's, and saith, "Let Right be done."

So here's a Christmas bumper to you, MR. JUSTICE SHEE;
 Your elevation shows we dare let Catholics be free:
 Though COCKBURN's hair is—auburn, and yours is white as snow,
 That makes no odds upon the bench, as both wear wigs, you know;
 And while a Judge is wise and just, no Englishman will care
 What's the language of his Lordship's creed, or the colour of his hair.

Justifiable Bigamy.

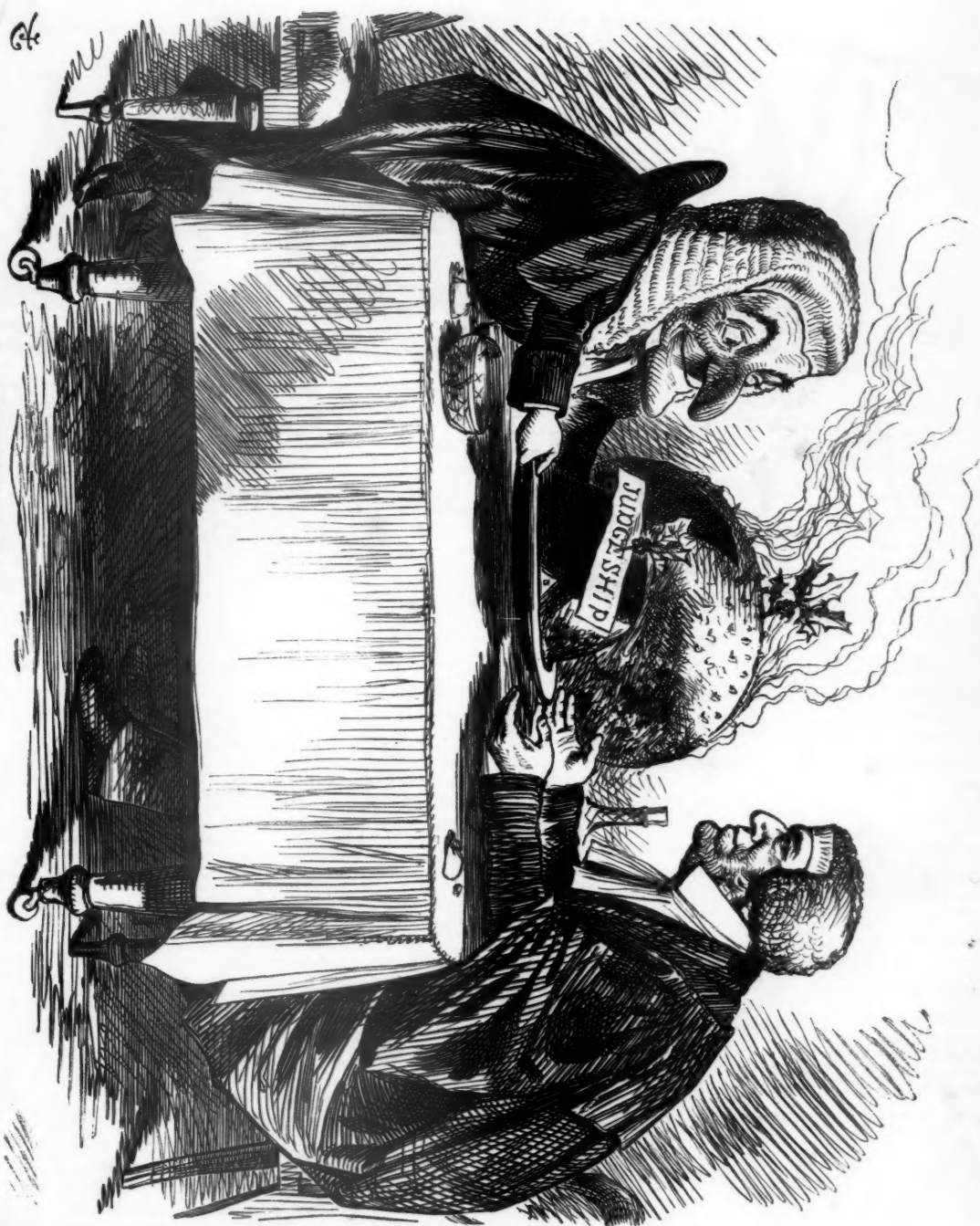
At the Central Criminal Court the other day, one JOHN DOUBLE was convicted of bigamy under extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. That was not much; but still, if DOUBLE is worthy of his name, has he not a right to have two wives?

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Retrieved over one thousand jokes answering to annexed sample:—
 "GIGANTIC FAILURE IN THE MANCHESTER TRADE.—The failure of MR. R. COBDEN has created a great sensation in the soft goods line. We understand it is owing to a most unfortunate speculation in *muslin de laine*." Sample not approved.

A DEFINITION.

HEENAN and KING.
 HUGGER and MUGGER.



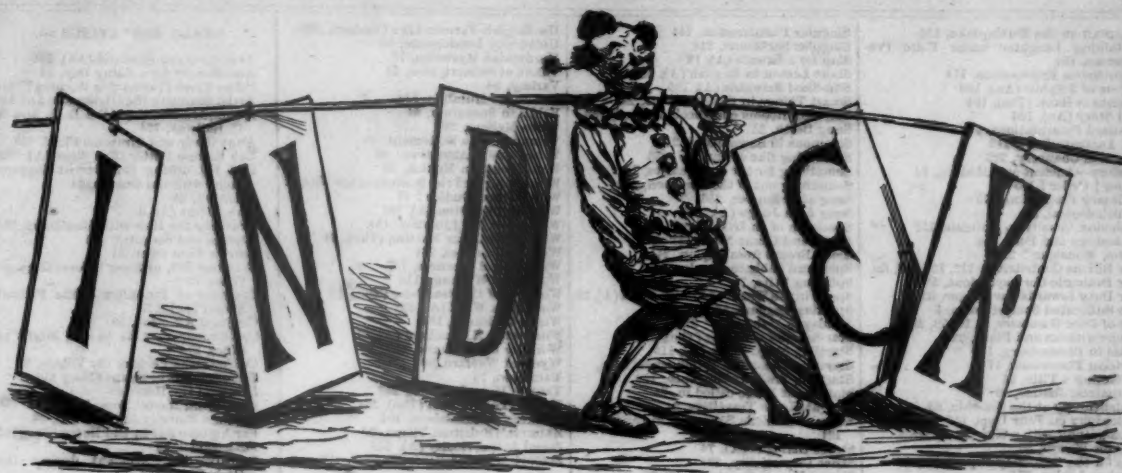
LORD CHANCELLOR PUNCH AND THE NEW JUDGE.

LORD CHANCELLOR PUNCH. "MY DEAR MR. SERJEANT SHEE, I HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN HANDING YOU A SLICE OF THE NATIONAL PUDDING."

THE
HON. MR. JAMES M. SMITH, SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF NEW YORK, IN A DISCUSSION WITH
LORD CHANCELLOR RUSSELL AND THE NEW JUDGE.



ENGRAVED BY J. H. B. FOR THE PUBLISHERS.



- ADIEU to Mr. Beecher, 185
Advantages of 'Bus Racing' (The), 124
Advertising Problems, 127
Advice to an Author, 54
Aeolus in the Orchestra, 213
Alderley Edge taken off, 205
Alleged Black Mail at Newington, 170
"All in the Downs," 54
All of a Piece, 183
All One, 145
Amenities from Midhurst, 225
American Conscription Complaint (The), 128
Amusement at Winchester, 63
Anglo-Saxon Wine, 167
Another King Wanted, 165
Anti-Punch League, 155
Appeal from the Lion at Northumberland House (An), 104
Appeal to the Piel (The), 13
Arbitrary Flunkeyism at Woolwich, 84
Archery, 81
Architectural, 42
Art, 50
Awful Situation, 84
BATTLE of the Toll-Bars (The), 149
Beecher and Grass, 243
Beecher for Ever! 227
Best Fruit for Preserving Love (The), 158
Best of Albert Monuments (The), 43
Beware the Bull! 114
Bill of Health (A), 94
Black Bands and Bones, 55
Black Business (A), 74
Black Prospects, 85
Blockheads at Baden-Baden, 121
Bockum Dolls Bonneted, 241
Bogie and the Bottle, 92
Boom from Big Ben (A), 236
Bravery in Broadway, 251
Brawling Brawls, 28
Bread and Toast, 196
Bride for Hotspur (A), 167
Bright Remarks on Recognition, 19
Britannia Hoists her Storm-Drum, 158
Britisher to Beecher, 184
Brompton Blowflies (The), 96
Brutus and Caesar, 71
Bulls won't Come (The), 123
Business of the Asses, 114
"By Authority," 241
CANT and Carney, 18
Card (A), 56
Case of Real Charity (A), 64
Case of Sim-money (A), 251
Cautions to Public Trespassers, 51
"Cave Canem," 91
Charming Sentence on Scoundrels (A), 84
Change for the Better, 91
Charities and Chatterers, 7
Cheap Material for Public Buildings, 244
Chess, 74
Chinese Obedience, 237
Chivalrous King (A), 224
Chorus of Jack Tars, 211
Christmas Day in the Workhouse, 237
Cigarettes, 175
Clever Criticism, 247
Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, 86
Colleges of Colour, 254
Companies in their Cups (The), 59
Compensation for Nobody, 50
Complaint by a Policeman, 283
Composing a Surfer, 128
Conditions of Peace with America, 145
Congress and Concord, 258
Congress Correspondence (The), 225
Conundrum, 166
Conventional Dust (A), 29
Corporation Reform, 195
Cosmetic Architecture at South Kensington, 7
Costermongers and Organ-Grinders, 193
Court Circular during the Regency of Mr. Punch, 91
Crack goes the Rifle, 94
Craniological Puzzle (A), 153
Crawling Court-Martial (A), 226
Crinoline and Cosmetics, 155
Crinoline for Gentlemen, 81
Cruise of a Pirate (The), 257
Cutter-out of the Clergy (A), 96
Dances of Death in Reality (The), 42
Dangerous Publication (A), 144
Danish Difficulty explained (The), 228
Dear Creatures! 214
Dear Young Lady (A), 95
Defective Police (The), 251
Delusive Motives, 88
Dictionary of Ladies' Dress, 123
Displeasing Accident, 151
Doctor's Advice (The), 208
Doing Jerusalem, 96
Doom of Tooting Common (The), 245
Doubtful Recommendation (A), 91
Drawing-room and the Dinner Table, 9
Eagle's Invitation (An), 318
Earl of Leitrim's Revenge (The), 166
Early Being in a Police Court, 123
Earthquake (The), 157
Ecclesiastic and Histrionic, 151
Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 211
Edinburgh Medical Science, 173
Election Intelligence, 65
Elegy on the Porpoise, 177
England's Neutrality, 97
Epigram on Society and Individuals, 183
Equality before the Tax-gatherer, 257
Ermine Emancipated, 258
Extreme of Cosack Barbarism (The), 136
Europa and the Bull, 248
FACT in Ecology (A), 177
Farewell to Farming, 196
Farmer Bright and Luke the Labourer, 257
Farmer Punch's Harvest Home, 168
Fashion, 63
Fashionable Announcements, 93
Fashionable Departures, 78
Fashion and its Victims, 17
Fashionable Suicide, 128
Fata Morgana (The), 55
Faust, a Comic Song, 83
Faust and the Organ-Grinders, 53
Fearful Tragedy, 52
Federal Garrotting, 87
Federal Proclivities, 196
Fie! for Shame; 126
Fillip from Faust (A), 57
Fine Words for Fool Weeks, 223
First Metric Lesson, 52
Fisherman and the Genius (The), 220
Fisgung Interest, 216
Flowers from Le Follet, 268
Fould, Fould, Fould, 286
Foul Word for the Fair Sex (An), 203
Fragment Found at Wimbledon, 59
Francis-Joseph at Frankfurt, 87
Feminine Faugh-a-Bellach (The), 183
Freedom of French Opinion, 128
Fetters and the Fiasco (The), 246
French Revolution in Dress, 190
French Lady on Female Dress (A), 121
French Lake (The), 226
Friendly Conundrum, 85
Frugality in Fashion, 236
Further from the Spirit of Shakespeare, 223
Future of the Finians (The), 125
GALLUS Vester Ego, 8
Game Murder made Easy, 223
Game of Foot-ball, 244
Game of Novice in Margaret Street, 251
Gentle Answer, Jew (A), 244
German Declaration of War, 150
Ghosts without Spirit, 146
Gleaning Time in Suffolk, 103
Good Word for the Pope (A), 161
Good Words in their Way at Manchester, 187
Good Work in the City (A), 226
Good News for the Country, 202
Gorilla at Ramsgate (A), 94
Gortschakoff to Great Britain, 48
Goths and Vandals Railway (The), 146
Greek Fire on Charleston, 154
Guest at the Guards' Ball (The), 2
Hadji Here and Hadji There, 311
Handful of Hawthorn (A), 161
Happy Exodus (A), 194
"Happy Land!" 135
Hawback on the Harvest, 61
Health of the Metropolis, 95, 112
Help for the Hopeless, 19
Help to Hyman (A), 151
"Here be Truths," 254
Hint for the Cambridge Editors, 160
Hint to Householders, 84
Hint to the Hospitable (A), 232
Hoax about Hudson (The), 115
Holding a Candle to the "****", 188
Homes of the Fairies (The), 52
Homoeopathic Soup, 218
Hoop-la, 244
Horrid Vulpicide, 163
Horticultural, 71
How, When, and Where? or the Tourist's Guide to the Continent, 61, 65, 77, &c.
Husband on Tips (A), 163
Hush! Was that Thunder? 178
JACK RUSSELL's Apology to John Bull, 205
"Ifs" and "Ands," 8
Ill-mated Flaga, 175
Image-Winking and Image-Worship, 145
Impending Sacrilege, 204
Imperial Furniture, 10
Imperial Mnemonics, 196
Important Military Intelligence, 117
Impossible Pancake (An), 102
Inchoate Irish Quaker (An), 28
Indecorum of Drinking (The), 144
Independence Day in England, 29
Intemperate Yankee Winter (An), 207
Irremovable Rich (The), 183
Irreverence in Italy, 177
Is Montalambert a Heretic? 165
JACK RUSSELL's Apology to John Bull, 205
Job at the Foreign Office, 95
John Singleton Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, 174
Jokes for "Laughing Jackasses," 39
Jolly Sisters of Eschenbach (The), 122
Jubilous v. Judicial Separations, 207
Just Compliment (A), 254
Justified Indignation, 164
KAPPIN's Commentaries (A), 75
Kind and Canny, 113
LADY with Three Lows (A), 52
Last Few Days of St. Paul's, 61
Latest from Frauma, 42
Latest from the Spirit World, 111
Latest Scientific Balloon Ascent (The), 164
Letter from Miss Frances Lytle Humbug, 243
Letter from the Bishop of Rochester, 223
Letting go the Reins, 52
Liberty of Printcraft (The), 119
Limited Liability, 246
Lincoln and Shakespeare, 221
Literary Announcement, 168
Literary Flat-Fishing, 148
Live and Let Die, 51
Lord Derby at the Mansion House, 23
Lord Dundreary, Mr. Tupper, and "Chithara," 225
Lord Robert Montagu's Luck, 147
MAGISTRATES and Mushrooms, 97
Maine Law above a Monarch (The), 30
Man from Shropshire (The), 22
Marriage and its Consequences, 225
Matrimony made Easy, 137
Matter of Profession as well as Practice (A), 143
Maxima Reverentia Puro, 246
Mersey Rams (The), 185
Message from the Spirit of Shakespeare (A), 197
Metallic News, 178
Metric System, 237
Mexico and Monroe, 85
Middle-aged Wife Wanted (A), 22
Milky Way to Write (A), 159
Missionary Meddlers at Croydon, 103
Mistakes by Men of Letters, 22
Most Men of Business, 67
Mother on Smoke (A), 231
Mozart Outdone, 231
Mr. Bull to his American Bullies, 138
Mr. Kean in Orders, 62
Mr. Phelps as Manfred, 166
Mr. Punch's Earthquake Prophecy, 157
Mr. Shylock's Reflections over an Hotel Bill, 147
Mrs. Alexander Brownrigg's Reply to Mrs. Bull, 163
Mrs. Caddy on the Coalcuttle, 111
Mrs. Nightingale on the Philosophy of the Unutterable, 95
Musical Intelligence, 234
Music-Mad King (A), 214
Mysteries of Medicine, 116
NACOLEURS at Epsom (The), 207
Naggletons on Politics (The), 216
Nail into a Board (A), 126
Nelson Column (The), 121
New Name for a Maid Servant (A), 92
New Norman Conquest (A), 185
New Order of Valour Wanted (A), 247
New Rendering of an old Quotation, 66
News from Vine Street, 32
New Watering-Place Wanted (A), 213
Noisy Hotel-Keepers' Association, 21
Noble News-Criers, 22
Notes and Queries, 75
Notes on the German Diet, 218
Notes taken at the Worcester Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, 54
Not Right to a T, 55
Not the First Time, 205

CRADIAN on the Earthquake, 155
Obtaining Laughter under False Pretences, 154
Odoriferous Expressions, 114
Odour of Sulphur (An), 196
Odour is Rank (The), 194
Old Story (An), 103
Omitted Presentations, 9
On Ancient Jests, 211
On Chancery, 225
Oratory—Ancient and Modern, 64
Order! Order! 175
Ordinary Prosecutions, 75
Ornithological, 34
Orthodox Cruelty to Animals, 157
Orthodoxy and Port, 154
"Oul, Monsieur," 211
Our Billious Contributor, 113, 126, 136, &c.
Our Dramatic Correspondent, 85
Our Duty towards our Niggers, 93
Our Suffocated Smugglers, 4
Out-of-Door Gamester, 7, 19, 23, &c.
PADDYWHACKS and Pikes, 92
Panto in Bloomsbury, 156
Parisian Theatricals, 17
Perfecting a Tale, 15
Peripatetic Justice, 40
Philanthropy at the Sea-side, 63
Philosophy on Four Legs, 143
Photography with a New Face, 178
Pity for Waugh, 55
Plea for the "Monday Pops" (A), 10
Point and Edge, 254
Poke at Fresh Lincoln (A), 81
Poland and Italy: a State Paper, Police and Banditti, 86
Political Information, 217
Political "Uncommercial Traveller," 3
Politics in the Private Box, 208
Pope behind a Pipe (The), 33
Pope's Eye and a Holy Mary (The), 217
Power for the Peace Party, 93
Post Fraternal Duet, 21
President and the Oar (The), 168
Pretended Fetishism in France, 118
Prevention of Railway Accidents, 91
Preventives at Fault, 178
Princeness and the Puffin (The), 154
Profusely Liberal Principles, 132
Proper Name for Pussyfists (The), 138
Protection of Property from Crinolins, 154
Protest (A), 137
Prussian King and Constitution (The), 133
Pseudo-Historic Patent Whitewashing and Sponging Company, 137
Public Spirited Severity, 122
Punch's Essence of Parliament, 1, 11, &c.
Put the Saddle on the Right Horse, 243
QUEEN'S Letter (The), 54
Queen to the Ladies of England (The), 50
Queen Fellow's Carol (A), 305
Questions on Bird Murder, 33
Question, 14
Question of Colour (The), 217
Quiet English Reader (The), 163
Quotations, 121, 187
Raising the Wind for Life Boats, 118
Rat of Liverpool (The), 208
Rat Bull from Rome (A), 40
Really Sweet Thing in Watling Places, 141
Reform Conjurors at Fault, 254
Regular Guy (A), 166
Relations of Black and White (The), 243
Remarkable Fact, 124
Respectable Act of Faith (A), 183
Retaliation, 146
Reverend Mr. Tronole (The), 178
Revolution in Poland (The), 59
Right Man in the Right Place (The), 243
Rome and Strathbogie, 215
Ruinous Acquittal (A), 32
Russian Innocent (The), 73
Russian Pastimes in Poland, 237
SABBARFARMING on the Stage, 18
Sabbatarian M.P. (A), 123
Sabbatarian Persecution, 154
Sabbatarian Stocks, 109
Sad Blow for the Spirit Rappers (A), 92
Savage Reproof (A), 39
Savages on the Coast of Kent, 105
Scotch Distemper (The), 208
Scruples in Good Society, 173
Sculls of the Sea-Urchins (The), 67
Sevilla and Charybdis, 154
Sensational Advertisements, 144
Servantism, 63
Settled in a Crack, 195
Shadows of the Week, 3, 14, 30, &c.
Shakespeare and his Showmen, 73
Shame Commissionaires, 81
Shameful Barbarity, 212
Ship of the Holy See (The), 77
Shooting Extraordinary, 245
Short Way with Sabbatarians (A), 123
Shot from a Stern-Observer (A), 193
Shrewsbury Cake (A), 203
Simplicity of a War Christian (The), 157

Singular Phenomenon, 244
Singular Sentences, 248
Slap for a Sawnee (A), 18
Short Lesson in English (A), 182
Ship-Shod Serenade (A), 125
Smart Things in the *Athenaeum*, 247
Smoking Rooms on Wheels wanted, 185
Snug Berth, 81
Solomons in Sawnealand, 245
Something like a War-Cry, 253
Something for the Antiquaries, 154
Something out of the Common, 251
Song after Supper, 255
Song for a Judge (A), 156
Specimen of an Irish Howl, 194
Speke-and-Grant Night (The), 3
Spicy Breese from Caylon, 241
Spies and Sabbath-Breakers, 86
Splitting "Airs," 71
Spoke in the Wheel of Funkeydom (A), 33
Sporting Beggars, 56
Stanley is "the Cry," 218
Star-fish and the Ring (The), 251
Startling Stage Effect (A), 113
Startling Theatrical Intelligence, 245
Startling Trade Intelligence, 102
Statutes at Large called in, 74
Stay-at-Home Travellers, 24
Story of a Little Sovereign in the Sulks, 101
Street Dialogue (A), 74
Strict Impartiality, 237
Strong Man at Court (A), 10
St. Stephens Escurians, 37
St. Swithun's Day in the South-West, 38
Sure Signs of Coming Christmas, 254
Sybarite Club (The), 64
TEMPERANCE and Modesty, 156
Temperance Orgies in Hampshire, 33
Tergiversations of Tear'em (The), 13
Terrible Assault (A), 105, 184
Theatre Royal, Windsor Castle, 183
Theatrical Phenomenon, 86
Third Battle of Worcester (The), 49
Three Loves and a Life, 37
"Tigribus Agni," 157
Time of Day at the Thames Police Court (The), 127
Tibbets for Travellers, 85
To E. T. Smith, 244
To Friends in America, 174
To Let, 33
Too Frightful to Contemplate, 2
Tory Black Horse (The), 237
To the Embarrassed, 204
To the Grumbling Boy, Baka, 12
Trimming for Lettins (A), 168
Trivial Accident (A), 63
True Ghost Story (A), 34
True Heroism, 131
Truth on Tombstones, 63
Tupper for the Million, 67
Turf and the Press (The), 233
Turkish Justice, 76
Two Sea Views, 115
Two Tales of the Queen's Bench, 236
Ulysses, 148
Uncertainty of Foreign Intelligence, 102

Un-English-Farmer-Like Conduct, 228
University Intelligence, 10
Unrevealed Mysteries, 73
Value of Subscription, 61
Variety, 30
Varium et Mutabile, 144
Veluti in Speculum, 54
Video Meliora, 234
Volunteering a Statement, 50
Volunteers! Attention! 93
Whirlpools in Mexico, 59
Who Discovered the Sources of the Nile, 12
Who is Lord Dudley? 27
Wife's Indignation (A), 181
Wilkes and his Liberties, 167
Wimbledon Prize Meeting (The), 20
Wind did it (The), 231
Wisdom and Licences, 167
Wonderful Winking, 118
Wonder of the Sea-Shore (The), 89
Word for a Weed (A), 62
Words in Season, 158
Word with M. Thalberg (A), 21
Working like a Horse, 113
Wye and Wayfarer, 98
YACHTING, 75
Yankee Henchies (The), 247
Yankee Ladies' Man (The), 234
Yankees and Russians, 194
ZADKIEL'S Spiritual Vision, 30
Zodiac Zoopervlocity (A), 248
Zoological Street Music Wanted, 215

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

ARISTOCRATIC Hotel Company (The), 46
47
"Becher's American Soothing Syrup," 179
Black Lion's Holiday (The), 139
British Lieut's Holiday (The), 79
Brutus and Caesar, 69
Cobden's Logic, 239
Congress Quadrille (The), 219
Europa Carried off by the (John) Bull, 249
Extremes Meet, 169
Haunted Lady; or the Ghost in the Looking-Glass (The), 5
Holding a Candle to the ****, 189
Humble Pie at the Foreign Office, 85
John Bull's Neutrality, 139
Johnny Russell's Last Job, 99
Lord Chancellor Punch and the New Judge, 259
Making Things Pleasant, 80
Neutrality, 199
Fig and the Peasant (The), 119
"Rowdy" Notions of Emancipation, 57
Sevilla and Charybdis, or the Modern Ulysses, 149
Stay-at-Home Travellers, 25
Storm Signal (The), 159
Taking the Doctor's Advice, 209
"Teacup" at the Tulleries, 15
Thanksgiving, 109
Unavoidably Postponed, 239
SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—
AFFECTIONATE Husband (An), 194
Amusement for a Rainy Day, 14
"Any Fresh Prawns this Morning?" 115
Artist Scams in the Highlands (An), 145
Attempted Fraud on the L. B. and S. C. Railway, 234
Aunt Gertrude and Tiresome Child, 268
Bad Excuse Better than None (A), 132
Bad Hit during the Recent Engagement with the Guards, 34
Brighton, 84
Broad Hint (A), 8
Brushing the Hair with Machinery, 175
Captain and Sergeant, 174
Carry's First Offer, 51
Chimney Pot, or Base before Elegance (The), 73
Congress at Frankfurt at the Present Time, 127
Conjugal Affection, 10
Costermonger as he is, and Might be (The), 214
Cricketer—the Pride of the Village, 85
Crinoline Storm Signal (The), 218
Death on the Rope, 43
Doctor and Miss Dimple, 60
Dog in a Railway Carriage (A), 33
Earthquake felt by Old Beery (The), 155
Educational, 40
Embarrassing Accident during the High Wind, 133
Every Man to his own Calling, 165
Fact (A), 244, 245
Filing as the Price, 185
Fix (A), 134
Flunkiana, 20
Foreigners in France, 124, 134
Mard Hit (A), 114
How Spangleton Came to Grief on Board the Penny Boat, 185
How to Bother Cabbie, 118
Idea for a Wet Day (An), 168
Infuriated Principal opening Fast Clerk's Telegram, 215
"In Medio Tullimus," 248
Lady and Mary, 232
Latest Thing in Impudence, 204
Little Poppy's Doll, 138
Little Railway Drama (A), 24
Malvern Hills (The), 178
"Man never is, but Always to be Bled," 94
Near Sighted James, 195
New Position (The), 11
New Style of Head Dress, 196
"Nice Piece of Biled Mutton, Sir?" 77
No Accounting for Taste, 196
Old Floppers and his Fish, 18
Old Party at the Crystal Palace, 105
Omnibus Conductor and Swell, 224
Our friend B. goes to see the Mechanical Horse, 63
Painful Situation of a Father of the Church, 225
Painter and his Model, 112
Partridge Shooting, 148
Perfectly Wonderful, 21
Photographic Incident (A), 254
Picked up from the Beach, 125
Pleasant, 4
Pleasant Predicament (A), 205
Prevention Better than Cure, 67
Professional Reciprocity, 83
Punch Endeavouring to Discover the Sources of the Geographical Society, 3
Punch Follows Father Time, 1
Putting his Foot in it, 144
"Quis Separabit," 64
Rather a Kitcheny way of Putting it, 95
Rather Easy, 188
Return of the Wounded Popplewits Omitted to send, 104
Salmon Fishing, 88
Scene at a Roadside Inn, 238
Scene at Brighton, 198
Scenes in Hyde Park, 56
Servantism, 208
Sketch at a Rifle Competition in the North, 30
Sketch from a Study Window, 63
Small Bore Man, Wimbledon, 1863 (The), 43
Splendid Crop after a Course of Poisoned Wheat (A), 23
Studies of Crinoline during an Equinoctial Gale, 98
Suggestive, 154
Tasty Old Gent and Butler, 75
Things that we Want to Know, 78, 108
To be Fitted, 164
Vision of the Indian Ocean (A), 31
Walking Tour (The), 92
"Water! Water! Everywhere," 73
What we could Bear a good Deal of, 128
Wire Fence (The), 228



LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

115
145
18.
8
192
age-

175

ance
ment

t be
5

,155
the

on

Fast

be

" 77

5

tical
the

the
y, 3

t, 95
with

the

the),
Pol-

nco-

108

73
128